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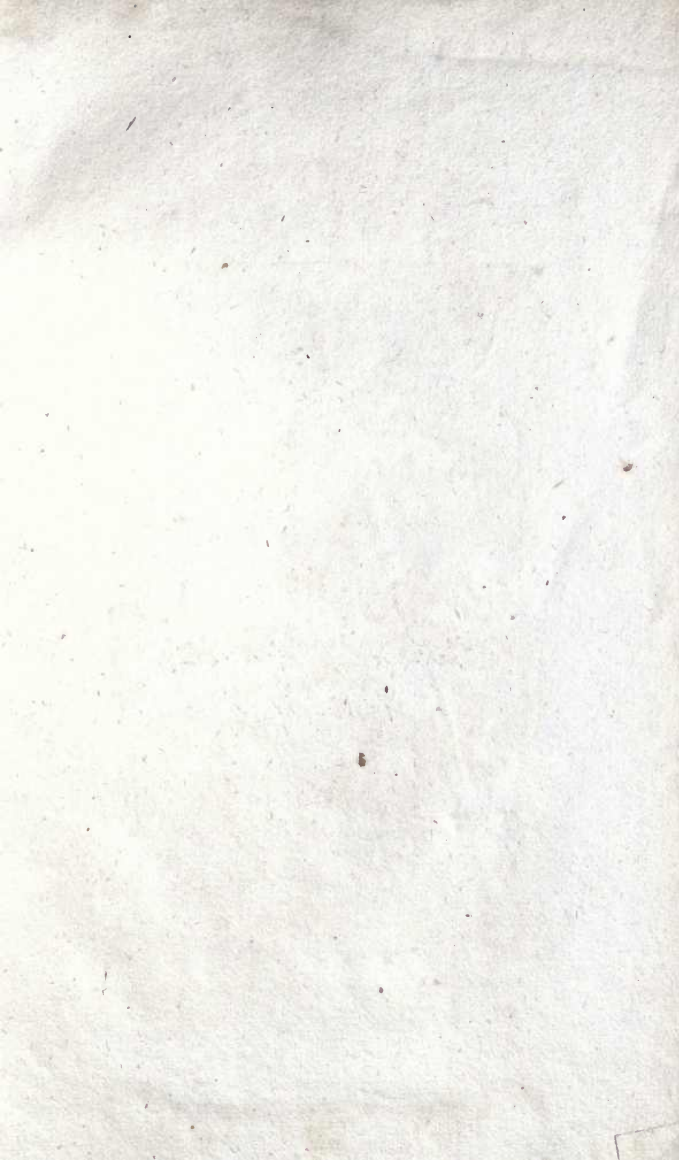


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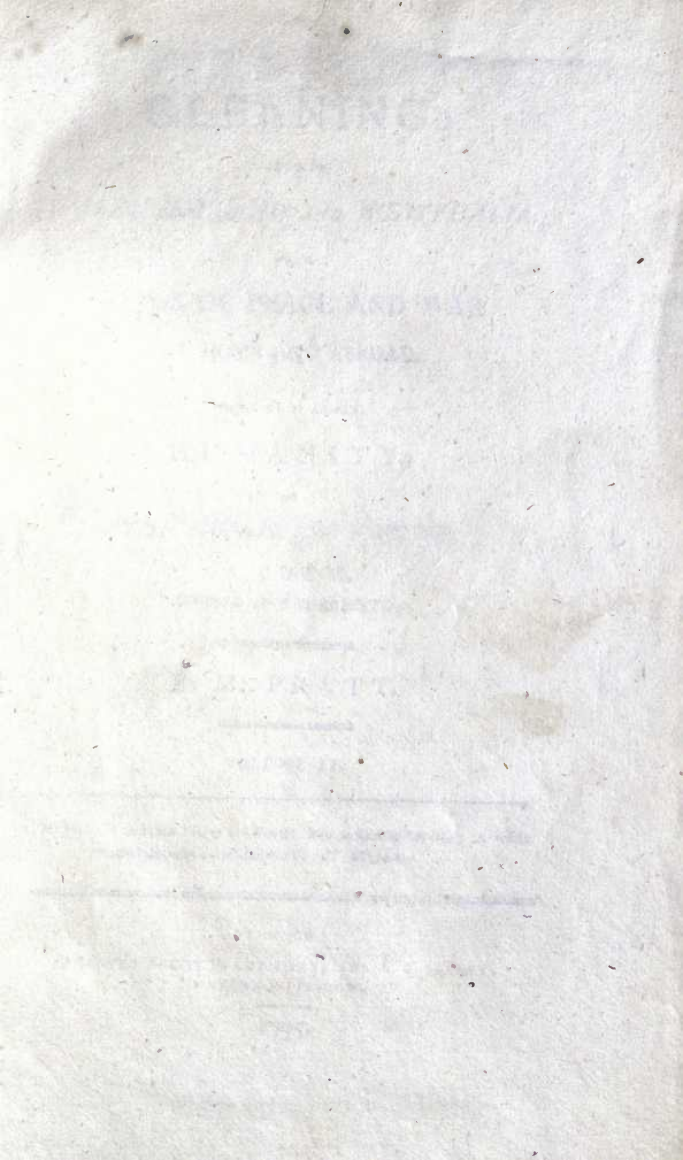
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GLEANINGS

THROUGH

WALES, HOLLAND AND WESTPHALIA.

WITH

VIEWS OF PEACE AND WAR

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

HUMANITY;

OR

THE RIGHTS OF NATURE.

A POEM,

REVISED AND CORRECTED,

By Mr. P R A T T.

VOLUME II.

“ TRULY to know Places and People it is absolutely necessary to reside
“ amongst them a considerable time.” MOORE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN, AND L. B. SEELEY,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1795.

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PRINTED FOR J. N. LONGMAN, AND L. S. BEECHER,
17, PATERNOSTER ROW.

1851

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* The number of this Letter should be thirty-three.

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LETTER XXVI.

TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. B.

Helveotluicc.

I DO not think we can enter on the SECOND SHEAF OF OUR GLEANINGS better, than attending to what a traveller is most embarrassed about on his first landing—the best and cheapest mode of proceeding on his journey: since it is but too certain, that all the information which he can get from books, on this subject, is very insufficient.—The tour-makers, indeed, have hurried on, as deeming the first port too trifling to merit their notice: and, either disgusted with, what they have called, impositions, fatigued with their voyage, or wishing to “rush into the midst of things” all at once, they have made a sort of *running fight*, from whom they conceive to be enemies of their purses, and sit down “in the sick fit,” to give splenetic accounts of their skirmishes

with boatmen, porters, and waggoners, *currente calamo*.

In all this, there happens nothing but what must be expected from so much haste, namely, folly and ignorance. The direct reverse of such conduct would be knowledge and truth: the effects would alter with the causes.

So far from the *place of landing*, in any country, being unimportant, it should be looked upon as the key to every other, by whose aid alone we can open the cabinet of its curiosities, and become acquainted with its secrets. A general may as well affect to slight a frontier town, as a traveller his port of arrival; the possession of which, in both cases, is of the first consequence.

Under this assurance, I shall take it for granted, neither you, nor any person, into whose hands these papers may fall, will deem the time misused which is to be occupied in giving full instructions on this necessary subject; and you shall judge, from what follows, whether travellers have not left more *Gleanings* than they ought to have done at the port of Helveotfluice.

For

For the sake of a thorough intelligence, let us stoop a little to take up the subject in the outset. On *your* side of the water, a common London Directory will instruct those, who cannot pleasantly afford the luxury of a chaise, that the coach goes to Harwich every mail-day, at seven in the morning, from the Spread Eagle in Gracechurch-street, and arrives in time to give the passengers refreshment before the packet sails, as well as to get the pass from the king's agent in that town. This passport costs twelve shillings and six-pence, on payment of which there is usually a demur on the part of my countrymen, to ask *what it is paid for?* when this answer as usually ensues—*for the King!* Hereupon follow, commonly, the *whys and wherefores*, by the reverberation and multiplication of which, something, even more valuable than money, is lost—time and temper; and after *they* are gone, the said twelve shillings and six-pence must nevertheless actually be paid. A man about to be decapitated, may as well reason with the axe, while his head is laid upon the block by the strong hand of the law, as dispute with an agent of government about the payment of a tax; and yet, I fear, scarcely one traveller, out of one hundred, but comes away growling at the

shameful imposition of the legislature, at *this fine for quitting the country*.—Thus, my poor, dear, argumentative countrymen are put out of humour, even on the edges of England.—I wish, therefore, to *prepare* them for this grand event; and, moreover, to assure them, that, if they are in wrath with the Minister, who *imposes* the tax, they ought to be so with the agent who *receives* it, only in the proportionate ratio of *eleven shillings to eighteen-pence*, as the *latter* pittance is, truly, the whole of the sum, on each passport, that finds its way into the said agent's pocket—But, that my angry friends may know the whole of their misfortunes at once, (which is always something) I will be generous enough to apprize them, that they will have the *same* taxation to pay for *returning* to their native country—so that, upon the whole, unless each person, can, well and duly, make up his mind to the *entire* loss of five-and-twenty-shillings, LAWFUL money of Great Britain, (principal and interest for ever) I really think he, she, or they, had better stay at home, by which, not only this, but a number of other difficulties travel “is heir to,” will be avoided. But, I give warning, there is no other alternative.—A very long acquaintance with the curious debates which I have heard on
LONDON:
this

this topic, on both sides of the water, has made me deem it worth *gleaning* thus circumstantially.

So now to the rest of *inevitable* expences. A guinea must be given also to the captain of the packet-boat for the accommodation of a very good bed, and generally, as good behaviour, and one may certainly add, for the comfort of knowing you are under the protection of good sailors, it being no less remarkable, than true, that, since the establishment of these vessels, the course of which is environed with difficulties, there has never been a single wreck, or accident that threatened it, although their necessity of braving *all weathers*, with the mail, has exposed them to every violence of winds and of waves. They are about ninety tons burthen, have a complement of sixteen able-bodied seamen, and are constructed to answer the double purposes of speed and security.

In moderate weather, the passage is about sixteen hours, with a fair wind; if contrary, forty-eight.—I have, however, many times known it performed from port to port in thirteen or fourteen. The pacquets can accommodate twenty-five persons in the cabin, and state-rooms; and should a female wish, what

delicacy often suggests, a place to herself, the Captain resigns his own room, where she is as much secluded, from the rest of the company, as if she was in her own apartment. If any person chuses to appropriate the whole cabin, he pays the captain ten guineas, and a fine for every carriage.

Each passenger takes his own provisions, with plenty of which the inns, on both sides, are furnished, and have little baskets ready to pack them up. But, as the sea usually takes away the appetite of fresh-water sailors, in the degree that it renders men seasoned to that element voracious, ten sicken at the sight of that, which the experienced mariner delights to behold; and it is a settled custom, which cannot well be dispensed with, to leave the baskets (full or empty) as a little perquisite to the ship's steward, who (if a passenger can make use of them) will provide plates, dishes, glasses, knives, forks, &c. &c. dress the meat, warm up soup or broth; and if none of these are wanted, he supplies you with all the little aids that this miserable sickness stands in need of; on all which scores, *he* must be a churlish passenger who refuses to leave that recompence which can be of no service to himself;

himself; for who can drag a basket of stale victuals to an inn? or carry it on the road? and yet I have not seldom heard honest *John Bull* quarrel with this custom, as

“ More honour'd in the breach, than the observance.”

but, as it is only adding the acid of ill-nature to avarice, and after all, as the thing *must be done*, I hope this condescension, on my part, to enter into the useful minutiae will be graciously received.

If you arrive on the Tuesday or Friday at Harwich, which is generally the wisest way, there is time for all these little preliminaries; but if you do not—that is, if you get there on the Wednesday or Saturday, be careful you are not too late. The packet sails as soon after the arrival of the mail as possible, and it is frequently out at sea early in the afternoon of those days.

There are porters who take your baggage to the Custom-house, to pass the ceremony of being inspected; and as one good turn *always* deserves another, it is at a passenger's option, whether he *chooses* to have his things displaced

or not. The *stipulated* fee for the *examination* is very trifling—the compliment for *indulgence* is no object of contest. One point is certain; the caviller and niggard is sure, in all cases, to disappoint his own intentions.

The packet lies a little off in the stream, for being rowed to which, including property and person, you pay one shilling yourself, and six-pence for each trunk, box, or parcel—a charge so absolutely pre-settled by the commissioners, that, though at the water's edge you were to begin those adjurations which continue to your reaching the side of your vessel (as is often enough the case) all you will get for it is, that on board that vessel you *cannot be put* till the uttermost farthing is paid.

Thus then stands your account;

	£.	s.	d.
1 Coach-hire from London to Harwich		0	18 0
2 basket of provisions		0	5 0
3 Pass for yourself		0	12 6
4 Servant			
5 Custom-house civility money	0	2	6
6 Compliment to captain	1	1	0
	<hr/>		
	£.	2	19 0

N. B. Calculate 3l. 3s. including coachmen, &c.

Luggage

Luggage and living at Harwich cannot, of course, be ascertained, but the whole business, independently of those contingencies, may be thus calculated.

And now, having put you safe; and, if you are disposed to take advice, in good humour, on board your packet, I can only wish you a pleasant voyage, and in my next letter shall be ready to offer you my welcome, and my services, like a courteous *Gleaner*, on your arrival in Holland. In the mean time,

I am, dear Friend,

Faithfully your's,

LETTER XXVII.

TO THE SAME.

And now, having put you safe; and if you
 Helvetofluice.
 FOR my own ease, as well as yours, I
 choose to suppose I can board your packet
 The favouring winds,
 "Have kiss'd your sails to make your vessel nimble;"
 and that, on your gaining this town, however
 you may find yourself sick, you cannot com-
 pleat the proverb by being sorry.

Should it be high water, the packet will
 convey you into the center of the town, so that
 you step on the quay, and from thence into
 either of the inns, of which there are several,
 but none better, either for treatment or accom-
 modation, than that of the *Prince of Orange*,
 the landlord of which is a son to a captain of
 one of the packets, which bears the same
 name, and which is certainly a very noble ves-
 sel, as indeed they are all—only, if you will
 suffer me, for this once, to *pun* on the com-
 mander's * name, which is "obnoxious to pun-
 ning," I should observe, that having made

* Captain Bridge.

myself some prosperous voyages in this Prince of Orange packet, it is but grateful to speak well of the BRIDGE THAT HAS CARRIED ONE WELL OVER, at the same time it were unjust not to observe the rest of the packets are excellent. Remember I disarm your criticism by pleading *guilty* to this pun; but it lay in my path, and I could not *help gleaning* it. If you find it chaff, winnow it from the wheat, and let us go on.

Instantly on your getting on shore, the porters of the place apply to take your baggage to the inn. For each parcel, supposing your own servant does not carry them, you pay, according to the size, a price stipulated by the commissary, whose printed or signed order they produce in case of a dispute. A large trunk is settled at four * stivers, a small one, or portmanteau, at three.

Should you wish to proceed immediately, without taking any repose or refreshment; though, by the bye, the environs of this town are very well worth surveying, it will be best to order your baggage to the commissary's at once, where it will be perfectly

* Fence.

safe, otherwise you have to pay portrage a second time, as it *must* go to the Commissary's prior to your setting off; the carriage in which you are conveyed being obliged to set off from that officer's door.

There are a few other ceremonies to be attended to, before you are in actual progress. You must, if in an hurry to be gone, send to have the bell rung for a waggon; as it is a business of a *long half hour*, as they call it here, to assemble the drivers, who cast lots for the honour of conducting you. The ringing the bell is six stivers; the charge of the waggon is a commissary regulation; the compliment to the driver, something, or nothing, at your option; but, usually, a skelling, (sixpence) or fests half (fivepence halfpenny.)

Should the packet arrive *after sunset*, there is an additional charge for passing the gates, till ten o'clock in Summer, each person pays a stiver; after which, three guilders, a perquisite to the soldiers on guard. As the difference is great you ought to be prepared.

From a perfect knowledge of my good countrymen, who have, for the most part,
a suf-

a sufficient portion of national prejudice, to last them some thousands of miles good travelling, I feel it here necessary, to enter a caveat against their taking *offence*, at many strange matters they will now meet with. I would, if possible, *glean the way before them*, by clearing it of all impediments, which may *actually* lie in it, or which are only the work of their own *unreasonable* fancies.

And first, as to the ringing for this *waggon*. A waggon it literally is, though bepainted and befigured all over, so as to “seem the thing it is not.” Helveotfluice, however, affords no other conveyance either in wet or dry, winter or summer; and in this conveyance, if you do not walk—you really *must* go in all weathers, some six or seven miles, generally, at a very slow pace; because the roads, except in a very dry season of the year, levy such a heavy tax on your wheels, that neither man or beast can turn them round faster.

To be sure, a finer opportunity never offered itself, to try the patience of a mere Englishman, who comes from the finest public roads, and carriages, perhaps, in the whole world, to—
as it will by comparison to him appear—an
immense

immense bog intersected by stagnant ditches—and if any thing is wanting to the climax of filling up the measure of his chagrin, it would, doubtless, be the inveterate patience of the *conductors* of these waggons: they sit, amidst the wreck, almost, of wheels, and in all the “majesty of mud,” (while the poor shivering passenger is trembling behind,) with a composure so provoking, whiffing their pipes, that demonstrates they are totally exempt from all those *fine feelings*, which render so many of their superiors *elegantly wretched*. One piece of advice should be particularly noticed, viz. whatever is your fear of being overset, (which by the bye you will *not* be) or your hope of dispatch, not to attempt exciting *their* feelings, or animating their speed; since to touch them with a sense of your situation, or to put them out of their pace, is, among *impossible things the most impossible*. There is a time limited for their given stage, that time they will keep; but were your neck to dislocate, or your nerves to shatter, they will only smoke and jog on;

“Laugh at the whirlwind, and enjoy the storm.”

This will not suit the expectations of men, about, perhaps, to make the *grand tour*, and in the habit of running, perhaps, at the rate of

2

from

from ten to sixteen miles in the hour. Whereas, in Holland, either by land or water, your movement is *pre-settled at three*; infomuch, that the distance from place to place, is measured by so many hours; each hour implying a league.

Tiresome enough *you will say!*—unless you happen to be a *deliberate* traveller, which is, always, ten to one, that a traveller is *not*. Yet, to what end does a person travel at all: but to see the DIFFERENCE of manners and customs? Now it is the custom in Holland to go slow; and, for a tolerably good reason; because they *cannot go fast*. Why swear at them, and their country for this? Were all things ordered as they are in England, you would have no object of travel. At any rate, now you are *told* these matters are to be expected; (and you are told the truth); you must either take a country as you do wedlock, *for better and for worse*, or remain contented where you are, and, like the Virtuoso in the comedy, only “travel in your books.”

Amongst the *pains* of a residentiary British traveller, are to be reckoned those which he derives from being a spectator of the *prejudices* of

of his countrymen; some of which are shewn off almost immediately on his setting his foot on a foreign shore. Nor are these, by any means, confined to people of low educations, and of course low ideas; but insinuate themselves into the most enlightened minds, and understandings, when trained up at *home*. That impositions are always, and every where practised by natives on foreigners, cannot be doubted; that when detected they are more insulting to one's good sense, than injurious to our fortunes, must, also, be admitted; and that, in the provinces of Holland, such things are, I am so far from denying, that I mean, in their due times and places, *to point them out*. But is not England, dear England, under the same impeachment?—Does she not over-reach, and play upon both the property and person of a new-imported stranger in the same manner? and, as many little circumstances are less cognisable by magistracy—are not some of her impositions even greater in degree? Does she not add scorn and ridicule to those impositions? Can any singularity in dress, air, manner, or language, escape her criticism? and, though, happily, these outrages on national urbanity are practised only by the *mob*, or the giddy and *worthless* part of the wealthy, they certainly

tainly should induce all orders of Englishmen to *allow for a little retaliation*, as well as laying their account to find some of that chicanery and vulgarity *abroad*, of which they have so plentiful a stock at *home*.

As a very little candour, and fellow feeling, will rather lighten your baggage than make it heavier; as it will even be a sort of letter of credit, through all the countries you mean to traverse, I strongly advise you to take a little of it with you; because, the omitting to do which, will be attended with two of the worst consequences, viz. *render you dissatisfied with every body, and every body dissatisfied with you*. Be sure, therefore, you find room for it, as one of your *necessary* articles: with which piece of good council, I bid those farewell, for whose use it is intended.

To you, my friend, such a caution would be unnecessary. Were I to give you warning of any thing, it would be to guard you against the *excesses* of Philanthropy. May you meet with objects to deserve them!

LETTER XXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

SINCE I have got thus far into the style of *compagnon de voyage*, (albeit the office of *guide along the dykes*, is not a bad translation for this country) I will e'en go *humbly* on, till I have, like an honest Gleaner, enabled you to pick your way, till you have got a firm footing: for (as a stranger) I must consider you at present as going over *trembling* ground.

If, after what has been said, you are neither reconciled to the bad roads, nor worse vehicles that go over them, your only alternative is walking; which, in Summer, is really pleasant; and, in all seasons, is preferable to an healthy person; as you have a little village at which you can pause midway, betwixt this town and the Brielle, and go upon a path of powdered cockle-shells, all the way; for the most part as firm and well bound, as if it was of English gravel. Should your baggage consist of a small trunk, portmanteau, or travelling bag,

bag, a man may be hired to take it, unless there be several in company; in which case, the better way will be to have one waggon for the baggage—clubbing the expence; and all proceed on foot to the Brielle, which is precisely seven-English miles.

That the better—fairer, at least, part of yourselves, (should you travel with ladies,) may not exclaim at this distance (though in a party of pleasure, where a woman enters into the true spirit of a ramble, she makes, perhaps, fewer difficulties than men)—I must not forget to tell them, there is a sort of thing, fashioned coach-wise, covered, at least, in which they may go dry, and as Apollo says in Midas, will have “no bones broke, though sorely peppered.” When the roads are at their best, (which is, indeed, the only times these slight machines are to be trusted; so that when *most wanted they are useless*;) the novelty, &c. &c. &c. renders an experiment in them not unpleasant. They have curtains of leather, but no glasses; are wholly open before, and far from being well shut behind.

Having now got you through the very worst part of your journey, and gleaned off the dis-

agreeables of it, as much as I could; you are to be informed, that there are two ways of your going from the Brielle to any part of the provinces.

There are public boats called *schuyts*, go every Monday and Wednesday, from the Brielle to Rotterdam. If in a hurry, you may leave your luggage to follow you by those vessels.

And here, let me recommend it to all those, who propose to make a visit of curiosity, (simply to perform the tour of the Provinces and return,) to bring over as *little luggage as possible*; as every trunk, not only costs nearly as much as a passenger, but, on account of the almost constant transitions, by land and water, makes it excessively troublesome; and the porters are allowed as much for carrying half a score yards as a mile. I will not take upon me to say, how far *Yorick's* six shirts, and provisionary pair of breeches, may answer to *other* travellers; but, as I am sure, a person who does not squander his time, may satisfy GENERAL curiosity very speedily; so far as relates to these Provinces, I should think a sack or bag made of plush or carpeting, and lined with leather, known in France by the name of a *sac de nuit*,
and

and very much in usage here, because it pays nothing, being considered as an absolutely *necessary part of the passenger*, might do extremely well. In Summer, those who are desirous to get to Rotterdam the most expeditiously, may hire a waggon, or a *waggon-chaise*, and go to a place opposite Rotterdam, where they cross the ferry, and are there in a short time; the price is sixteen guilders (from Helvoetsluys)

But, should they wish to go at their ease, and as cheap as possible, they must go in the manner before mentioned; first to the Brielle, and from thence, at low water, in one of the *schuyts*, which goes every Monday and Friday; each passenger only paying thirty stivers, (two shillings and sixpence English,) and a proportionate price for their baggage.

Or, should they not arrive at the Brielle, in time for the *public* sailing days, a *private* boat may be always hired for six guilders, and some stivers, and ten people may go in it; but when the *schuyt* is ordered, always have the precaution to take it as for *ten*; because, if you say two or three, and should afterwards wish to admit a fourth, he must pay six florins. The

Dutch, you see, are very *exact* dealers; you must, therefore,

“ Speak by the card, or equivocation will undo you.”

With a fair wind, you are at Rotterdam in less than three hours; otherwise, in about five. But, as there are, in different parts of the year, obstructions to this mode, such as high seas, (waters at least) ice, &c. &c. and you are still pressed to proceed; you desire the landlord of the inn at the Brielle, to take your baggage to the *heads*, from whence you cross to the ferry-house in the island. When you are *half over* the water in your way to this ferry-house, if you do not mean to walk across the island; (the space exactly of a league) and if your servant cannot carry your baggage; you request the boatman to call a waggon, which is generally got ready by the time you arrive, and for your conveyance in which, if only one person, you are charged eight stivers; more in proportion to the numbers. Luggage is *always* in this country a separate article remember.

You will be struck with two awkward novelties in this business of crossing the water. — The first is, that when you direct the boatman to order, while on the water, a waggon to

go over the island, he holds up a *mop* as a signal to the waggoner. If *two* waggons are wanted, *two* mops are hoisted, and so on to any number of persons in the boat, which will carry over fifty persons; and all the time he is elevating these signs, he bawls to the extent of his voice till his breath insists upon quarter. I once ventured to suggest, that a trumpet, or French-horn, giving as many distinct volleys as might be necessary to ascertain the number of waggons wanted, would be a great relief to his own lungs, and to the ears of the company; but this hint was thrown out too much in the spirit of an *impatient* traveller, and before I had thoroughly gleaned the Dutch character, which is in all things uncompliant,

“ Stubborn in wrong, inflexible in right.”

The second *Gaucherie* is, that when the boat has arrived on the other side, and a fresh freight waits its return, an ugly old hamper is drawn up to a long pole to give notice. I could not help *thinking*, but did not hazard a remark, that a flag, or any other simple article that could be distinguished, would have a better look—but adherence to a custom is so *inordinate* here, that I am persuaded these mops and baskets would not have been yielded for

the finest French-horn in the Prince's band, nor the best pair of colours in his armies.

Having crossed the island, you pass a second ferry to Maeslandsluice; I ought previously to have told you—as no circumstance which is conciliatory in this part of your tour (which is certainly the most disagreeable) should be forgotten, that there is a very good post-coach to be had, which will take four persons at the ferry-house—if you prefer it to walking, or waggoning it over the island. At Maeslandsluice, (which is a very large, but pretty fishing town,) you will find good accommodations, *en passant*, at the *Moreain*, or Black-moor's Head, from whence you can take your route in schuyt, or land carriages, to any part of the provinces.

You may depend upon the following being the exact order for the boats to *Delft*, which is your first stage, whether you go to the Hague, Rotterdam, or any other place; and as water-travelling is by far the most agreeable and reasonable mode of making your excursion, you will probably adopt it. The statement of this order, therefore, will be very generally useful.

In

In Summer, at half past five in the morning—again at eight—at half past eleven—at two in the afternoon—at four, and at six.

In the Winter, at eight, and at twelve—in the evening, at one, three, and five. The price to each passenger in the *roof*, as it is called, eight stivers, exclusive of luggage.

Although I have more to say of these Trechtschuyts hereafter, being indebted to them for some picturesque and characteristick Gleanings, I will here observe, generally, that they are large passage boats, drawn by one horse, like our coal, and other common traffick barges.—They are divided into two compartments,^A the largest of which, of inferior price, as of inferior accomodation, is for all sorts of passengers, of which each boat will hold from 50 to 70 persons, allowing even for the tremendous trowsers of the men, and the preposterous petticoats of the women. The second division is appropriate to whoever chooses to pay accordingly. It will hold from six to eight people with ease—but as the admission of a single Dutchman would fill it with smoke (a pipe being always supposed welcome, insomuch that *Love me love my pipe* is a Dutch proverb, answering

fwering to *Love me love my dog* in our country) it will be always the safest way to *hire the roof*, that is the whole cabin—for which you apply to the Commissary, who lets it to you, if not taken, for an expence well worth incurring, till you are thoroughly *smoke-dried*—which, if you become, as I am, a residentiary traveller, you will soon be, and no more regard a whiff of tobacco shot at you than a sea-breeze. The force of habit is omnipotent; and it was from a thorough knowledge of its power that Shakspeare made Othello say,

“ Custom, most grave seigneurs,

—“ Has made my flinty and steel couch of war

“ A thrice-driven bed of down.

You remember, I dare say, the story mentioned by Dr. Plot, and retailed by the Spectator, of an idiot, who chancing to live within sound of a clock, and always amusing himself with counting the hour of the day, whenever the clock struck; but this instrument of his entertainment being spoiled by some accident, the idiot continued to strike, and count the hour, without the help of it, in the same manner he had done when it was entire. And Bacon observes, in his Natural Philosophy, that our taste is never better pleased than with those things,

things, which at first created our disgust—a remark which Mr. Addison illustrates by informing us, that one of the greatest geniuses this age has produced, (and who had been trained up in all the polite studies of antiquity), upon his being obliged to search into several rolls and records, confessed, notwithstanding such an employment was at first very dry and irksome to him, he at last took an incredible pleasure in it, and preferred it even to the reading of Virgil and Cicero.

Now, though I cannot suppose this mechanical effect can render the violent fumes of tobacco half so agreeable as a dish of tea or coffee, taken in unobstructed air, were you even to sit enveloped in a Dutch boat till you were blackened and seasoned like a ham upon a hook in a kitchen chimney, I have not a doubt; but a little time will reconcile you to bear, and scarcely to notice, this really universal practice in Holland, and in Germany. Brats of eight or nine years old will take out their pipes with as much formality, and whiff it out in a few minutes. In the great department of the boat, fifty are sitting on opposite benches, their pipes almost touching each other, and puffing volleys of smoke from their mouths and nostrils, as if

they were in the midst of an engagement at close quarters. In the coffee-houses of Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and the other great towns, or cities, where it is customary for the merchants to meet before and after change, there are sometimes five hundred smokers at once; amidst the cloudy atmosphere of whom, I, who found it almost suffocating, assimilated to it so tolerably by the force of habit, that, though I believe I could go through a street on fire sooner than smoke a single pipe, I wrote out some of my pleasantest gleanings in the midst of the smokers.

Not, however, to run the risk of being overwhelmed all at once, make yourself master of the roof, if possible—and, if not possible, peradventure a pipe or two should be levelled at you, think of the idiot and his clock, and the philosopher with his rolls and records.

In short, think of any thing but supposing (whatever be your rank and station, character, or sex—a great man, or even a beautiful woman), think not, I say, a true Dutchman—untravelled—will cease levelling at your eyes and nose till he has shot the contents of his mouth-gun full at you. And then—thank God!—yes,

thank God that you are, (by the way your boat has made, since that *first* pipe was smoking) so much nearer the end of your stage—for every smoker is supplied with a stove and generally an enormous box of ammunition, and fills and empties with almost as much dexterity, and more perseverance, than a soldier charges and fires.

Not that a Dutchman wants good manners or civility, but that his whole family, and all his connexions, male and female, are so entirely in the habit of this practice, that it never enters into his imagination it can be offensive to any body else. Indeed the offer of a pipe is as common a mark of courtesy in this country, as the offer of a chair in our's; and, in absence of the master, the mistress of the house presents it as an introduction to hospitality. You are not, however, to judge from hence, that thro' the polite houses this custom equally prevails: there are no set of people who conduct an entertainment with more good breeding, if you allow for a few pomps and ceremonies, such as I shall have occasion to mention as we pass on.

At present we must return to our Trechtschuyt, out of the cabin of which, if you are a rapid

traveller, you will, perhaps, think I have detained you with matter irrelevant to necessary subjects, unseasonably long. Yet this will be a little ungrateful in you too, because I have been at some pains to fortify you against fire and smoke, and arm you, cap-a-pee, for the day of battle; and have, moreover, been a mere *matter of fact* gleaner, intent only in bringing you forward, at the least charge and inconvenience—not to lay any stress on my examples from the Spectator. And to fall out with me by the way, for interweaving a few remarks on customs and ideas, that if you do not stay long enough with the natives, you may never know, would be churlish indeed to a guide so friendly,

I have prepared you against the worst, but I will rather suppose you are lucky enough to meet the best, by hire of the roof, and that you are sole monarch, for the time being, of that snug little apartment, which moves upon the face of the waters, without your being sensible of the motion, permitting you to feel yourself as if in one of your small parlours, or cabinets, at home: and giving equal freedom to think, read, talk, write, or work, or even repair your dress, if it is deranged: for this gliding room

which is extremely clean, well fashed, and cushioned, is provided with a table, looking-glass, and every other convenience:—if you wish to take wine, you are supplied with goblets and glasses—if tea or coffee, the cups, saucers, and warm water, like Edwy's Fairy Banquet;

“Come with a wish,

“And with a wish retire.”

This, without all doubt, is, in Summer, the most agreeable method of making the tour of the Provinces, as it not only affords you an opportunity of surveying the most beautiful villas, gardens, and pleasure-grounds, (most of these being near the banks of the canals) as, likewise of the voluptuous pastures, and of the fine herds that graze on them; but of staying any number of hours, or days, you choose in the towns, cities, or villages, that most please you, with the advantage of quitting one resting-spot for another almost every hour of the day.

At entering each town of destination, your luggage is committed to the care of one of the porter men or women, for the inn, if you desire to stop—to the Commissary, should it be your desire

desire to proceed—and the boat-masters have contrived that soon after your arrival at one place, a schuyt is ready to set off for another; so that you are never detained by any wheedling landlord, unless at your own option. In a word, the passage boats here form a chain, of which each schuyt is a link, by whose connexion with the rest, you make, with as little trouble as possible, the circuit of the Provinces.

At Delft, for instance, where I will now suppose you landed, there are schuyts, which carry you to Rotterdam, by one canal; to the Hague, by another. That to Rotterdam sets off every hour in the Summer, nearly from sunrise, till long after sunsetting; and in Winter from eight in the morning to seven o'clock at night; in the roof, the price is eight stivers; in the other part five;—boxes and trunks, nearly as much as yourself. If your destination be the Hague, there is a barque goes every half hour in the Summer, and its starting is announced here, as elsewhere, by the tingling of a bell.

Should your route be Amsterdam, and you prefer going, at once, by water, you will find at Delft, a barque that goes every day at three

in the afternoon, during the Summer; and arrives at half past six the next morning. In winter—January and February, at least—they set off only three times in the week, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; returning also, on the same days from Amsterdam. These barques are very commodious; take large freights of goods for the tradesmen; have an excellent cabin, in which are good beds; where you sleep as in your own chamber; and the expence is only three guilders three stivers each person. If you take the whole roof, which accommodates six persons and six beds, fifteen guilders must be paid, and fifteen stivers; but, if the captain is not excluded, the price is only twelve guilders twelve stivers; something more than the usual charge of a guinea.

Taking with you a basket of provision, and a bottle or two of wine, this is an excellent way of getting to the capital of Holland, if you can reconcile yourself to passing by *night*, some of the intermediate ornaments and labours of the country. You save, however, the trouble of passing from *schuyt* to *schuyt*, and shifting luggage, as by Leyden, Haerlem, &c. but then again, you miss the survey of those beautiful towns, unless you take them on your return.

Thus, gentle traveller, having conducted you to Delft, which is a central point in the seven Provinces, I might consider the dues of urbanity and compatriotism fairly performed, and leave you to yourself, wishing, that whatever be your tract, satisfaction may be the result. But before we part, I have other services to render you:—the first of which shall be to set you right, with respect to the *money* of the country; a task which has not yet been accurately performed.

This, however, must be the object of another letter. The present has carried you over so many difficulties, I think you will readily allow me a respite; and, possibly, if you really happen to have encountered them on the day you peruse this advice, you may be glad of a little repose yourself: for of all kinds of fatigue, that which is attendant on the eager pursuit of pleasure, wearies us the most.

LETTER XXIX.

TO THE SAME.

IN the description of the different monies used in the United States, I propose as nearly as possible, to give you an estimate of their value in English currency.

SILVER COINS.

A Dayt. Is about half a farthing.

A Stiver. Something more than a penny at *par*. For instance, twelve stivers are equal to a shilling: at many places, however, they will not give more than ten stivers for a shilling; therefore, the less a person brings of silver coin from England the better. A stiver, is a little piece of the size of a silver penny; but is of base metal.

Dubbeltje. This silver coin, of the same metal, is exactly double the value, and is extremely handy in small change. I, therefore, recommend the traveller to get about five shil-

lings of change in these two stiver pieces, to pay ferries, postage, and other trifling charges.

Five Stiver Piece, or Quarter Guelder. Of the same impression as the guilder; but very rare. You must occasionally, however, meet with it.

A Zesthalven, or five Stivers and four Doys, Is a piece of base metal, and equal to an English sixpence in value. The more of these you can get the better; because the precise value being known, you can better judge of what you are paying in your little bargains, the settling which is very embarrassing at first. The zesthalven is also very handy in settling for baggage, water carriage, &c. &c.

Schellingen. This is of various sorts, some the same as the zesthalven; but with a little star stamp on it: if not larger, in which case, the size determines the value; others have a ship on them. They are of tolerable silver.

Six Stiver and one-half Piece. Is a silver piece, a little larger than an English sixpence, and the eight part of a rix dolder.

Eight Stiver Piece. A larger and thinner piece than a schellingen; not often paid you, but now and then falls in your way.

Ten Stiver Piece. A silver coin, very scarce, value half a guilder.

Twelve and one-half Stiver Piece. Not much in currency.

Thirteen Stiver Piece. This is a coin of Zealand, and much in use.

Twenty Stiver Piece, called a Guilder, or Florin. Silver, and the true coin of Holland; and a great pity it is, that the confused silver currency of the Republic was not regulated by this piece of twenty, and ther of ten, and another of five stivers; but one may as well expect they would banish money altogether, as that they will enter into such a reform.

Twenty-five Stiver Piece. Is silver and half a rix dolder.

Twenty-six Stiver Piece. This ascertains itself.

Twenty-eight Stiver Piece. Of this there are several sorts; it is Holland currency; when you receive a sum in this coin, which is frequent enough, they generally pay you five in a lot, which makes seven guilders each lot.

Thirty Stiver Piece. This is the piece called the Dolder, is Dutch currency, value about half a crown English, and of equal size; there are various sorts.

Thirty-one Stiver and one-half Piece. Half a ducatoon, and so called; but you will not meet it often.

Forty Stiver Piece, or Two Guilder Piece. Not common.

Fifty Stiver Piece. The old rix dolder; not liked, and not much used.

Fifty-two Stiver Piece. This is the modern rix dolder, extremely current, and what you will receive in the payment of almost every guinea. But as they will not pass current in Amsterdam, and some other places, for more than fifty, or fifty-one stivers, you should avoid
having

having too many of them. In Zealand, they will fetch fifty-three.

N. B. The best silver money is the guilder, or twenty stiver piece.

Sixty-Stiver Piece. Called a three guilder piece, very much in use.

Sixty-three Stiver Piece, or Ducatoon. Made at the time the Spaniards got footing in this country.

GOLD COINS.

A Ducat. This is of admirable gold, and of great service to a traveller; but sometimes scarce and bought at disadvantage. Its currency is universal; the general value five guilders, five stivers; but being of the purest gold, is caught at eagerly by the Jews, and not to be got back out of their hands, or even the banker's, without paying them two or three stivers profit on each ducat. But though this appears an imposition, when you get beyond the Provinces, into Germany, Prussia, &c. they increase so much in value, that your general

portable cash had better be in this coin, which is sterling in value, and light of carriage.

Double Ducat. Is ten guilders ten stivers.

Rider. Fourteen guilders.

Half Rider. Seven guilders; all these are current, without any drawbacks, through the Provinces.

LETTER XXX.

TO THE SAME.

I WILL employ this letter on a subject which can scarcely be comprehended under the article *Gleanings*, because I do not remember to have seen a syllable said upon it by any tourist, trippist, or traveller, whatsoever; though, from experience, I am convinced, as must every one who has been on this part of the continent, it is one of the most necessary to be discussed, and for every stranger to be prepared in. I allude to the similarity of the English and Dutch languages, and the use of being supplied with a few questions and answers in the latter for daily exercise, which, in some parts of Germany, and even of Holland, is as necessary to a stranger as his daily bread. It is impossible not to perceive, almost immediately, not even to *feel* the general resemblance of the Low Dutch and the English.

The words, in any language, which a traveller picks up, and tries to get a knowledge of, are, of course, those which enable him to
ask

ask for the necessaries of life, and amongst these he will find, when his ear is a little accustomed to the difference of accent, so great a similitude betwixt the words which are used at home and abroad (I include Germany in this remark) that he will soon understand the general *subject* of conversation amongst the natives; and if he mixes with them in their ordinary societies a short time, will be able to take his share in them. There is, indeed, scarce a sentence in which the manufacturers of language, whether Dutch or English, have not borrowed from one another. The rights of etymology it is not my place to settle. Suffice it to observe to you, that in taking the circuit of Holland or Germany, an Englishman must return satisfied that there exists a very great degree of verbal resemblance.—Certain words indeed, so approximate, even in pronunciation, especially in Freezland, that they have a proverb in that country, which purports,

“ Good bread and good cheese,

“ Is good English and good freeze;”

of which truth, though told in rhyme, I shall, in its place, present you with a pleasant example.

The

The result of a great deal of observation then is, that such of my countrymen as possess a vagrant spirit, and who meditate the tour of Northern Europe, would do well to equip themselves with a few question and answer phrases, peculiar to the country or province they intend to traverse or to reside in: for, although a common knowledge of the French language is certainly a very useful and *general* passport through all parts of cultivated Europe; and is spoken much more amongst *all* ranks of people in other countries, than in our's, it is, as I have found, by no means *universal* enough to guard you against very uncouth accidents; since there are *very many* small, and even great, towns, both in Holland, Prussia, and other parts of Germany, well worth being visited, where, if a stranger had not leisure to go in *search* of somebody who could speak French, or should not be fortunate enough to take up his lodging at a public table, (*table d'hôte*) he would experience great inconvenience.

In one of the largest and best inns, for example, in the circle of Westphalia, even in its capital (Cleves, concerning which, I shall, in due time, expatiate) had I not, during my *first* residence in Holland, picked up a little of something

something *like* Dutch, I might as well have been thrown upon Robinson Crusoe's island, after it was evacuated. Not a creature in the house, filled as it was with servants, could speak either French or English, and for the first day or two after my arrival, notwithstanding the little mongrel Dutch with which I was fortified, as neither the master nor his servants were ingenious enough to make two or three ill pronounced words into an intelligible sentence (although a Frenchman would have interpreted the worst French I could have made use of, and accommodated me at *half* a word) my entertainment was in pantomime, and was amusing enough, after a few rehearsals.

This little extemporaneous drama was supported, indeed, by a very few characters, the principal of which were myself and an honest Swiss boy, appointed to attend me, and who, really, had all the good-humoured foolery, and whimsical trick of a scaramouch. When I wished for breakfast, dinner, or supper, I opened my mouth, then shut it, then opened it again, putting my finger backward and forward, to imitate the action of eating. When I wished for drink, I held up my head, and seemed (glass in hand) to be pouring its contents

tents down my throat. The Swiss boy incontinently did the same, nodded his head, and went laughing down stairs; very soon shewing he understood me. Every thing else that I wanted was expressed in dumb shew, which so amused the Swiss, that I suspect he was much disappointed when this mode of communicating broke off. Thus, as I could not "suit the word to the action," I substituted the action *for* the word. We certainly might have gone on in this manner for a twelvemonth, and I should have been well served; illustrating all the time the Roman's assertion, that the three grand principles and powers of oratory consist in action; but, as Gay's monkey, who was also a traveller, and had made the grand tour, and was as eloquent on such occasions, doubtless, as either me or my young Swiss, I must own I felt myself rather ambitious to make use again of that faculty, of which, with all his ingenuity, the most accomplished pug is a poor imitator; and, moreover, I must repeat, that my scaramouch *would* not understand many expressions, on purpose that he might prolong the pantomime.

Some days after, changing my abode to an hotel, where I found a good *table d'hote*, I
amused

amused the company with this scene, and an English gentleman present informed me, that in North Holland he was put very often to the like difficulty, smoothed only by the like means: to prevent which, in future, he had thought of an expedient, which was, on his return to Amsterdam, to form such questions and answers, as were hourly occurring, relative to culinary, chamber, and other domestic matters, and to get them put not only into good, but to bad Dutch; that is to say, first, as *properly* spelled; secondly, as pronounced without any attention to the *spellings*, thereby preparing himself as well for those who could not read, as for those who *could*. He added, that his business calling him into several of the same towns about a fortnight after, he took no guide but his new-made tablets, resolved to try their use, and went through the very places at which he had before been embarrassed, perfectly at his ease, creating, by the way, a great deal of harmless merriment amongst the people with whom he communicated, particularly in one family (the master of whom had been churlish in the gentleman's first visit): It was a small inn, kept by a surly purse-proud Dutchman, who had said (rudely, but not without point) if he was

to find *language*, as well as other things, he must charge it in the bill.

The gentleman had not forgot this rapid stroke of Dutch traffic, and by way of retaliation, determined to go to the man's house again, prepared, however, with this first question and remark—"Will you answer me now?" I shall point to what I want of you, without deigning to speak to you, marking the article desired by very good Dutch. If you do not answer it immediately, I shall discover you are as ignorant as you were insolent.

"Now it really happened, (said the gentleman) that this fellow could neither write or read, upon which I burst out into a laugh of triumph; and after exposing him to a good deal of company, who happened to be assembled, I left his house, and was very well understood in another. I usually sported my *bad* Dutch, which was generally comprehended, and where it was not, I pointed to my tablets, in which might be read the good; and am convinced, that by adoption of the same plan, (accommodating my questions to different languages) I could make

“make my way through Europe with no actual
“skill in *any* language but my own.”

I was much taken with this devise, and, although I had predetermined to possess myself with enough of the language of *every* country through which I meant to pass, to express my wants and wishes, and to *stop long enough* at a place to render this practicable, (a plan which included a sufficient residence to *glean*, not *only* a little of language, but a great deal of the manners, and of the customs of those to whom such language was natal—) I determined, likewise, to follow up this gentleman's plan, by way of *immediate supply*. Accordingly, I put together a number of such questions as I *must* ask, the replies to which required, in general, nothing more than obedience to the orders they implied, and I found it of such infinite use, that I strongly recommend others to do the same, merely as a *succedaneum*, till they can make some progress.

Indeed, I consider some knowledge of this kind so essential to common comfort and accommodation, that a traveller should acquire it, *se defendendo*. He will, otherwise, find himself, like a man unarmed in the field of battle, obnoxious

noxious to every disguised and every open attack of imposition, against an enemy; too, accouter'd at all points against his pocket. The countless number of guides, tours, journeys, &c. &c. collected, would form (fill at least) a library, with which a man cannot possibly emigrate; and I am really astonished, that amongst all such of these, as have fallen under my inspection, there has not been one traveller who has thought it worth his while to give a single dialogue, in common interrogatory and reply, on subjects that are as necessary to be asked, and answered, as it is to do those offices to which they lead, *viz.* eat, drink, and sleep. Dialogues of this kind (or rather the questions and answers that form a part of them) may, it is true, be found scattered up and down the different grammars, but besides that the things wanted lie too widely dispersed, it implies a necessity of taking a library with you, and, after that is done, hunting about from page to page for the thing wanted, instead of having them brought together, close under your eye, and within compass. To have done this, might possibly deduct from the dignity of a travel writer, but would add importantly to his use. It seems, however, to be a task very

proper for a Gleaner who is reserved
 "to pick up the refuse of those *barren* fields,"
 the lofty-minded travellers have gone over
 with nobler views: namely, to conduct their
 readers to pictures, palaces, temples, turrets,
 mountains, and other pieces of magnificence;
 which, after all, a common *valet de place*, a
 sixpenny catalogue, or the persons appointed
 to shew these fine sights—these superb *national*
lions, would describe full as well, assisted by
 your own ocular evidence at the same time.
 But even these august Journalists must confess
 the use of that information they have disdained
 to bestow.

Conformably, therefore, to the unambitious
 humility of the character I have adopted, in
 this work, I shall, by way of Appendix in
 the last volume, before I bring my Gleanings
 to a *final* close, offer a couple of colloquial let-
 ters, consisting of Dutch, German, (that is,
 Low Dutch, High Dutch) and English, con-
 taining, neither more nor less than a set (series)
 of those *orders, questions, and commands*, which
 every traveller, who is not *immortal*, and I
 have never heard of any preternatural ones,
 since the excursion of Jupiter and Mercury to

old Baucis and Philemon) must give, ask, and receive, every day, and almost every hour of his life: and I will take care to place them, as nearly as possible, in such diurnal arrangement, beginning with the rising, and finishing with the reposing hour, that it must be a stranger's own fault if he stands in need of the ordinary comforts or conveniencies: because, if there is a being in the house where he sojourns, who can read, he has but to point to the object desired, and, if attainable, to get it; or, if he should meet with a whole family of ignorants, he may follow the *accented* rule of *properly pronounced, but badly spelled*, order, question, command, &c. which will be put *immediately below* the same question in its *proper* orthography, and his own ear must be very defective if he cannot so express himself, as to be sufficiently understood, which is the sole aim of this very humble endeavour and experiment, the good effect of which I have tried myself before I recommend it to others. Neither let the erudite critic frown on it. Should it ever be his fortune, to come into those parts of the Continent, armed as he may be with all the sacred knowledge of the ancient world, and the more refined graces of the modern one (by which, I would be understood to mean

the polite languages of France and Italy) I am well convinced, even he would relax of his lettered gravity, and not only smile upon, but derive great benefit from this, certainly doggrel and whimsical, mode of *making himself intelligible*; since all the wisdom of the fathers could not effect it half so well. Without, therefore; making any *apologies* (what has been hitherto said I consider as necessary explanations) for a good-natured intention, certainly not very amusing to the writer; I here promise to execute it (in the best manner I am able) in its due time and place.

One thing, while it is in my memory, let me warn you about. The common Dutch innkeepers, porters, boatmen, and that class of people, are as great gossips and babillards as any in France, in our own country, or in any other upon the earth, and will talk "about it goddess, and about it," on the most insignificant occasions, for an hour together, while minutes might settle all they can have to say to, or to do for, you. Never therefore seem to listen. Fix to your point—point to your order, or your question, or else pronounce it, and stick there—hold him to it, as to the one thing needful; and if he flies off into irrelevancies, bring

bring him back to the point by the aid of the remark I will put into your mouth. This will save you the hearing "an infinite deal of nothing," and save *time*, as well as *patience*, for much better uses.

I will at present put an end to this very necessary subject, with one general remark on the Dutch language, viz. when a person speaks very bad, broad, and coarse English, it will, for the most part, (seven words out of ten) be good, pure Dutch. But, of this, the pronunciations I mean to set down for you will sufficiently convince you. And were the natives to speak slow, (every language to a person ignorant of it *seems to be spoken fast*) an Englishman, though he might be at fault as to particular words, would be *au fait* as to the general topic, and the turn it was taking; which reminds me that you will derive a double advantage from my little vocabulary:—while you are trying to make out meanings by *false* orthography, you will insensibly get into the *true*; and thus accommodate the wants of the present and future: with which encouraging hint we will release one another from this school-boy's exercise, and get to something more entertaining to us both: for you cannot suppose these school-

master lessons have been very delightful to their author. What I promise in an appendix shall serve as a pocket-companion respecting some points necessary to be immediately known to the traveller: it may be all-sufficient to such purpose—which assuredly has not been effected by any guide, trip, or tour hitherto made public. I propose to annex it to my Gleanings.

And now, courteous stranger, the Seven Provinces are, “all before you which to choose.” In these primary pages you will find the needful for your safe guidance. Supposing this and the two promised, question and answer, dialogues to become a *separate sheaf* from my general Gleanings, I am here to bid you farewell. On the contrary, if you desire to see objects, and read of circumstances, as they struck me, in a survey of them at different times and seasons, (amongst which, I trust, many will be not unpleasant, and, not a few, useful, particularly if you pass beyond the limits of the republick, into other countries) we shall still, in a manner, be conversing together, and the whole of my Gleanings will be a part of your company. In this case, I repeat, we shall still *travel together*.

But

But, at all events, from you, my friend, and your dear circle, whom I more particularly address, and from whom, if I seem to deviate a little to admonish others, it is but in imitation and adoption of that bounty, which has induced you so often of late to tell me our correspondence, by being occasionally broadened in its application, may become more extensively useful and amusing. From you and your's, I say, I am sure of finding a hearty good will, let me wander about with you where I list, and shift the scene upon you as irregularly, and rapidly, (taking you backwards and forwards) as I think proper. Under such encouragements, we will now take a trip to the Hague, which, indeed, I have already thrice visited, since my quitting that fire-side, where I have always found "a ready chair," and, so long as circumstances permitted, a delightful home. "May eternal blessings crown" the owners of it!—a prayer of such "earnest heart," that I will not suffer it to be "mixed with baser matter."—Adieu!

LETTER XXXI.

TO THE SAME.

Hague.

AT the first blush, the following fact, my dear-loved friend, may seem strange. There is far more diligence of attention required of a Gleaner, to pick up any thing worth carrying to his sheaf in great and populous towns and cities, than in the undistinguished villages, and "still small" recesses, where the broad and common *highway, thoroughfare, traveller* seldom goes; and where, though the violet perfumes the air, and the fresh grass springs up in the beautiful paths, those "garish beauties of the world" are wanting, that are alone gratifying to a heart devoted to the publick. For although, in this latter scene, every thing is in motion before you, or standing fixed, in proud but mute magnificence, for your inspection—as if almost to insist on your passing homage; they have yielded up their charms to so many strangers, that, like one of our fair drudges of fashion, whose face has been so long in publick

lick exhibition, it is become "familiar as one's garter;" and to give *another* description of it would be to *force* on you what memory would perhaps turn from with disgust.

Ah! my friend, what honours—what mines of wealth would roll into the coffers of the man, who, when the objects of this variable life have lost their wonted power of giving pleasure, but, by change of circumstances, have acquired, unexpectedly, the power of giving pain—what, of riches and fame, I say, would *he* deserve, who could command our once-dear, but now slighted, objects, to quit those cells in the brain, where they have not only,

"A local habitation, and a name,"

but a fixed lodging—and—(bitterly against our will) are become tenants for life therein? We see, we admire, we love, we possess: our felicity seems entire. Alas! an idea, an opinion, a dispute, the satisfying power of possession itself, the frequency of seeing, of enjoying, a new fancy, a new object, first diminishes, and, at last, destroys, the eager delight with which we beheld our finest parks, gardens, pictures, and all our earthly paradises, as imagination,

gination, in her finest ardours, is wont to call them.

These, nevertheless, remain the same; the verdure is as refreshing, the flowers as sweet; the hand of time, mellowing the tints, has even thrown new graces on the canvass—and yet we are weary of them. What fault can they have committed? “What committed?” The greatest. They are our own, and they have “outlived our liking.”

Shall I ascend from inanimate objects, to such as have life? to such as bound themselves even like a charm round our necks—round our hearts—but which *now* (perhaps more truly filled with enchantment to all the world besides) are nothing to us, or worse than nothing, a mill-stone round our necks—a galling chain round our feet? He who could make us, at the word of command, forget even these, or rather the keen rebuke with which conscience employs memory, over whom she has control, to punish our frivolous and insatiable inconstancy—what would we not offer him?

But I am broadening this beyond my intention. I bless God, this latter is not an uni-
 versal

versal fact. I bless God, too, that, individually, it applies not to you, or to me, my friend. Ah! I never possessed *any* good, that I (who could alone be the proper judge of it) *found* so to be, but I cherished it with my whole heart, and, so far from indifference growing out of *possession*, I loved it but the more, for having given me happiness! Gratitude became a new motive of attachment; and the thought of its having made me often blest, instead of diminishing, augmented my affection. Nor have I a friend on earth, who is not the more dear to me on this very principle. Ah! carry this assertion towards yourself, my friend, and read in it the increase of my love for you.

But I have lost myself.—The thread is broken, but easily repaired.—To those who *wish* to forget whatever is become insipid to them—has been too often seen, heard, or possessed; you will agree that a person, a magician, endowed with the powers of granting to us that wish, would, indeed, merit recompence. Streets, villages—nay whole cities, are easily ejected from the memory; but how shall we pluck out that *thorn in the mind*, which is left to fester, after our once fairest roses of imagination and of the heart,

“ Fade in our eye, and pall upon our sense!”

And

And which remain, sometimes, for years, perhaps, for life, to scourge us in all the tyranny of recollection?

O Fortunatus! how poor were thy vaunted powers, — (even had they been realized,) in comparison of his, who could thus teach us to *forget* our once fondest wishes, and *with them*, the sharp reproof of our weak infidelity and foolish, base, ingratitude!

But, lest even you, my friend, should have something to lose; and be trying at

“ That hardest science, to *forget*!”

this digression will but bring it back on your remembrance; since, it is certain, the discouraging strongly on any one object, forces on an idea of its opposite. To return, therefore, to the first occasion of these reflections, which was, that, as I am convinced you know already, that I am now writing from one of the noblest towns (in proud humility and affectation, called the finest * village) in Europe, I shall

* Judge for yourself, as to the *degree* of that affectation. The Hague, it is true, like lordly London itself, was once only a collection of miserable cottages, (and, where is the city, that *ab origine*, was not?) but when you consider that, by a

shall neither carry you into any one of its famous churches, nor to the Jewish synagogue; but simply remind you, that, whenever you are disposed to thank your God for your safe arrival, you may do so in your own way, manner, and language, at ten o'clock every Sunday morning, in the English church, which is at the entrance of the street, called Noord-Einde, (North-End,) near the *Place*. Neither shall I ask your company to any of the public edi-

fices; charter past so long ago, as the reigns of the celebrated Charles the Fifth, and of his son Philip the Second; each assigning to it, the dignity of city; taking into your mind, at the same time, its having, for so long a series of years, been the seat of government, grandeur and fashion, with the full enjoyment of all municipal rights and privileges; and that it is, in effect, the pride of an Hollander's heart, and spoken of with fondness, even by the gainful tribe;—the question—have you seen the Hague?—being amongst the first things demanded of a stranger, by a native of the Provinces; I say, when you join these facts together, you will not hesitate to lay the account of this egregious affectation (of giving to a city, larger than that of Manchester, and, perhaps, of York; certainly more elegantly constructed, and more the residence of general fashion, the name of village) to that not uncommon *artifice of vanity*, which, to entrap the greater praise, assumes the air of diffident modesty. The Hague is one of the finest, and largest towns in Europe, and the Dutch universally wish it to be thought so: And, were you to speak of it as only a village, they would soon assert its pretensions to vie with the proudest of our cities.

fices; nor take you to the celebrated *Maison de Correction*; nor to the *Palace of Prince Maurice*; nor to that of the *Stadtholder*; nor to any of the very numerous hospitals, or *alms-houses*; nor even to the *Prince's museum*; nor to the *Princess's house in the wood*; nor to any other fine sights; because, I am well convinced, all these Dutch lions have stared you in the face, in various prints, books, dissertations, &c. &c. &c. till you are as well acquainted with their diameter, circumference, situation, distance from each other, rise, fall, ruins, and repairs; and, that you are as intimate with the far famed cabinet of curiosities; its moderns, and its antiques, its birds, beasts, and fishes, urns, busts, medals, and minerals, pictures and paintings, sculptures, engravings, and other rarities of art and nature; as are the students of *Leyden*, with the wonders of *that town*; the tree—adorned fosse, *Esplanade*, *Tumulus*, the trophied castle of the *Saxon Hengist*, (memorial of his victory over our own country); the 186 magnificent streets; the 145 stone bridges; and all the curiosities of their academy; from the fire-conquering *Asbestos* to the egg of the crocodile; as well as all that is to be seen of those greatest of *all* curiosities,

curiosities, the skeletons of human nature, in the school of anatomy.

No, my friend, you are a woman of too much reading and conversation, not to consider these things, as old stories, and instead of being put again in mind of them, would, perhaps, be glad to throw a public building, or a few royal palaces, out of your head, where, amidst so much better furniture, you may justly look on them as useless lumber. But, were it even possible that you know nothing of them, you would, on your coming over, have reason to exclaim, e'er you had been here eight and forty hours—“somewhat too much of this!”—For guides, companions, histories, descriptions of the *Hague*, stare at you through almost every bookseller's window, in all languages, though principally in Dutch. Jacob de Riemer, for instance, just to begin with, has published a *short succinct* description of the *Hague*, in three volumes *folio*. Another Dutchman, by way of rendering it more commodious, has given an abridgement of it in two volumes *quarto*, one of which, indeed, might be squeezed into each breeches pocket of a true Dutchman; his tobacco box, being much such another pocket companion. Then, again, you have your

Valet

Valet de Place, who, on your arrival at the inn, the best, and most reasonable of which is the Marechal de Turenne, kept by Mr. Baume:—offers himself to your service, intellectual and temporal; and will, for thirty stivers a-day, (half a crown,) retail all his knowledge and experience of men and things, places and people; and, for ought I know, give you more real, (certainly more various) information, than Jacob de Riemer. So that, every way, I take it for granted, you have had, or will have, more than enough of intelligence touching these ostensible objects.

My intention is, and has all along been, to mention, to you, from every place those things, which it is most likely, neither your fixtured, nor your walking guides, will ever think of shewing you; or if some of them are set down in the books, you must lose a greater proportion of time in hunting them up, through the hiding places of several hundred pages, about *le plus beau, et la plus belle* (the nausea of every panegyric.

“Where pure description holds the place of sense.”)

before you can get at them; like a squirrel running through a wilderness for a kernel, when there

there is scarcely a nut tree in an acre of ground. Now having done all this myself, I am willing to spare you the trouble; for which courtesy I have only to desire, that in imitation of the abovenamed ingenious and pleasant little animal, when I lay before you any literary nut, which has not answered to you the pains of cracking; throw it aside, and depend on the next; or peradventure, the next after that, being more to your taste; and remember, too, that even that which displeased you, and which you condemned as insipid, may exactly suit the palate of whoever picks it up after you, and think it even a *bonne bouche* gleaning.

I have one general remark to make upon all the books, in the way of guides; which have ever fallen under my examination; and I have had the fortitude, in all countries, to struggle through all sorts and sizes. You will note, that I speak only of such as are written by the natives, or foreigners resident, or rather established; till they are, as it were, naturalized—to the place they describe.—Their accounts of kings, queens, palaces, theatres, churches, charity houses, &c. &c. walks, and public entertainments are, doubtless, for the most part, just; as may be those of laws, govern-

VOL. II. F ment,

ment, police, &c. &c.—As far as it goes, this intelligence is satisfactory; and the less it is clogged with remark, or encumbered with sentiment, the better; but a very great number of those objects most interesting to a stranger, they totally pass over; and assuredly for a good, and (to them) sufficient, reason; because, they cannot suppose the manners, customs, and peculiarities which strike travellers, *can* be interesting; since, being amongst the most ordinary occurrences; in the midst of which they were born, they cannot even imagine them to be singular.

“What can we reason but from what we know.”

And as such authors seldom leave their own country; the very articles which discriminate that from every other, they must be in total ignorance of.—This reflection is so extensively true, that I will venture to say, there is scarcely a book written by a native historian of the Hague, or of other towns, who has noticed any one of those peculiarities, that would fasten *principally* on an English traveller's observation; supposing him not to be inveterately attached to brick and mortar. For instance, a Dutch author would—all commercial as is his country—never think of telling you that the very

dogs

Dogs of Holland, are constrained to promote the trade of the Republic; insomuch, that save the Great Dogs of fashion and state, which run before or after their lords and ladies equipages; and, in imitation often of their betters, are above being of any use; there is not an *idle* dog of any size in the seven Provinces. You see them in harness, at all parts of the Hague, and some other towns, tugging at barrows, and little carts, with their tongues almost sweeping the ground, and their poor hearts almost ready to beat through their sides. Frequently three, four, five, and sometimes six abreast, carrying men and merchandise, with the speed of little horses. And in your walk from the Hague Gate to Scheveling, (where we will presently make an excursion,) you encounter, at all hours of the day, an incredible number loaded with fish *and* men, under the burden of which, they run off at a long trot, and sometimes (when driven by young men, or boys) at full gallop, the whole mile and an half, which is the distance from gate to gate; nor, on their return, are they suffered to come empty, being filled not only with the aforesaid men or boys, (for almost every Dutchman hates walking when he can ride, though half a mile); but with such commodities as cannot be had at the village.

village.—I have seen these poor brutes, in the middle of summer, urged beyond their force, 'till they have dropped on the road to gather strength; which is seldom the case, however, except when they have the misfortune to fall under the management of boys; for the Dutch are the farthest from being cruel to their domestic, dumb animals, of any people in the world; on the contrary, an Hollander, of whatever rank, is so merciful unto his beast; whether horse, dog, cow, &c. that they are the objects of his marked attention, as sleek skins, happy faces, and plump sides, sufficiently demonstrate. The cows, and oxen for draft, they rub down; curry, and clean till they are as glossy as the most pampered steed in England. Nay, you frequently see them with a light fancy dress, to guard them from the flies, and other annoying animalcula, in the meadows, which are the finest in the world, and in a warmer suit of cloaths during the winter; even these canine slaves look hale and well; as to condition, and being habituated to labour, feel little hardship in it. Happy, however, thrice happy, is the dog, who has the luck to be born of humbler and lowly parents, and is sacred, by his insignificance, from labour. Like many a man, who, having nei-

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ther

ther talents nor size for a hero, derives many a snug enjoyment from his unfitness to take an active part in the toils of ambition. But dogs of this description, have yet greater privileges in Holland, than you may imagine. Like other *little* things, they are held precious, and so fondled and patted, that either a lapdog, or a lover in England, where those animals, you know, are sometimes neglected, as, indeed, in that country, are all favourites, might envy them; for if you think a Dutch woman, and a beautiful woman, are incompatible, you are mistaken, as I shall take occasion to shew.

In my first visit (a winter one) to the Hague, I entered into the interests of these poor day-labouring dogs so truly, that I wondered they did not go mad, or that I did not hear of the canine distraction more in this country, than in ours; and on being told there were certain times (the dog days) when a heavy fine was to be paid upon any dog being seen in the street, I supposed this *was* the case, till the summer following, being at this delightful seaside village of Scheveling, I observed, several times in the day, these draft dogs, brought down to the beach, and bathed; a practice,

which no doubt equally prevented them from this dreadful disorder before-mentioned, and gave them strength to go through their work.

It is fortunate, also, that Holland is a country somewhat prone to be strict in the ceremonies of religion, by observance of which the dogs, like their masters, find the seventh a day of unbroken rest; for "Sunday shines a Sabbath day to them." The first impresson (which is allowed a grand point, you know) being much in favour of these industrious creatures, I had an eye on them, as well in the hours of their repose, as toil; and felt my heart warm to see several, whom I had observed very heavily laden on the Saturday, taking a sound nap, out stretched and happy at their masters doors, on the day in which their leisure is even an allotment and bounty of heaven. All the morning and afternoon, they have remained, basking in the sun, or in the shade, in profound tranquillity, while a number of unthinking whelps, and lazy puppies, who had been passing their time in idleness all the week, were playing their gambols in the street, not without a vain attempt to wake the seniors, and make them join in their amusement. Towards evening, I have,

in my sunsetting rounds, been much pleased to notice the honest creatures, sit at their respective thresholds, looking quite refreshed, giving occasionally into a momentary frolic, and the next morning returning to the labours of the week absolutely renewed.

Reader—Stranger—art thou too proud of heart—or too full of the dignity of human nature—to enter into these brute concerns? Pass on then, and pity my weakness, but not without remembering that

“ Dogs are honest creatures,

“ Ne'er fawn on any that they love not ;

“ And, I'm a friend to dogs. They

“ Ne'er betray their masters.”

If therefore thou hast no feeling for their sufferings, respect at least their virtues :

“ Mark but his true, his faithful way ;

“ And in *thy* service copy Tray.”

Since I have adopted your so frequent hint, my lov'd friend, of making these papers public, (after they have served the once sole designed end of your private amusement,) I, of course,

yield frequently to addresses, as from an author to his very different classes of readers; many, indeed, most of which, can apply neither to you or yours. For example, could I have thought of entering a caveat against the rigour of your heart, or the lofty vanity of your feelings, in consecrating a few pages to these dumb servants? It would have insulted that tenderness, which is the most grateful mark of a female temper. Adieu.

LETTER XXXII.

TO THE SAME.

AS I have thus hastily, and almost imperceptibly, run with you out of the Hague, and got into the environs, indeed, into one of the most justly celebrated parts of them, (the Scheveling-Road)—let us e'en take our way to that village before we return.

I have already called this walk beautiful. It is so in a very high degree, indeed: and has not, by the most lavish describers, been overpraised. The plan of this walk, is said to have been laid by Constantine Huygens, in 1653. Its length from the Banicre, to the entrance of Scheveling, is computed at 590 fathom; from the bridge at the Hague, to the Scheveling beach it is 916.—Its breadth is 18 fathom. It is divided into three *obvious* paths, and two concealed:—Of the former, a spacious one in the middle is for carriages; one on the right side for horses of pleasure; and one on the left for foot passengers. The whole are in a straight line; so that the center path shews you, on entrance of the avenue, at exactly half a league's distance, the spire of Scheveling church;

church; forming a vista; and the extreme end, on either side, forms an opening, Gothic-fashion, not unlike the entrance of an hermitage, the effect of which (assisted by the frequent gleam of the surrounding trees, which form a canopy all the way) is very striking.

Of this foliage, as, indeed, of all other in Holland, the Republic is with good reason, extremely jealous. Consider, but the time and labour necessary to procure it, in the first instance, and you will not be surpris'd, when I tell you that, as you pass along their "allies green," you will observe idle boys, and others, corrected in effigie, or in paintings, and stuck up in *terrorem*, to warn them of the penalties attendant on the least depredation of this consecrated verdure.

You are told, with great truth, by the guides, that every body comes to see this walk.—It is pleasant at all times of the year; because it is a defence equally from the summer's sun, and the winter's storm. You pay a farthing for entering, and a farthing for returning, and unless you have a settled antipathy to scenes of this kind, would think your money advantageously laid out, had it been ten times the sum. On the working days, it is little frequented except

cept by the fishwomen, who run through it in shoals, with turbot, cod, soles, and shrimps, all the morning, some hundreds together; their heads loaded enough to break their necks; and returning after market hours, loaded with other things—wood, groceries, hardware, vegetables, and other little necessaries, which they have taken in barter, or purchased out of their profits; not unfrequently hand in hand, or arm in arm, half a dozen at a time, singing *out* of tune, but perfectly *in* temper, with fish-looking forms, and sea-bright countenances. “It is a recreation to be by,” and hear their artless merriment, speaking to every body they encounter, which is a very general fashion in Holland; a good-morrow, a good-night, and a bow, or a curtsy, you get from every body; sometimes, even to tediousness, of which hereafter. The passing of these people along the different allies, assists the beauty of the perspective; blended too, as it is, towards the evenings, with the gentry and burghers of the Hague; and on a fine Sunday, it is truly a Dutch Jubilee. The throng is prodigious.—The picturesque singularity of the dresses, the huge hats of the peasant women, projecting literally more than a yard from their heads; their enormous earrings dropping on their shoulders; the

fishermen loaded with silver buttons, each larger than a crown piece; a felt bonnet on his head; a pipe in every mouth—the people of fashion in carriages, three or four deep, to the extent of the walk; the carts and waggons of the country people, full almost to overflowing, all in motion at once, under the umbrage of the finest oaks, limes, and beech trees I ever saw; all this cannot be an uninteresting picture to the most ill-tempered person breathing.—To a good natured one—to you, my friend, it would be—

“A feast of reason, and a flow of soul.”

You would see, though in a stranger's land, the beauty of vegetation: you would see human felicity pourtrayed in a thousand, good, round, unthinking faces, and to use the words of poor, dear, Goldsmith, you would

“Gather blifs to see your fellows blest.”

I have mentioned singing—It is almost the constant practice of the lower sort of people in Holland. They sing in their boats—they sing at their barrows—they sing in their churches almost incessantly—they sing at pleasure—they sing at work; and always in songs, that either
require

require (or are insisted upon allowing) several voices—sometimes fifty or sixty people in a string of pleasure-waggon, keeping the burthen at full trot, and for hours together, generally making the same tune do the business of the journey, long or short; so that when travellers choose to amuse you with the saturnine phlegm, and inveterate silence of the Dutch, you are *bona fide* to read for saturnine and silent, a very * singing sort of people.

Solemn

* An entertaining traveller, who published some French Letters in the course of a hasty tour through Holland, in his way to England, which he gleaned in the same running manner, has expressed himself on this very subject, with a candour that deserves a quotation; because *Candour* (which may be justly called the golden mean, between the common extremes of ill-natured detraction and disgusting flattery) is as rare in books as it is in life, and equally estimable in both. “ On a dit, “ (says he) tout le monde a repeté, tout l’univers est persuadé “ que le naturel du Hollandois est d’être flegmatique, et que c’est “ son climat qui le rend tel. Il n’y a point de proverbe devenu “ plus universel, que ce propos. Les Hollandois n’ont ja- “ mais fait de belles actions; ils n’ont point de vertus, dont “ on ne croit decouvrir la source dans ce flegme, qui leur est “ naturel. Pour moi, j’incline a croire que ce flegme qu’ou leur “ impute, et qui n’est ni si excessive, ni si general, qu’il convient “ a ceux qui veulent dire de plaisanteries, ou écrire de jolies “ phrases, a le depeindre, leur vient moins de leur climat, “ que de leur education, c’est a dire de ce qu’ils entendent, et “ voyent dès leur enfance, des impressions qu’ils reçoivent, des “ coutumes,

Sober and austere, I am sure, they would consider the same class of people in our country,

“ coutumes, des façons, de faire, qu'ils adoptent, et dont ils ne font jamais.”

I must own, my dear friend, I am of the same opinion. The Dutch phlegm, speaking of it as a characteristic, I conceive to exist, rather in their exterior than interior, moins dans leur sang & dans leur physique que dans leurs mœurs et dans leurs manières. Why are the persons of condition in this country more light, easy, and unrestrained, than those who have not relieved the busy cares of commerce by the refining blandishments of society? Why do we observe the children here as lively, alert, trickful, and pleasantly mischievous, as in England or France! I have seen the little seminaries of learning emptied on a holiday, every hour of which has been devoted to as active joys as if they were the “ playful children just let loose” from the schools of Great Britain: like those, I have stood with a rapture, that rolled back upon my memory the days of youth, to see them illustrate all the delicious imagery of that Great Britain's Pindar, who fills the mind with pleasure at a fiftieth reading. The little Hollanders have brought under my eye all that ever he could have observed amongst the youths of Eton:

“ While some on earnest business bent,
 “ Their murmuring labours ply
 “ Gainst graver hours that bring restraint
 “ To sweeten liberty.”

I have seen here, also, those

“ Bold adventurers, who disdain
 “ The limits of their little reign;

“ Who

try, where, except on particular occasions, as
at a wake, a harvest home, a house warm-
ing,

“ Who unknown regions dare descry,

“ Still as they ran, they look'd behind;

“ They heard a voice in every wind,

“ And snatch'd a scornful joy!”

I speak of well-educated youth. Why I say are these so different from the children of peasants or trade's people? Is it not as the French would express it, “ que les uns sont
“ eves dans des maisons ou toute respire une joye aimable,
“ une liberte decente, et que les autres ne voyent, chez eux,
“ qu'une gravite froide et taciturne, qui passe pour une pru-
“ dente sagesse.”

Ah! how often have I had reason to deplore the want of candour in the estimate which one nation makes of another! a want which is not compensated by either talents or virtues. In effect, candour is but another name for charity, without which a character, though it possesses every other quality, is deficient. Destitute of this, another, its opposite (Detraction) paints every thing in distemper. It is in the spirit of this malign principle, we are told, that the courage of a Dutchman is nothing but patience, his intrepidity phlegm, his perseverance obstinacy, his simplicity of manners, a tenacity of his own sentiments—his industry, covetousness, and his wealth, the fruit of his avarice. Surely nothing more amiable than national want of candour, infecting even men of science, could induce several respectable authors of our own country, to hazard what follows:

The cardinal virtue of an Hollander, says one of them, is *propreté*, his only divinities Mercury and Plutus; but as for Apollo, and his nine muses, they never heard even of their names;

ing, or a Christmas meeting, you do not meet one-tenth part of the like merriment. The songs

names: antiquity is a thing held in utter contempt by them, and if an artist should dare to copy the ancient masters with a sublime and emulative pencil, he would die of hunger. I have seen in France, idle, wicked, fallacious men, as in England, or elsewhere; but for Holland, how shall I find a national character, since an individual cannot be said to give it; and I must confess, I have seen *one* amiable Dutchman.

The travels of the author (Martin Sherlock,) are not amongst the volumes of my portable library; I may, therefore, forget the expression; but I grieve to remember, that this is the sense. I grieve, because I value the author, and have long loved the man, whom I know to be as worthy as ingenious, but he was a *hasty* traveller, and I am persuaded would have given a truer description, had he been, like me, a deliberate Gleaner.

But a whole society of literary men have offended against truth and candour in the same way, and against the same people. No less than the authors of the Universal History, have assured us, that the Dutch are cold, phlegmatic, brutal, and without invention. They persist indefatigably in every thing they begin, and finish the most laborious, painful undertaking, without a shadow of taste, freedom, reflection, or foresight. A dull, sordid, kind of patience, have enabled them to make some small progress in arts and sciences. Holland, it must be owned, has produced poets, painters and sculptors; but it appears to have been contrary to the ordinary course of nature, like vines in Siberia; and, like comets, appear once in an age, by way of phænomena. In general, whatever appears to have passion, or emotion, is dead amongst them; the passion for gain
alone

songs are a little monotonous to be sure, and the instruments, through which they pass, are not attuned to the most delicate touches of harmony. Moreover, the whole figure of the groupe is somewhat unweildy, and the fishermen in their boat-dresses, and in glee, like bears rampant; and though I have seen them pass fifty times in full chorus along the delicious avenues aforesaid, I must own, I never beheld any Orphean miracle likely to result from the utmost exertion of their vocal powers. Not a tree walked after them; not even a shrub bowed its head towards them, except when moved by the magic of the wind. But I saw, as observed already, what you would like much better to see—a great number of

alone excepted. We never hear of a quarrel, but when the effect of drunkenness; and how shall we hear of jealousy in a nation that never yet felt the power of love? Gluttony and insensibility, were the epithets which the ancients gave to the old Batavians: their descendents are not less known amongst the moderns, by their apathy, stupidity, and phlegm. The reader, may form his judgment of this people, by a single observation of Sir William Temple, who recounts the history of a man, who spent twenty-four years in making a globe; and thirty to inlay a table. I trust, you will find them honourably rescued from these aspersions; for aspersions they are—in the course of these Cleanings sacred to candour and to you, which is another name to express the same thing.

hard-working human beings, extremely charmed with themselves, and with each other. Ah! are there not in the higher walks of life, many refined and elegant assemblies of men and women, the equals of these humble children of nature—perhaps the superiors, in point of number, but miserably their inferiors in health, inoffensiveness, and joy?

The waggons, in which they go those excursions, are the same as those in which their general business is carried on, and usually have some quaint devices painted behind, on a board that fastens them, at the bottom of which is frequently a line, couplet, or stanza, “spelled by the unlettered muse,” sacred to Toil and Pleasure. But the burghers and servants of the Hague, a little town-struck, commonly club for a sort of chaise, which will hold about a dozen on three seats, and thus they come singing down to Scheveling “as merry as the day is long!”

But you are prepared to take a view of all these different sorts of people on the beach. There, however, you would not see them, were you to be fixed in front of it, like one of the houses, supposing that house animated, and every

every window of it an eye, which by the bye would make it an Argus; for the Dutch, not paying (upon earth for the light of heaven) any such tax as our's, the house is bewindowed from top to bottom.

Strange as it may seem, it is the Dutch custom to drive from the Hague, and other parts of Holland to the Beach Head, there stop a little, and drive back again. Nay, those valetudinarians (Dutch I mean) who take an airing to the sea-side for health, do just the same, with the additional singularity of remaining in the carriages, the glasses drawn down, then closed, then half opened, for about an hour—but I do assure you, out of more than a thousand different vehicles, which I have seen, from the apartment I occupied, pass to the Beach Head, I never observed a single carriage, but the English ambassador's go upon the sands, though they extend a league at low water to right and left, as firmly bound as a gravel walk in a garden, and as level as a bowling green.

It was impossible to let such a phenomenon of singularity, as it appeared to me, escape ungleaned. On enquiry, I was told, and on

the best authority, that of three different medical gentlemen, that one of the favourite and almost universal opinions of Great Britain, is totally scouted in Holland, *viz.* the salubrity of the sea air, or water.—The Dutch, almost to a man, nay to a Doctor, contend, that it is the most “pestilent congregation of vapours” a man can possibly breathe, that it is fit only for a mad dog. And one of their guide-writers very seriously tells you, in a book of 340 pages, about the Hague only, that “very fortunately the southern aspect is skreened by a chain of sandy mountains, and intermediate meadows, which *protects* the beautiful Hague from the *malign exhalations of the sea!*” And in another place he assures his readers, that “the air of the Hague is pure and wholesome—*malgré la proximité de la Mer.*”

Now, without pretending to enter the lists of medical controversy with these learned gentlemen, if it could possibly have been done, without getting into a disquisition (which on all subjects is my dread, because it usually tends only to “words, words, words,” as Hamlet says) I should have been glad to ask them, to what the superior health of the inhabitants

of the Hague, the Brielle, and other Dutch towns in the neighbourhood of the sea, is to be attributed, *but to this very circumstance?* Yet the whole nation have set their faces against it, in my opinion, very ungratefully; so I shall not attempt vindicating what they are so sturdily bent upon considering as an enemy—though considering both their trade and their situation, the ocean is scarcely more a friend to one of its own fishes, than to a Dutchman:

“Who shall decide when doctors disagree?”

On my first tour to the Hague, two things struck me, as pre-eminently absurd; and not then knowing their pique against salt-water, and the vital spirit of that restoring breeze, which I had so often felt blow from, or fly around it, I argued upon them thus:—Suppose me, if you please, in one of my soliloquizing solitudes, in deep conversation with myself, and walking, fast or slow, in correspondence to the temperature of the subject, as was actually the case, and in returning from the very village which has afforded us these gleanings.—But I will give you a respite. You have had a long walk.

LETTER XXXII.

TO THE SAME.

— YOU are now to imagine yourself an invisible spy, upon your self-amusing friend.

— What a strange contradictory race, after all, are the Dutch! Here, at the seat of politeness, at their court, the residence of the representatives of Emperors and Kings—the residence of a Prince from the House of Orange, and of a Princess of the House of Prussia—even while the town is in full fashion, at this season of its chief gaiety and splendour, the *windows*, save the ordinary fitting-rooms, are all barred and bolted at mid-day from the air, even of the noblest houses, and are not again be unelosed, till a formal day of company. Pray what may this be for? They consider air, as well as water, unwholesome, and the sun, forsooth, is unfriendly to furniture. Thus, two of heaven's richest dispensations they absolutely exclude.—Can there be such perversity? What! shut out the air and the sun in Holland! where the breath of the
one,

one, and the genial warmth of the other, ought to be prayed for as a beatitude! (very long strides towards the close of this apostrophe) Then they appear to me to aggravate the offence by their indifference about the sea *water*, the blessing of which flows into their very arms. Such an ocean wafting health over such a town! Yet at this Scheveling, how vainly have I attempted accommodation? What, no lodgings? No bathing machines? no—no bathers? a few common people, and a straggling Englishman or two, who dash, stark naked, into the open sea!

What! insensible alike to air, fire, and water! Surely no people upon earth have greater occasion for each of these blessings—a cold situation—a cold temperature—fogs over their heads—stagnant water on each side of them; the ocean visiting them but at few points, and those few not attended to!—(violent walking, and the tones rising, a little chafed by the subject.)

None of our British watering places, even on our sea-beat shore, can shew a fairer beach than that of Scheveling; and yet the inhabitants of the Hague, amounting to many thou-

fands, (living within two miles, cut through the most delicious walk or ride, shaded alike from heat and cold) just bestow an insensible look, and leave it to fishermen and fishes!—(almost a run).

I perceive you might as soon expect to see the Thames take fire, as a Dutchman, except in the way of his trade, take to the water. Not even the having a number of leper-houses can indicate to them the necessity of ablutions—a set of people, too, who wash every thing *but themselves* almost to pieces! How preposterous! and then how provoking to see them, as I did last night, sit by hundreds in the damps of the evening at their doors, with their insensible noses hung over a thick “mantling pool,” a stinking canal—instead of inhaling the breeze, freshened by the waves at *only a mile and an half’s distance!* Good heaven! that I and the sea-gulls should have had the whole ocean to ourselves such a day as this has been!—(vehement action, and tones that made many passengers stare, more laugh at, and one or two pity me).—No wonder, then, that the villagers, so far from affording me a chamber, occasioned a general apprehension

sion amongst the inhabitants, either that I must be bit by a mad dog, or have evil designs upon myself, in either case, no safe inmate. "What, sir, (said an inn-keeper to me) would you leave the Hague to come and lodge at such a place as this? We never had any people of your appearance come to sleep here, but a rheumatic old lady, that used to tuck herself, neck and heels, into a great tub, in which she used to parboil two or three times a week; but she died of it for all that; and we suppose she was boiled to death. Nobody lets lodgings here: you may eat and drink, and pass the day, but must sleep at home."

This provoking fellow talked English too, just as I have given his remarks. By this time my enquiries after a room, and running from house to house, had gathered people, and I found myself in a mob, from which I turned away, and ran off at full speed, justifying every suspicion that had been raised against me, touching my insanity.

But to escape from these Dutch wags, and converse with you my friend—

* The village of Scheveling consists of one very long, pretty street, and two or three smaller

* The following anecdote respecting this village, is worth gleaning. The Dutch were saved here in 1612 by an extraordinary circumstance. When Louis the Fourteenth came down upon them, he proposed to enter the province of Holland by land, that his fleet, in conjunction with that of Great Britain might make a descent on the side of the Hague by the sea. When the united fleets came up within sight of Scheveling, and were preparing to land, the tide changed its usual course, and stopped for several hours, though, at other times, very regular. The inhabitants were amazed. The next morning De Ruyter, the brave Dutch Admiral, came up, and the English and French fleets were dispersed by a storm.

Of this fact, which is unquestionable, we are presented with some moral animadversions, by those who attribute it to the immediate interposition of Providence, while others, who "hate miracles," says the moralist, pretend that it happened at a great ebb. But then, adds the advocate for miracles, was not this very ebb in itself a Providence, as the terrible descent which must have exterminated the Republick, was to happen punctually at that, and no other time? Indeed, one of our own writers (Bishop Burnet) seems to favor the then general opinion of its being amongst the peculiar protections of a superior power. In his History of his own Times, we find the following passage, confirming the truth of the event; though possibly, with some others, you may not consider the testimony of our wonder-loving prelate, as adding much strength to a modern miracle. "Soon after the English fleet had refitted themselves, (says his lordship), they appeared in sight of

"Scheveling,

ler ones, branching from it, each of which, like the parent one, goes directly to as fine a beach as ever was washed by salt water. A town of much less size in any part of Great Britain, so auspiciously placed, would be fitted out into apartments to receive some hundreds of strangers, who would, in turn, contribute very materially to the subsistence and comfort of the native inhabitants, as in Hastings, Ly-mington, Wivenhoe, East Bourne, &c. &c.

But, precious as gain is to a Hollander, there is one thing yet more dear—his *prejudices*. He detests, dreads, shrinks from innovation; and

“ Scheveling, making up to the shore. The tide turned, but
 “ they reckoned, that with the next flood, they would certainly
 “ land the forces that were on board, where they were like to
 “ make no resistance. The States sent to the Prince for some
 “ regiments to hinder the descent, but he could not spare many
 “ men, having the French near him. So between the two
 “ the country was given up for lost, unless De Ruyter should
 “ come up : the flood returned, which the people thought was
 “ to end in their ruin ; but, to all their amazement, after it
 “ had flowed two or three hours, an ebb of many hours suc-
 “ ceeded, which carried the fleet again to sea ; and before that
 “ was spent, De Ruyter came in view. This they reckoned a
 “ miracle wrought for their preservation.”

You are not ignorant, that, some years prior to this event, our King Charles, during his long exile, embarked twice at Scheveling.

✓ if he is *tempted* into it, he revenges himself on you by enormous retaliation, As for example—invited by the sea-gale, which renovated me after a couple of torrid visits to the Hague, in the very centre of the canals, which in the hot weather are, literally, in a *putrid fever*, I was so struck by the seducing power of contrast—I felt the exchange so forcibly,—a stagnant ditch for a flowing wave of living water, that I could not but hazard a second tryal to get into something like a sleeping room, though it should be in one of the fishing-boats. An English gentleman, who, at that time, accompanied me, and who spoke Dutch fluently, took me to an inn-keeper, whom he informed me had many chambers unoccupied; “chambers, said he, that never feel sunshine or air, but on sabbath days.” With much difficulty he was brought into *my* plan, but to preclude the possibility of my acceding to *his*, he desired my interpreting friend to inform me, that for *once*, and entirely to *oblige* me, he would accommodate me with a bed-room for twenty-four florins (more than two guineas) per week, and if I made it up thirty, he would give me a bit of fish for my dinner. Before I had time to express my astonishment at this demand, (which more than doubles the best apartments for

for single men at the Hague) he conducted us to a cat-hole of a place, where the cat would have panted for breath, without any hope of getting it; and in this curious cabinet, in the darkest corner, was crowded a something by way of bed, ten times more disordered than that which held the unfortunate Villers Duke of Buckingham. "Will it do?" asked the Dutchman, with a gravity provokingly inflexible. "Do! (said I) do?" "What you do not approve of it then? (There's no harm done," quoth the Dutchman, shutting it up, and walking off; "an old friend of mine, however, and who once saved my life, has slept on it some years; and, if it was good enough for him, it might serve your turn, I should think; who are a stranger I never saw before."

I really was indignant *beyond speaking*. We had now gained the street-door; a huge Pomeranian dog lay at it: "O, here he is," exclaimed the Dutchman; "what do you think, my poor old *Pomm?* this *beer* (gentleman) though a perfect stranger, asked me for a bed, and I was just going to let him have your's; but luckily he did not accept it; and I am glad on it, for I should have been an ungrateful fellow, to have turned you out of your

“ your bed, for a man I never saw before in my
 “ life.—Poor old *Pomm!* do you remember
 “ what you did for me off the Doggerbank,
 “ when I was washed over-board? Do you re-
 “ member how you pulled me, and held me
 “ by the nape of the neck, till my messmates
 “ got me out of the water. You left your
 “ marks on me. Look here *Pomm!*; and while
 “ this is in my flesh, shall I turn thee out of
 “ thy bed? No, d——n me, *Pomm!*—not for
 “ all the *beers* (gentlemen) of Christendom!”

My companion assured me this was as nearly
 a literal translation as possible: and from my
 knowledge of the Dutch language since, and of
 the impression made of the sounds on my me-
 mory at the time, I find it was so. But there were
 other signs of the fidelity of the translation, but
 the action which accompanied the words, the
 caresses which the Dutchman lavished on his
 dog, the rebuke with which he loaded himself,
 and the tears which fell from his eyes—not
 used to weep—when he shewed to the preserver
 of his life, the marks in his neck, were ante-
 cedent, and superior to all the language yet
 spoken by human beings.

I was

I was disarmed. I saw very plainly, that the Dutchman, yielding to my importunities, which were very earnest, had no way of putting an end to them, but by a stroke of waggery, and *apparent* extortion, which he was satisfied I could not give into, and his stratagem succeeded. I considered poor old *Pomm* as a benefactor, and the Dutchman as a grateful fellow—though I still think old *Pomm* might have been better lodged.

Touch my affections, and do what you will with me; but excite my disgust, by cold, designed imposition, neither enlivened by frolick, nor recompensed by humanity—I revolt at, and whenever I am able, punish it.

Of this kind is the behaviour of a fellow in the village, which has yielded these little adventures. His house is situated so commodiously to the sea, of which it has the entire command, as it has of every thing, within many leagues, moving on the face of the waters, that it would *justify* a moderate share of imposition, and I am sorry to be under the necessity of letting you know this man indulges in such an unreasonable extortion, that neither

you,

you, or any of my countrymen, shall become his victims, *if I can help it.*

Wearied with fauntering along the beach, I sat myself down at this man's house to repose, after which I followed the example of a Dutch gentleman, then in the same room, and whom I had just observed pay *four stivers* (four pence) for a glass of milk and geneva, and a plate of shrimps—a common refreshment here, and to be had in great perfection.

Having regaled and rested, I demanded my reckoning—which is, said the

Inn-keeper.

Eighteen stivers.

Gleaner.

Eighteen stivers! For what?

Inn-keeper.

For my house; for the windows; for the fish; for the geneva; for the milk; for the bread; for the SEA!

Gleaner.

A great many articles, certainly, when so ingeniously spread out! But the gentleman, who has recently left this very house, these windows,
this

this sea, and taking a like proportion of your bread, milk, fish, and Hollands, along with him, paid only four stivers.

Inn-keeper.

What is that to you?—he is a customer; he often comes to my house; he is a Dutchman! Do you think I can afford to treat strangers as I do my own countrymen?—a man, from God knows where, like a gentleman who lives at the Hague—and who is a magistrate?

Gleaner.

I only wish I was a magistrate for half an hour, and lived at the Hague too, for your sake, my friend.

Inn-keeper.

Eighteen stivers, I demand—eighteen stivers I will have—or my goods back again.

Hereupon he slapped the door upon me, and as I did not know well how to manage the curious alternative—the goods, as he called them, though dearly bought, sitting perfectly easy on my stomach—I paid eighteen pence for a small tumbler of milk, into which I infused about a tea-spoonful of Hollands, bread in proportion, and about forty shrimps. The original

cost to the publican might (a little over-rated) stand thus, English money:

	£	s.	d.
Shrimps, - - -	0	0	0 $\frac{3}{4}$
Bread, - - - -	0	0	0 $\frac{1}{2}$
Milk, - - - -	0	0	0 $\frac{1}{4}$
Geneva, - - - -	0	0	0 $\frac{1}{2}$
	<hr/>		
Total	0	0	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Fair allowable gain on three pence, (just half price),	0	0	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Extra, for extortion on a stranger	0	1	3

On getting down stairs, he desired to see no more of me. O were all commands as easy to be obeyed! On enquiry, and representation of this fact at the *table d'hôte*, where I that day dined, I found several gentlemen had met the same extravagance, accompanied by the same insolence. As well, therefore, in just resentment, as in patriot good will to the English publick in general, and to you, my friend, in particular, I have *marked* this man, and his house*; and farther inform you that the name of

* It seems as if extortion was hereditary here; for we find it recorded, that this very house, which had been an inn half a century ago, stood empty a number of years, on account of the imposing

of the former is Grevers, and the sign of the latter, the Heeren Logement.

Beware; it is a duty we owe ourselves, and society, not to be the dupe of an imposition in *any* country. I should not have even known to what a degree this was one, had I not been present at the Dutch gentleman's payment for precisely the same articles; though common experience must have considered it as insufferable, being within two stivers (two pence) exactly what you give at the *table d'hote* of the Marechal de Turenne, for as good a dinner consisting of two excellent courses, and a liberal desert) as you can have in any part of London, for half a crown a-head. As the first part of this adventure then, serves as a warning for the Schevelin inn, let this conclusion of it operate as a recommendation to the hotel at the Hague.

imposing charges of the inn-keepers. "The man that kept it last, (says an authentick traveller) broke. He trespassed grievously on the stranger's pocket; and, in consequence, came to nothing, unlamented, after having made his rapacity sufficiently known, to drive every body from his house, notwithstanding the beauty of its situation." But notwithstanding this example before his eyes, mine host has not profited of it. If my friend and reader takes warning, that will be sufficient.

But judge not, from these individual instances, either way, or at either place, that all is fair dealing at the Hague, or all extortion at Schevelin. I have very pointed instances in reserve, where you will see an exact inversion of the exceptions, viz. abominable extortion at the Hague, and excellent behaviour, combined with a reasonable charge, at Schevelin.

And, as I am sure I shall do a more essential service to the British traveller, by occasionally (as they occur in my path) gleaning for him these remarks for the government of his purse, and person, than if I were to present him with the name of every painter, and the history of every painting, with the natural history of every butterfly, and bug, in the Prince's museum; I shall, in the proper times and places, remember to hold out to him, hints of both these examples.

At the present moment, if you please, we will amuse ourselves on the beach, where you will see upwards of 100 large fishing boats, Dutch-built of course, drawn up in array, equidistant from each other, their nets spread for drying to the sun, the colours of their provinces flying; their sails, yellow and deep brown, drying also; and making, thus associated,

ciated, and arranged, a very agreeable appearance.

During the short vacation which the tide allows, it is curious to observe the employments, and pastimes, carried on by these sons and daughters of industry, who not only live *by*, but almost *on*, that various element, with which they are encompassed. Football, cricket, quoits, races, by men, women, and children, the aged and the young; dances on the sand, the fish-carriers and the fishermen becoming partners, joining hands, some of them apparently joining hearts, (cheeks and lips very often); boys bathing the draft dogs, girls those happier puppies doomed to favouritism; little creatures without shoes or stockings swimming and diving like the fishes, amongst which they live; some, as if the sea service was an innate idea, (though it is more like imitation) converting their very hats and sabots into boats, and their shirts into sails, swim out with them in tow so far into the sea, that an English mother would tremble to behold them. The setting the boats off, when the tide serves, is, likewise, another pleasant prospect. They are all in extreme good fellowship, and start, as nearly as may be, all at once; then spread, and separate,

which is a fresh marine picture; and when the weather is fine is truly amusing; the more so, as, on account of the different figure, fashion, sails, colours, and courses of the boats, the appearance is very distinct from what we observe on the sea coasts in the English fishery. While they are gone, the sports, though by the absence of the sailors—

“ Maim'd of half their joys.”

are resumed. The incredible shoals of children in this little town, begin to make me think it was with good reason, the ancient poets made the queen of love spring from the sea; and it is an observation, that I fancy every coast town corroborates. But *this* exceeds all I ever beheld; though, I must confess, few of them seem to have been the descendants of Venus; for a more abhorrent set of little naked cupids, never washed themselves in their parent waves. Yet, they are all healthy, and all happy. The *return* of the boats is a scene of busy expectation. Hundreds of basket-women, barrow-men, and barrow dogs, are stretched along the beach, even to the edge of the waters, but no farther; for none of these women, or very few, go unshod, or unstockinged. On the contrary, they are

are remarkably neat in their blue worsted stockings, and slippers; and, however, many of the former may shew the marks of housewifry, an hole in them is not only extraordinary, but scandalous: nor are these girls, or women, in any respect indecent. They nod, smile on, jest with, every passenger they meet, (all through Holland, unless you obviously shun their harmless familiarity;) but never pass this bound; it is a kind of courtesy here, belonging to this class of people; and is, perhaps, a better way than having to pull your hat off every other moment, (which is the case in their great towns) in exchange of the troublesome civility of the citizens and gentry.— Even the female *children* are only permitted to dabble without their stockings, while the boys assert, very early, the privileges of the hardy sex, and grow adventurous by prescription. On the unlading of the boats, every barrow, and basket is filled to the brim, sometimes by six o'clock in the morning, and dogs, boys, men, and women, set “doggedly to work,” as Dr. Johnson strangely expresses himself, and run, or rather trot to the Hague market with earnest activity. This shuts up the amusements of the beach; so with your permission, after a pause, we will return also.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

YES, my friend, we will return, but not exactly by the same way we came, enchanting as it was. After you have taken a peep, at our re-entrance of the before described walks, to survey the moving picture (and a very singular one it is) of the swarms of fish-boys, fish-men, fish-girls, fish-dogs, and fish alive, filling every path in the long avenues; striving which shall arrive with their loads first to market. I beg to take you by the hand, and conduct you as entirely out of the sight of these, and *all other* public objects, as if you were in the deepest recesses of Windsor, or any less fashionable, forest. You guess, already, I allude to what I called the *concealed* walks, in the outset of my description.—Yes, let us glide into one of these—both are of equal beauty—and—

“The world forgetting, by the world forgot;”

let us have this little green regalia wholly to ourselves. In this sequestered spot of half a league; situated, as it is, in a land, which may almost

almost be considered as “in the flat sea funk,”—even in Holland; and within a few furlongs of that very sea—we shall be presented with as verdant paths, as redundant foliage, as imperious glooms, as agreeable openings to the sun, and as rich a variety of objects in *keeping* with such scenery, as in the most happy woodlands of our own country; even in that delightful part of it (Wales,) which occupied so large a share of our earlier correspondence. *There*, it must be confessed, Nature is a volunteer. Here, she has been pressed into the service; in Cambria, she has “fixed her seats of dearest residence;” she is a native.—In Holland, she is an exotic, dragged reluctantly from home, and made to establish in a foreign soil. In Great Britain, she consents willingly to yield up her blooming beauty, and is enamoured of the clime. In Italy, yet more;—there she luxuriates. In Holland, the vegetable goddess, like many of her sex, has been so long, and so assiduously wooed, that, after unavailing resistance and refusal, she gives up the point to her persevering lover, and makes him happy to get rid of his importunity. And in this country she has been so caressed, invited, and cherished,—the whole Republic have, indeed, paid such homage to her, since
she

she settled amongst them, that it is no wonder she is, at length, conciliated,—bestows a gracious smile over such parts as are susceptible of her influence, and assimilates to the soil.

The spot we are surveying is, indeed, pre-eminently favoured. Our path, you observe, is on the surface of a fine terrace, wide enough to admit half a dozen persons abreast in some places, and narrowing, imperceptibly, in others, so as to admit only, what is usually more agreeable in such sort of walks—a *tête a tête*. Nay, one side, (the left, returning to the Hague)—runs off into a variety of woody recesses, the footway of which is adapted only to a soliloquy—such, as some few minds know how to turn to even social advantage—such as yours, my friend.

“ Thou who art fitted,

“ Or in Courts to shine,

“ With unaffected grace, or walk the plain;

“ With innocence and meditation join'd,

“ In soft assemblage.”

It would employ more time than we have to spare, were we to turn into any one of these winding walks, and suffer ourselves to be led away

away by its seducing deviations.—It is involved in so many vernal labyrinths, that I can only recommend them to you, when Solitude, and her companions, Poesy, and let me add, Philosophy, concur, with leisure, to devote a morning, or evening to such associates. Keeping the terrace, we shall, for the time that is on our hands, be sufficiently gratified. As we go along, you, who are new to the scene, will be struck with rural objects, not often to be found in any country in the vicinity of the ocean; and of one of the most *populous*, as well as *popular* towns in Europe. Among these, the sound of that ocean, at first loud and passionate, moderating its wrath as we go farther on, till at length it softens, as if into sounds of regret at having, in its anger, sent us away, and persuasively murmuring to invite our return. How easily, without straining the allusion, may one apply this to the wayward, little animosities of this little life! in which, how often does the violence of rage—the most foaming dissonance, melt into the whispers of love! On the right hand of us, but many a foot beneath, for the terrace is extremely elevated, you perceive, the *obvious* roads; you catch a glimpse of them, and of the passengers; and, but a glimpse, the next three or four
 50Y steps,

steps shuts up the view, and you are again under covert of what Milton has called "a verdant wall." But were the public paths filled with *living* beauties, we might suffer this exclusion from them (your pardon, fair ones, our exclusion is very temporary,) while "on such a night as this;" (for I *choose* to have the evening we are taking this walk a very fine one) added to the diversified sounds of the sea, we have the song of the nightingale, the note of the cuckoo, (whose very hoarseness has a charm for us; we are in the education, you know, of loving his voice to the last;) the concert of the small birds to amuse the ear—the perfume of the wild-flowers, which are here in profusion; the magnificence of the trees, many of which are, "of the first order of sizes;" the oaks, for example, which are even of Druidical dignity; the beaches, the American poplar, and a very luxuriant growth of underwood. The traveller, who has but a relish of the charms of verdure in him, cannot be weary of admiring these, and many other objects; though, (when he reflects on the general character, and, indeed, general surface of Holland), he will be apt to wonder

"How the devil they got here."

You

You soon arrive at the barrier, from whence, to your surprise, and it may happen in some dispositions of mind, to your dislike, you find yourself in the streets of the Hague; a rapid transition from umbrage so profound, might induce you to fancy yourself, "in depth of woods embraced;" and then by another stroke of magic conveyed to a large town, which is the residence of courtiers, and the seat of the Dutch government. Before we wholly lose sight of this charming promenade, let us take a retrospective view of it from the barrier, which shews us the perspective of Scheveling church, as a terminating object; and which leads me to say a few parting words of the village.

The historians of the place all say, that this little town is extremely ancient; and that it was more than double the size it now is. In 1470, the sea, (which I have sometimes seen more terrible here than a roaring lion; and in a very few hours after, it might have been likened to the sleeping lamb;) not only carried away one of its churches, but inundated more than two thousand paces beyond it; and carried desolation, and ruin in its course. In 1530, the residue of the village, and
the

the villagers, very narrowly escaped being swallowed up, in the middle of the night. And, notwithstanding the extreme height of the banks, formed by the sand-downs, the furious element, in disdain of controul, broke over them, and deluged half the town successively in the years 1538-46-51, and above all in 1570, on the day of All-Saints. On that fatal day one hundred and twenty houses, were either buried under the sands, or dragged into the main, and the other church, which stood in the heart of the village, was now left almost upon the beach, in which situation, it stands at this moment, a sacred but solitary monument of the storm; and looks, to fancy's eye, as if it still mourned the event. Since that time, however, the ocean has flowed within its bounds; the village is, in part, rebuilt. It is inhabited entirely by fishers, and publicans; the first confine themselves to the markets of Rotterdam and the Hague; the last depend chiefly on the parties of pleasure, which resort to it in the summer season. Such a thing as a private family building a pavilion in its neighbourhood, nor scarcely a lodger, except the old lady who boiled in

the tub, and myself, I really believe has not been heard or thought of these two hundred years; but then, you know, it is too near the "*noxious vapours of the sea.*" O, ungrateful Holland! thus to turn your back on your best friend! notwithstanding he has swallowed up so many of your fishermen's houses, ye ought to build a temple to Neptune in every town of the Republic; and in those within reach of his purifying breath, ye ought to erect one in every street! and on the portals,

" *This great inscription should be written,"

" Remember him that keeps ye all from *stinking.*"

These poor *remains* of Scheveling, still boast the *charities*. There is one devoted by the counts of Holland to poor *old* people, so long ago as the year 1614, and flourishing still; the other is consecrated to orphans.

But I have mentioned myself as a lodger; one of those beings, who, as I observed before, the boiled lady excepted, never appeared on the coast: and being a solitary wanderer on the shore, and moreover, a self-talker, holding

* Parody of a Couplet in Otway.

holding long and loud conferences upon the beach, in the market-place, in the wood-walks, and, according to the different feelings of my mind—

“ Now drooping woeful, wan, like one forlorn,

“ Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.”

and now, “ smiling as in scorn,” or in sport, on men, women, fish, fishing-boats, or the ocean, without uttering a syllable, all these peculiarities, I could plainly perceive, made me looked on by the inhabitants, (many of whom followed me, whispering to one another) as much as to say, poor fellow, thou art a much greater curiosity than the skull of the huge fish, which we keep in the choir of the church, and shew as a sight, though we are told it is fifty-six feet long, and was thrown on shore here, near one hundred and fifty years ago. But I have no manner of objection to the forming part of other people's amusement, provided they do not interrupt mine, which the Schevelingites did not; except that a few boys would sometimes, but at *awful* distance, attend my wanderings, and shake their little heads at each other, in manifest pity of my situation: and I perceived they always compassionated me,

me most, when I was in effect, the most to be envied; at moments, for instance, when my heart was pardoning an absent enemy, or yearning after an absent friend, yielding to the effusions of the muse—or repeating the strains of a favourite poet!—*Was* I to be pitied? Even if I sometimes wept? Ah, no. May the fountain of such tears never be dried up!—Are they the offspring of weakness? Then may I never be strong! I have one drop of this weakness, at this moment, in my eye, and another “in its chrystal sluice ready to fall,” at the thought, that you and I, my friend, have been long divided; and that the date of embracing each other again, must be added to the uncertainties of human life. Adieu.

P. S. Do permit me—indulge me—in the egotism, by way of postscript to this letter, to relate to you a little personal anecdote, that I am reminded of by this “*wonderment*,” amongst the common people of Scheveling, on the subject of my *soliloquies*, which, I have already remarked to you, are, like those on the stage, *heard by every body*. If I do not hitch it in here, I shall never give it you, and I would not have you lose the trait of honest tender

heartedness in a poor daughter of Nature, which it includes.

Some summers ago, being on a visit to the excellent *poet and venerable man, on whose recommendation, I bought the poor old horse, of whose story, I gave you the Gleanings in a former letter. It was "my custom, always in the afternoon," to go forth into the fields, cottages, farm houses, while my friend was at his studies; he being at that time finishing his third and last translation of the † three great fathers of ancient poetry. One day our discourses fell on our English Pindar, whose noble ode founded on the pathetic tradition of the massacre of the Welch bards, my friend recited so as to divide the glory of the song, betwixt the reader and the author: and, after this, he stood forth the champion of this sublime composition; and entered into a warm, and just vindication, of his favourite poet, who had been attacked with such barbarous fury by Dr. Johnson: this manly defence is now in the hands of the public: it is, therefore, unneces-

* Rev. Mr. Potter, Prebendary of Norwich.

† Eschilus, Euripides, and Sophocles.

fary to mention its energy, its eloquence, or its justice.

Full of the subject, I set off, on the evening of the day on which it was brought upon our social carpet, as replete with materials for a long and loud soliloquy, as any hero could desire even on the French theatre; where he takes a whole scene to himself, that he may expatiate at large on those *secret conspiracies*, which he communicates to pit, boxes, and gallery. Every thing *without*, also, conspired to aggravate the state of feeling *within*: the evening was lovely, was drawing to its close; and really brought into effect, and close under the eye, and into the heart, many of the objects so exquisitely described by this enchanting poet; literally, therefore, I was

“ Wrapt in some strain of pensive Gray.”

It was at Scarning, near Dereham, in Norfolk, from which last mentioned place, soon after I had got into the environs of the former, I heard

“ The Curfew tolls the knell of parting day.”

I saw too, at the same time,

“ The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the sea.”

And observed,

The plowman homeward plod his weary way."

Of the second stanza, every image was illustrated by the scene before me; and I exclaimed, (without in the least attending to a knot of rustics sitting round a bench that encircled a large tree, which "rear'd high its old fantastic roots.")

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,

"And all the air a solemn stillness holds;

"Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,

"And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."

I might have added, had I not been elevated far above such low-thoughted interruption, a few more exceptions to the general tranquillity, such as the titter, and then the violent bursted laugh amongst the villagers of the green, who broke upon the air, just as I had mentioned its solemn stillness.—Possibly this might have a little discomposed me, had I not in the succeeding instant observed, "a moping owl," as if she came on purpose to

"Soothe the gloomy habit of my soul."

fly over my head, and after wheeling about a little, take up her lodging in precisely such an

• ivy-

“ivy-mantled tower,” as that immortalised by the poet: some children, who seeing her alight, threw up their hats after her; for which, though angry with them at first, I felt much obliged, as very soon after, she hooted away most delightfully; and as the moon now began to shew herself, and the brats kept annoying the ivytree, I had every reason in the world, you know, to consider my owl was

“ Complaining to the moon,

“ Of such as wandering near her secret bower,

“ Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

In high good humour, to find every line *tell* in this manner, I passed on, quickening my pace, as most people put into high spirits suddenly, when they are walking, generally do: This, I suppose, to the audience of peasants, might increase the ridicule, and the cause of it; for on turning my back on them, and striding away, they changed their object from the owl to me, whom they hooted in much louder notes than the owl had hooted the moon; but, I believe verily, had they *pelted* me at that moment, I should have forgiven them.

Yet, I was now too much warmed to content myself with the Elegiac Muse—My

“ sober

“sober wishes had been taught to stray,” too far, not to be ambitious of the pindaric; and what so proper, so natural to me, at such a time; and under such influences as the noble ode, to which my friend, had so lately been doing homage? This had no sooner rushed on my fancy, than I burst forth, with the most indignant violence of utterance and action,

“Ruin seize thee ruthless king!

“Confusion on thy banners wait!”

which couplet I repeated several times, and at each repetition, with an aggravated voice and manner; and then I went on in the same style,

“Tho’ fann’d by conquest’s crimson wing,

“They mock the air with idle state;

“Helm, nor Hauberk’s twisted mail,

“Nor ev’n thy virtues, tyrant, can avail,

“To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,

“From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears!”

Judge what an impression all this must make upon a poor old woman, whose clay-raised hut stood by the side of the road; and who could just make shift to draw open a gate, that separated the boundary of one little parish from another; for which courtesy, she frequently received nothing; and occasionally an *enpassant*

penny. She had opened the gate; but with such a countenance of alarm and commiseration, fear for herself, and pity for me, that a painter might have acquired immortal fame, by drawing it. It "beggars *my* powers of description so entirely," that I shall not attempt it.

Poor soul! poor soul! said the old woman, as I passed through the gate, the cord with which she drew it open trembling in her hands!—How long, added she, in faltering accents—how long, poor luckless gentleman, have you been in this way?

"Confusion on thy banners wait!"

Ever since I could *walk* ALONE, ejaculated I.—Good lack, good lack, born foolish, mayhap, quite a natural!

Even so—

"Tho' fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,

"They mock the air with idle state!"

Even so, good mother—exclaimed I, thrusting a shilling into her hand, and passing furiously on—recommencing with

"Ruin seize thee," &c.

Heaven keep all good Christians in their senses!—how he raves, and curses! said she.

I went home, when the fit was over, by another road, and saw no more of my pity-struck dame; but on my relating it at supper to my friend, what was my surprise to find that the identical old lady, had just left the kitchen, having out of pure humanity enquired me out, come to know if I had got safe back, as she had “a parlous fear, I should lay violent hands on myself by the way.”—The night turned out cloudy, and the poor creature was both lame and aged; neither of which circumstances could withhold her from an office of disinterested compassion; for, amongst other matters, she told my friend’s servants, that I had put a shilling into her hands, which being a thing that never happened to her before, all the years she had been at the gate, must, for *certain sure*, be a mistake; and therefore, she would have surrendered it as a given evidence of the unsound state of my mind; of which she would not, for even five shillings, take any advantage! and it was not without difficulty, the domestics reconciled her to the keeping it, observing

observing to her that its being returned, *would make me worse.*

For more than a week after this, she came, unseen by the parlour people, to know how I went on; and on being told, by my friend's footman, who had 'an arch sort of gravity about him, that, upon the whole, I continued much the same; if any thing, *rather worse*; my worthy old dame shook her head, and expressed her hopes, and declared I should not want her prayers, that I might, with God's assistance, keep out of *chains*, and a *strait waistcoat*; and then she hobbled away with tears in her eyes.

But pity is communicative; the usual way of confidence; this anecdote reached the men and women who were sitting round the tree; it then spread to the owl and the ivy-bush; arrived at the green, where I so deported myself, as to be hooted off the premises; putting all which together, and adjoining the affair of purchasing the superannuated horse, that had I been in litigation with any man in that neighbourhood, for any thing worth an attempt to prove me *non compos*, there is not an old man, or woman, boy, or girl, within half a dozen miles of Scarning,

ning, who would not have supported the plaintiff, in his bill of lunacy; and any defence I could have set up, had I maintained my rationality, with as much ardour and action as I had recited my poetry, would only have been adduced as fresh proof of my distraction.

But my postscript is running to the length of my letter, and lest *you*, also, should vote for an indictment, and be witness to the bill when found, I will in my sober mind and senses, and with all the powers of both, assure you, I am, yours.

LETTER

LETTER XXXV.

TO THE SAME.

Hague.

I HAVE imperceptibly “beguiled the way” to your hotel, my friend, which I will suppose you to regain just in time for the Dutch theatre, which is amongst those objects of curiosity, that no traveller, who has but a relish of literature in him, would, as one would imagine, pass *ungleaned*; and yet I cannot find that any of our numerous Trippists have deemed a critique of the stage, or drama, of this country, worth their trouble. Unwilling, however, to impute this negligence to national prejudice, or to a supercilious opinion of our own theatre, I will presume the authors who have visited this country, either had not leisure to partake the amusement, or that they were in Holland during the recesses of dramatic exhibitions.

In this respect, therefore, I am to account myself more fortunate; and supposing you at my side, will expect you to join me in the gratulation.—

tion.—But I feel the necessity of becoming *selfish* on this occasion; you see my wish to be *social* has led me into some confusion by running the first and second *persons* into one another, and by perplexing the singular and plural *numbers*.

Shrinking, therefore, into *myself*, I proceed to inform you, that my first visit to the play-house here, was on the evening when the tragedy of Hamlet, and the character of the Queen, by a celebrated actress, held out a double attraction.

The Dutch Hamlet is, almost, a literal translation of the German, but differs, importantly, from the English in fable and character.

The story is simply this—The King of Denmark has been poisoned by a favourite of the Queen; and that Princess, in the headlong violence of her passion, consented to the death of her husband, and promised to reward his murderer with her hand and crown. The piece opens immediately after the commission of this bloody deed; and the first scene is allotted to the assassin, and a friend, who is confidential, and indeed an accomplice in the villainy.

villainy. In the second scene, a discovery of the murder is made to the Queen by the lover, who claims his recompence, which, from the "compunctuous visitings of nature," is refused. Many high-wrought sentiments are given by the royal, self-made widow, to justify a breach of her wicked promise, and to determine on throwing the whole regal power into the hands of her son Hamlet. This resolution she maintains so steadily, that her lover (Clodius) the murderer, is converted into her most inveterate enemy.

Various scenes of severe distress ensue. An interview takes place betwixt young Hamlet and his mother, in which the conscience of the latter impells her to relate her share in the death of her husband, to the former, who has been apprized by his father's ghost, of the horrid deed.—This ghost is *said* to haunt him every where, but does not make its public appearance.

The Dutch Ophelia is the daughter of the murderer, Clodius—of course, the same principle that prevents the Queen mother from an union with the assassin of her husband, destroys the intended nuptials betwixt Ophelia and Hamlet.

Hamlet. Hereupon, the virtuous sacrifices of passion to principle produce several very tender and affecting scenes. The filial piety of Hamlet, and the constitutional melancholy so exquisitely touched by Shakspeare, is, by no means, feebly supported by the German poet, or by the Dutch translator. The introduction of a sacred vase, in which are deposited the ashes of the poisoned monarch, is very happily brought on, and the addresses of the pious and heart-wounded son to it, press close on the softest and best passions of our nature. In the midst of these addresses of Hamlet to the ashes of his father, the Queen enters, and her son, wrought to agony, goes up to her, and with the outraged feelings of a son so situated, asks—*Where is my father?* on her refusing to answer which question, he leads her to the urn, and in the same style of eloquent brevity exclaims—See, mother—here is *all you have left me of him!*

This calls forth all the passions of a son, and all the penitence of a mother. The latter implores her death, the former attempts it; the dagger is pointed at her bosom; the parent kneels to receive, the child to give the blow; but, by a powerful working of nature,

nature, the son falls into the embraces of his mother, wholly disarmed. They rise together, and Hamlet, unable to execute his purpose, rushes away, exclaiming—"The wife has killed her husband, and my father, it is true; but the mother must not be murdered by the son!"

The fate of this unhappy princess is, with more *natural* justice consigned, by the Austrian bard, to the hand of her lover, the guilty Clodius, who, failing in the attempt to destroy Hamlet, is himself stabbed by that prince, and the piece concludes with Hamlet's resolution, to prefer life to death for the sake of virtue, and the good of his subjects.

You see, then, that the Queen is here a fair penitent, and consequently appears on the Dutch and German stages in a much more amiable light than on the British theatre; and judging her, even on Shakspeare's own rule, is to be preferred to Gertrude; since,

"The wicked, compar'd with the *more* wicked,

"Seem beautiful; and not to be the worst,

"Stands in some rank of praise."

But, of the two Ophelia's, that of Shakspeare has every claim to pre-eminence. We see
nothing

nothing of the gentle Rosencrantz, or Gildenstern, nor of Polonius, or of his son Laertes. And it is, indeed, no great matter; but I must confess myself Gothic enough to have felt much chagrined at the exclusion of the honest grave-diggers, who, in their way, are certainly "fellows of infinite jest," and have often amused me. The ghost, as I have already observed, never comes on the stage. A gentleman of our party told me, it had made its *entré* last season, but, at the instance of some of the burgomasters wives, though it was not confined to its prison-house, it was now forbid to *walk in sight*. This inhibition must certainly be regarded as a singular piece of gallantry in the Dutch magistrates; but I do not clearly enter into the *necessity* of it. To make me sensible of which, however, the gentleman informed me, it was thought dangerous for ladies in *certain situations*. Yet, unless the Dutch women could contrive to mark their offspring with the *shadow of a shade*, I cannot still see any thing *substantial* in their complaint against this poor spectre; and I must own to you, Sir, (continued I to the gentleman,) that it is with regret I perceive my old friend Fortinbras is banished from your stage; and can assure you, that the bulk of our English audiences

ences would sooner give up the Prince of Denmark himself, than the apparition of his father. The fact, replied the gentleman, may be, that our wives in Holland are, in effect, the *magistrates*; and would, perhaps, (interrupted I, in the words of Shakspeare) “make a ghost of him who should dare to disobey.”

But look, (exclaimed my companion) Hamlet SEEMS to see the spirit of his father now. I was convinced, from the gesticulation of the actor on this occasion, that the ghost could not be exiled without injury; for, in consequence of this banishment, in courtesy to the female part of the auditory, the attempt of SEEMING TO SEE produced such distortions as were truly disgusting. The actor so turned up the sight, that we could catch only the white of his eyes, thereby, I suppose, insinuating, that he beheld the ghost of his father in his “mind’s eye” only; but even, then, we are to conclude the Dutch mind to take up her lodging very far in the back part of the scull, for the performers eyes were trying to hide themselves in that direction. Indeed, Prior tells us, that * “Alma

* “Alma, they strenuously maintain,
“Sits cockhorse on her throne the brain,
“And from that seat of thought dispenses
“Her sov’reign pleasure to the senses.”

(the soul) has her principal palace in the brain:" if this be true, the actor was right.

But letting this pass, there are many very pathetic touches in the play that would not have dishonoured Shakspeare himself; and, notwithstanding my love of that great poet, and my admiration of this his most philosophical drama, I was highly gratified with as much of the Dutch Hamlet as I could understand. With regard to the representation, I should be guilty of a most invidious hypercriticism, were I to cavil at what my feelings assured me was strong, natural, and impressive. The Queen was a very fine piece of acting throughout. — Mademoiselle Wattier is the Siddons of the Amsterdam stage. Before I went to the theatre, she was so overpraised (as it appeared) by the party with whom I dined, that the panegyric had the effect of making me enter the house almost with a prejudice; for such hyperbole, besides that it is very unwise, is, in general, very untrue. This was, however, a very happy exception, as Mademoiselle Wattier really beggared the loftiest rhapsody of her admirers. She has all the grace and energy of Mrs. Siddons's movement, with equal powers of face and of figure: her

her eyes are of the same colour, possessing no less fire, no less softness; and every turn of her person, in the variety of the passion to be expressed, would, still Siddons like, have formed the subject of a masterly painter, could he have caught the emotions as they rose. Her abhorrence of her lover, after he had assassinated her husband—her scornful rejection of his bloody hand—her indignation against herself, at having promised to accept it on such conditions, and her triumph on the breach of her rash vow, are all strokes highly favourable to the display of tragic talents, and were given by this great performer in the noblest style of that sublime simplicity for which our own Enchantress of the British Drama is so worthily celebrated.

Nor was the part of the Prince of Denmark ill sustained. I could not, however, but take notice, that the flowing trains and robes are on the Dutch, as on the English stage, of infinite use to the performers; each of whom were *au fait* to this tragic auxiliary, in the bye-play and trick of the scene—little arts that are known to have their effect every where—they might be thought the works of superogation.

A few nights after, the announce of Elfrida drew me again to the theatre. Of this performance, as of the other, I shall present you with a comparative view, because this appears to me the best way of marking the variations and similitudes which characterize the respective stages; and the Dutch theatre, like the language and inhabitants, has been so generally ridiculed for its *supposed lethargy and inelegance*, that it will be quite a novelty in a foreigner, and especially an English one, to do it honest, or even neighbourly justice.

The stories of Elfrida are nearly the same in the English and Austrian plays; and that which I saw represented at the Hague is nearly a literal translation from the German; but one very marking difference is immediately manifest, *viz.* that with all the charms of Mason's poetry, and with the superadded magic of the music, with all the pomps of procession, &c. &c. an English audience *almost* sleeps, and *absolutely* gapes, over the English Elfrida; whereas the Dutch—pray forgive me, my dear national friends—the Dutch Elfrida, keeps every eye open, and every heart throbbing at the “cunning of the scene,” which at once excites the hope and fear of the spectator.

There is, however, one very unnatural incident. After Edgar had detected the falshood of Athelwold, as to his description of Elfrida's beauty, he challenged him to single combat, as the only manly way left to decide whose wife she should be. Athelwold falls, and his body is brought on the stage; but even while Elfrida, in the distraction of her mind, is weeping over it—the sanguine mark of Edgar's sabre full in her view, Earl Orgar, her ambitious father, comes to try all his powers of threat and intreaty in favour of her husband's recent murderer; and this preposterous idea is afterwards, while

“The memory of her lov'd Lord is green,”

followed up by Edgar himself, who presses the suit, and seems to think it very hard he is not immediately successful. I have seldom seen, even on the stage, a more gross violation of nature: a murderer, making love to the wife of a tenderly beloved husband, whose corpse, mangled by that very murderer, is lying in the same room, still bleeding, and scarcely cold from the wound. Yet even these circumstances were forgotten, amidst the overpowering excellence of Mademoiselle Wattier. Mrs. Siddons could not more completely have annihilated them.

The unfortunate Elfrida has no way of escaping this second marriage, even before the

—————“ funeral bak'd meats

“ Could coldly furnish forth the marriage table,”

but by escaping from life, which she effects by stabbing herself, and dies, grasping the hand of Athelwold. The last act, which falls almost wholly to Athelwold's widow, is, in point of words, the shortest, and, in point of matter, the longest I ever saw, and is acted by Mademoiselle Wattier up to nature in her boldest and sublimest powers. Human genius and feeling, aided by human art, seldom have gone higher. I have the tears, the terrors, the awful silence, and the aggrated burst of admiration in an whole audience, in evidence of this assertion. Her supplicatory addresses, in the first instance, to save her Athelwold; her delight on receiving Edgar's insidious promise, that he should be forgiven the offence of honourable love; her expression of unutterable grief at receiving the news of his death; her tender services over his body; her attempts to soothe her father from his cruel purpose of hurrying her into an unnatural marriage; her increasing resolution to avoid it; her gradual loss of

sense;

sense; her momentary returns of intellect; her affecting relapses; the manner of her drawing the dagger, smiling upon, and ardently kissing it, as the guardian of her deceased husband's honour; the lucid intervals of her reason and conscience, even after she has pointed the dagger at her bosom; the sudden violence with which conscience and reason are hurled from their throne at the sight of Athelwold's wounds; her second attempts on herself; and in that instant the manner of her falling on her knees, to look the prayer she could not utter, every feature importuning the Merciful for pardon and pity; the air of satisfaction with which she then plunged the poignard in her breast, as if certain her prayer had been granted; the imitated movements of her death; the agony at vainly trying to find the hand of Athelwold; her joy on finding it at last, though the King of Terrors seemed to pull back her own; and her expiring groan, were represented in a manner so just, animated, and bold, that "take it for all in all," I truly think I have never seen eloquence of action, unborrowed of the tongue, imitated with more energy. After she fell, there was a silence of some minutes, the silence that might have been felt. It surely could not have been more pro-

found, more impressivè, had a series of those calamitous incidents which had been imagined, actually happened. The audience, indeed, were too deeply moved to express themselves in the ordinary way of noisy acclamation; most of them left the house before the laugh of the farce had weakened the force of their sensibility, and

And now, my friend, having done an act of justice, and no more than justice, to the performers, let me dare to extend the principle of equity to the audiences of Holland, from whose hearts, as it were, by the common consent of nations, pity, passion, and every capacity of sympathy has been excluded; other countries proudly and selfishly deeming them heavy as their atmosphere, and torpid as their lakes. This imputed apathy has passed into a proverb, insomuch that when any remarkable stupor attaches to a man's character in any other country, he is pronounced, by way of stigma, *as dull as a Dutchman*.

That there is a general appearance, and that there may be a general languor and lethargy in this people, till strongly excited, is certain; but when the proper objects of the powerful

powerful emotions are called forth, neither by real or fancied events, I have never seen, in any country, heads or hearts more replete with sound sense, or good feeling; nor did there ever sit, at the theatric phænomena of our stage—Mrs. Siddons, Mr. Garrick, or Monsieur Le Kain—an auditory who seemed to have a better sense of what was sublime, or a finer touch of what was beautiful, than the audiences of Amsterdam and the Hague, whenever I have been a spectator. In truth, the Dutch have, on the score of insensibility, been so much the derision of other nations, that they may very fairly apply the words of Shakspeare's celebrated Jew, and say to insulting foreigners, "Hath not a Dutchman eyes? Hath not a Dutchman hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food? hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as an Englishman, Frenchman, or Spaniard is? If you prick him, does he not bleed? if you tickle him, does he not laugh? if you poison him, does he not die?"

And in good truth, when we perceive how very little the spirit of candour influences one nation in its judgment of another, we may farther justify the Venetian merchant in his exclamation——

“ O Father Abraham, what these Christians are !”

since a very small proportion of Christian charity would lead us to suppose,

“ There may be some virtue,

“ Ev'n amongst Saracens.”

What apology, then, shall be found for men of travel, who not only bring over with them, but take back the narrowest prejudices against every other people? None can be offered; and we can only avoid censure by silence—a sufficient proof, you will allow, that I have not recommended candour, without feeling its benign influence. Adieu.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

THE Prince, Princess, and whole House of Orange, always attend the theatre, but without any pomp, and altogether as republicans. Indeed, the sombrous aspect of the playhouse, from that almost universal complaint, want of light, gives them to the audience only in shadow: there is, literally, but half a pound of candles to illumine the royal box, and amidst this darkness visible, they sit so much incog. as scarcely to be distinguishable from the chairs they sit on. Two maids of honour, and two pages form their playhouse suite, and they make their exits and their entrances with very few marks of assent or disapprobation. Round the body of the house are hung about a dozen reflecting lamps, which emit rather a glare than a pleasant light. The stage itself, however, is sufficiently luminous, which is certainly of the most consequence to that part of the audience who come to *see*; and I only mention it as a defect, as it

it obscures those who come to be *seen*. And Holland is by no means without its votaries, who wish to be admired; yea, and can boast its coquettes of both sexes. Not that these make the theatre a frequent scene of their visitation. It is rather sacred to a *tête-à-tête* than a public exhibition, though it is more usually the resort of people who go simply to be amused. Just while I have opportunity, let me rescue the characters of the Dutch beaux, (I will assure you "such things are") from the want of what would be looked upon in the city of Amsterdam as at London, an unpardonable deficiency. Know then there are many fair ladies * *entreteniari'd* in a very high style of magnificence. Many young Hollanders, yea and old ones too, are fashionable enough to have, and to take care it should be *known* that they have, a female of as great expence as beauty in their train, and all *commerçant* as they are, contrive to strike a bargain between business and pleasure, erecting a temple, as well to Venus as to Plutus. Some there are who, contented with the *reputation* of keeping the mistress, and the *eclat* of divorcing the wife, never visit the former but in public, by way of *exhibition*; and though, by habit or passion, attached to the latter, dare not hazard the loss of character,

* The French fashion word for keeping.

except

except by private interview, which, by taking the air of an intrigue, makes even a conjugal tête-à-tête, as it were, by *stealth*, at once dramatick and interesting.

Notwithstanding this general gloom of the play-houses, the Dutch, (albeit unused to pay homage to mere rank or titles, of which there is abundance, the bulk of an audience being frequently composed of the Representatives of Emperors and Kings) are by no means insensible to merit, nor slow in affording it the warmest tokens of their respect and admiration, a very striking example of which I had an opportunity of gleaning in their publick reception of the Count de Boetzlaer, the gallant veteran who commanded, and so bravely defended the fortress of * Williamstadt. I had the fortune to be present at the first public appearance of this glorious and faithful soldier, after his successful resistance, and other favouring circumstances had driven back the French army into their own territories: and to grace his triumph, and render it more complete, it was at a time when another General was supposed to have been less steady in the cause of his country. The Count de Boetzlaer came late into the theatre, when a very affecting scene in a

* During the attack of Dumourier.

favourite tragedy, the chief character of which was performed by a popular actress, had very strongly engaged the general attention, and when the entrance of all the Kings, Queens, or Potentates of the earth, under less powerful circumstances, would have been thought a secondary attraction. But, in this instance, it was otherwise; and, for several minutes, the stage, "and all that it inherits," was nothing worth. The Count came in, supported by his two blooming daughters, each of whom had already been the well-selected object of national gratitude, the States General, and the Stadtholder having accorded them a very liberal pension for life. Few things could have been a more flattering mark of their father's valour, than these rewards of his well-earned laurels; and yet I was near enough to *see* that the universal shouts of a crowded theatre, amongst which were mingled the plaudits of the Prince, his family, and the Ladies, not of the Court only, but of every part of the house, were circumstances of greater victory than their independence. Believe me, my friend, it was not a merely *sentimental* tear, which tender fancy had *made* for the occasion, but it was the genuine drop of bliss, derived from the fullness of the filial heart, that I actually observed upon

the

the check of one of the daughters, and the other caught hold of the General's arm, and was hardly withheld by the forms of life, from embracing her father; and it was, as I said, a considerable time before the audience had any eyes, ears, or hands, for other entertainment. With respect to the General himself, without affecting to be elated beyond the due bound of a sensible mind, he received the incense thus offered him with a proper sense of what he owed to his own bravery, and to the publick, who were proud to distinguish it. His exit from the theatre was more splendid than his entrance, and I could not help making a reflection, drawn from the place where it was suggested, the truth of which I will submit to your decision. The hero of the tragedy was a noble soldier, whom the poet had drawn as deserving and receiving his country's applause, (whether on that night represented in compliment to Boetzlaer I cannot tell;) the actor, who performed this part, was honoured, and justly, with strong tokens of publick favour, and, as he seemed to rise in excellence, as he rose in fame, it is to be presumed his pleasure was in proportion to his praise. The same, no doubt, was true as to the real General; but what an important difference, nevertheless, in the

the

the comparative feelings of the two personages, even as great as that betwixt fact and fancy; the satisfaction of the actor being that of a man representing, for the time being, the achievements of another *supposed* character, must have been transient. When he had strutted his hour out, there was an end of his glory, and even the acclamation, which his imitation excited, would give way to the fatigue of acting a long and laborious part, and he would seek, in repose, a willing oblivion of his short-lived greatness, doomed, perhaps, on the morrow to assume another character—the *reverse* of that he played the night before—the vilest tyrant or the meanest slave; and be the aversion of the very audience, who had so lately worshipped him. The *real* General, on the contrary, I doubt not, returned home to a series of thoughts and emotions, which would be the same during the residue of his life, and sweeten its latest moments. He had repelled a foreign enemy, and awed a domestick foe. He had retired in the fulness of honour, and of years. He had received the justice of the Republick for his services in a period of its greatest difficulty and danger. His children, his friends, his Prince, and “a whole nation’s voice,” informed him, what he had done was not followed by the passing glories

glories of an evening, but that his name, his memory, the fortunes and the character of his family, would be treasured up amongst the proudest archives of the Provinces.

On going to my hotel, I met with a very glean-worthy circumstance. It had rained the whole of the evening, and might now be said to pour. I was a mile distant from that part of the Hague where I lodged, and I was then a stranger to the town. A Dutch gentleman, of whom I enquired my way, undertook to be my guide, with an air and voice of courtesy so pressing, that in the dim survey I had of the person to whom they appertained, I took it for granted I should *pay for the civility*, and so, without much ceremony, or compliment, accepted it. My director was furnished with an umbrella, which he shared with me, and held it over our heads. Still thinking I had encountered a man, who would consider a few stivers a sufficient recompense for the service, I said no handsome things on the occasion, and entered only into conversation about the weather. The violence of the rain continued, and even augmented, when, so far from yielding any part of the benefit of the umbrella, I desired my guide to give me more than my

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share, to which, very much to his annoyance, he assented, by almost leaving his own person undefended. I felt some reproof of heart on this; but rather from a sense of injustice, than any idea of rudeness. We quickened our pace, and at length gained the point of my destination, at the end of which the conductor would have made his bow, I find, and taken his leave, had I not seen the landlord at the door, who bowed to him with the most profound respect, and begged him to walk in till the shower was over, or at least to accept of a great coat, of which offer, having availed himself, he renewed his farewell, and left me, with the best nature imaginable, to settle my behaviour as I could.—I now perceived I had been indebted to a gentleman of one of the first families in Holland for this urbanity, who, seeing me astray, and benighted in a strange land, walked through a tempest to guide me on my way, and looking upon me, no doubt, as a stranger, ignorant of customs, passed over my incivility, without relaxing his own kindness. He was discovered to me just in time to prevent receiving from me the insult of a couple of *sesthalfs*, which I should have thought, deeming him the person I had at first

dubbed

dubbed him, an handsome gratuity, *as money goes in Holland*, for a good wetting.

You are too penetrating not to see, that I have detailed this nocturnal adventure, which you have, just as it happened, to some better end than telling a tale. I wish it to serve as introductory to my vindication of the Dutch, from another ill-grounded charge, brought by neighbouring nations against them, *viz.* their imputed want of urbanity to strangers.

I am aware, my loved friend, that it would be as *easy* to make *you*, as it would be *difficult*, to make the bulk of my honest countrymen believe, that the current civilities are shewn to foreigners in general, and Englishmen in particular, with a liberality worthy the adoption of people—(their censurers for instance)—who have more *reputation* for those curtesies which smooth the path of the traveller, and far less honest claim. But, from a citizen of the world, and a man of a candid spirit, we expect and find better things. We easily credit others for those virtues which form a part of our own character; we are even apt to suppose them possessed, where they really are not—just as we impute our favourite foibles to our neighbours;

neighbours; and feeling anxious to have them more faulty than ourselves, aggravate the quantum of their imperfections, and decrease their merit.

The single example I have recited above, did it stand alone in the travels of an individual, would, or ought to be, sufficient to rescue the nation from the stigma under which they labour.—But, amongst the Dutch, did every traveller tell *all* the truth, he must confess, that the little urbanities he met with in a tour through the provinces, (were he not himself too proud or too churlish to accept gentle offices) afforded him not *Gleanings* only, but a reasonable harvest; and yet so genial is the soil, this barren soil, said to be unfruitful of every thing but what is sold, and sold on usury, that every new guest may, if he properly cultivates it, go “filled with good things,” away.

In my own case, I by no means rely on the solitary instance with which I have presented you. It is associated with many others, where frequently “I turn the leaf of gratitude” to read them. Accept one or two more. I had lost myself in following my mental, rather than my corporeal eye—no uncommon event in this world.

I was

I was aroused from my reverie in a part of Holland, which exactly answered to a line of Goldsmith's Hermit—it was

“Where wilds immeasurably spread;”

and I was half buried in a bog before I discovered this. On looking round, I perceived a mill at about fifty paces distant, and a man running down the ladder, and then making towards me with his utmost speed, calling out, and making signs for me to attempt no farther my own extrication. This, as I afterwards found, was a very necessary caution, for my plunging involved me yet deeper in the bog; and when the almost breathless miller came to my aid, I literally rose

“in all the majesty of mud.”

My preserver informed me, I had got into a country where the solid and rotten ground were so mixed, that it had been the grave of men and beasts time immemorial, and that even a person, born amongst these treacherous quagmires, found it sometimes difficult to pass them in safety. With great good-nature he conducted me to a secure path which led to the village from whence I had rambled; but to effect this was a walk of more than twenty

minutes; and seeing some long grafs growing beside a dyke we had to go over, he plucked a copious handful, and made me a little more fit to enter the abode of human beings. When the town-gate appeared before me in a direct line, he bid me farewell, and went back to his mill.

During the whole of this scene, I believe, my preserver did not speak more than twice—once to warn me of my danger, and once to bid me adieu, when he had got me out of it. Could the softer courtesy of more polished nations have better effected disinterested good will?

And the second service was like unto the first. It happened at the little village of Scheveling. I had used all my paper, to wrap up my Gleanings, and a morning's excursion had crouded my mind with fresh matter. Not a scrap of paper remained, save the backs of two letters, which I had loaded to the very edges. My heart is very faithful to its feelings, but the *expression* of them always suffers, if I trust long to my memory.—It is hence that I have ever been desirous to write “warm from that heart,” because, then it is, that my pen is “faithful to its fires.”—What was to
be

be done?—My landlord had not a single sheet of paper in the house. I resorted to the only shop in the village, where there was any hope of my want being supplied. Could any thing be so unlucky? he was out of paper; but expected some from the Hague in the evening! E'er that, perchance, the images which are now so lively, will be lost amongst other occurrences, and “leave not a trace behind.” I *thought* this, and the little shopkeeper seemed to translate that thought; for running up stairs, and returning with the same speed, after having hastily said—I no doubt wanted to write a letter to some friend by the post of the day—he presented me with a whole quire, which, he told me, had been put up in his son's box, to go with him back to school after the holidays; but to accommodate you, Sir, said the father, a sheet or two, more or less, is of no consequence. He shewed me into a little sitting-room at the end of his shop, furnished me with a new pen, some good ink, opened a bureau, placed me a chair, and, taking out his watch, told me I had barely half an hour before the postman would set off, he shut the door, desiring me, as he closed it between us, to make the best use of my time.

Though I was really not in so violent a hurry, I thought it would be a disappointment to the honest man not to profit of his urbanity, which I therefore did, in a two-fold manner; first, by writing down the heads of those things which I had *gleaned*; and, secondly, making a memorandum of the urbanity itself, as a just object of future *gleaning*; and the better to gratify mine host, (for when a kindness is intended, one likes to give it its whole weight in the scale of gratitude) I folded up my observations in the form of a letter, which I appeared to have just finished as the shop-keeper came in to apprise me he heard the post-horn, offering, at the same time, to step with it *himself*. Bowing only, as an answer to this, I laid a two stiver piece on the counter; but the good man insisted on my not paying for a sheet or two of paper, which was properly his son's, and could not be sold—you are a stranger (said the father) and though I keep a shop, I know what belongs to the stranger; and I hope this boy (speaking to his son, who now came in from his diversions) will do the same—Peter (added the father) I have given this gentleman some of your paper, because he wanted to write a letter to a friend—take off
your

your hat, and tell him it is much at his service: But he wants to leave money for it. Put on your hat, and tell him if he had used half of it, as a stranger, he would have been welcome.

Should there be any of my readers, whose lofty thoughts outsoar this humble benevolence, let them be taught, that the violet which flings its fragrance from the valley, is sometimes sweeter than the perfume of the cedar, and that a still, small, action, like that of the poor Scheveling shopkeeper, in his gift of the sheet of paper, marks the bounty of the individual donor, and ought to serve as a trait of national hospitality, no less, truly, than the most ostensible deed that the courtly Hague itself has to boast.—It is neither the giver nor the gift, my friend, but the manner and motive that should determine its value, as well as the richness or poverty of the *soul* from whence it proceeds.

But, if any of the said *sublime* readers desire to have a proof of Dutch urbanity drawn from higher life, I can accommodate him even there, and will ask his opinion of that merchant's heart

heart, which, in a mere dealing of money, could act its part in the following case:

A. is in Holland, and disappointed of remittances: B. a *Dutch* merchant, (to whom he introduces *himself* as an English gentleman) offers to supply him with what may be wanted. A. draws a bill on the said B. for 50l. on London: B. even before its acceptance, or knowing whether it be good, or good for nothing, desires A. may take its amount, *en argent comptant*.—This is, at first, declined, and, afterwards, accepted in part; for the bill, through an accident, is left unpaid some weeks. A. unable to account for the demur, apologizes. B. answers by sending one of his clerks with the whole fifty pounds, asserting confidently that the delay must have been unavoidable. The delay however continues, and B. still persisting in his offers, A. almost tremblingly, receives a quarter of the bill. Another fortnight's silence ensues.—A. is perplexed; but though living at the time out of the merchant's sight, B. neither calls, or sends, about the money. The person who should have honoured it recovers from a violent indisposition,

disposition, and the bill is paid. The merchant sends word of this; and instead of paying only the balance, would have withheld his own claim, to a future better convenience, had it been necessary; on calling upon him to take leave, A. could not but express very strongly his sense of his candour. He said it was his duty.

Tell me, ye sticklers for *Old England*, could the most liberal *English* merchant deport himself more generously towards any stranger so circumstanced? and to be quite honest, say, would not the majority think they did full enough, by paying the cash, when they received advice the equivalent was safe with their correspondent abroad? And, in the way of trade, such, indeed, would be fair dealing; but let us step a little beyond the *laws of the ledger and counting-house*, to relieve "the stranger that is within our gates," at least, if indisposed to "do as we have been done by," in like cases, let us admit, that the several good offices, here recorded, ought to set down the people of Holland, (in place of what they HAVE been set down), a kind-hearted and obliging race, neither avaricious, usurious, or cold,

cold, where it behoves them to shew that they are men.

In contrast to the impositions of the Scheveling landlord, who charged me the price of a sumptuous entertainment, for my shrimps and milk, as related in a former letter, I promised you, I think, an account of better report, in the conduct of my *other* landlord of the same village. This is the precise place for it, and will, aptly, bring to a period, these little vindications of a nation that ought to fill a greater space in the map of philanthropy.

At the time I warned you of the knavish part that was played upon me, at the Heeren Logement, you may remember, I glanced at the excellent behaviour of a publican, whose house I should, therefore, very strongly recommend to the British passenger, as well in compatriotism to the one, as justice to the other.

The name of this publican is MULY, at whose pleasant house, I went *perfectly unknown*, and as an *Englishman*, consequently supposed to be able, and probably willing, (such
is

is the general reasoning) to bear any imposing extravagancy. I had, moreover, the thoughtlessness to follow my feelings, rather than my interest, by running into a rhapsody on the beauty of the situation, the goodness of the air, the neatness of the apartment, &c. thereby giving him the hint, to make me pay for my being *so well pleased*. But none of these temptations, allured him into exaction. That he might want, however, no encouragements I could give him, I address'd him to this effect. "I wish, friend, to be furnished with board
 "and lodging, with the advantage of be-
 "ing near the sea; you, and your house
 "equally please me:—I like to live well,
 "but without parade; I hate trouble, so
 "must look to you, and your family for
 "every accommodation—what must I give
 "you per week?"

I must consult my wife, quoth the publican; and making his bow, disappeared. While the husband, and his helpmate, were laying their heads together, to make, as one would have thought, *the most of me*, in driving a good bargain, I did, what I suppose, is the business
 of

of every man in the same situation; anticipated the demand, which I supposed would be made. Forming my judgment on some experience, and ALLOWING for a certain measure of cheating, as a matter of course, I made my estimate, I must confess, very little in favor of the people, with whom I was about to deal; in which calculation I injured them, and should have done better, had I acted up to the good old principle; "think every man honest till you find him a rogue," instead of inverting the maxim. Sir, said my landlord on returning, we have determined, that to give you content in your breakfast, dinner, and supper, your tea in an afternoon, a good sleeping, and a good sitting room; we cannot receive a less sum than twelve florins; it is a great deal of money to be sure, Sir, but we know how an Englishman should be served, and fear, therefore, without loss to ourselves, we could not make our demand more reasonable. Stop, however, a moment, if you please, Sir.

He now ran down to his fellow councellor, a second time, leaving me to reproach myself, for having thought worse of him than he deserved; but then, said I, by way of making my

my peace with myself, it must be still confessed that "for a man to be honest as this world goes, is to be one picked out of a thousand;" at least, if he be a publican, and the person, with whom I am now in treaty, is rather to be considered as an exception than a general rule.

While I was thus softening away my own error of judgement, my landlord came back to say, that the only alteration he *could* make in his original charge, would be to deduct so much per breakfast, dinner, or supper, or per day, or night, provided I was absent at any, or all of these in my excursions to the Hague, &c. &c. &c.

I have often felt, that the high pleasure we derive from the worthy conduct of another, is not so much for the individual *advantage*, that occurs from it, as from the gratifying sense we have of whatever redounds to the honour, or elevation of human nature. Surely, therefore, the *first* impression of delight is *not* selfish, but social; and all the subtlety of Rochfaucault, cannot overfet this impregnable truth, any more than that which contrasts it; namely,

that the pain we undergo on witnessing any mean, or atrocious, behaviour, proceeds, in the first instance, rather from the due sympathy and respect we have for the degradation of humanity, than for the personal discredit it reflects on ourselves. Man, is very sublimely placed in the scale of created beings, and he appears to drop below the *standard* of his species, when he acts beneath the august idea he has been taught to look up to as the chief glory of himself, as a rational creature, and of his Creator. However false or corrupt, says a noble author, the human mind be within itself, it finds the difference as to beauty, between one heart and another, and accordingly, in all cases, *must* approve, in some measure, what is natural and honest, and disapprove of what is dishonest and corrupt. Pardon me for deducing so grave a reflection from so, apparently, slight an occasion; but, the great cause of morality is connected with the minutest parts of character and conduct; just as the ocean is dependent on the most inconsiderable stream that runs into its embraces. It is, indeed, the drops that *form* that ocean, immense as is the one, and small as are the other, and virtue is constituted in like manner

manner of *seemingly* insignificant parts collected into a whole.

From this after thought of my landlord, or as he is in the Dutch language, called Casteline, I could derive but a very trifling benefit, even were I to take my bed and board in other places, twice or thrice in the week; but I was more touched with the unquestionable integrity of the proposal, than if he had lodged and served me for nothing. I told him I was perfectly satisfied; and would consider myself as his guest *from that very hour.*

Every other part of this man's conduct was uniform, and I lived with him in perfect good will. The whole range of his house was accorded to me; when tea drinking parties, too much sun, or wind, visited one apartment, I shifted to another. My bed and table would, considering time and place, (I mean the sea side, and the summer season), have warranted treble the charge at any town or village in England. My bad Dutch was interpreted in the best, as well as best *natured*, manner: my very looks became language; and the servants, who usually take the bent of their behaviour from their masters and mistresses, contributed

all in their power to make my situation delightful. And so it would have been, had my health permitted; but even my sickness found, from the dispositional kindness of this man, and of his family, numberless consolements. Without asking, they administered what they supposed would do me good—the best fruits, vegetables, &c. The richer fish—such as salmon, carp, turbot, &c. which daily came from the sea to my table, while I was in an apparent state to relish them, were now changed for smelts, and other simple dwellers of the ocean. So of meats—there was the same friendly distinction in my desert, which, in my health, consisted of dried fruits, conserves, &c. but in my sickness, of strawberries, and other delicacies, which at that period of the year, and in the *Hague market*, from whence they were brought, must have cost more than the price I gave could justify. And so far from tiring of this conduct, it went on from the first to the last hour of my residence, without intermission; and I am convinced would have done so for a twelvemonth together, had it suited me to have remained a guest.

You would have been much amused, as I was, to hear the good man of the house, labouring at

my meanings, and calling in not only his wife and servants, but that of any other person who might be taking refreshment, as auxiliaries. The English *beer*, (gentleman) he would say, must certainly mean such, or such a thing. He would then repeat my bad Dutch; the comments of the company on which, were sometimes pretty curious: according to the different constructions, the honest fellow has come up first with the subject of one interpretation then another; smiling only at the frequent mistakes in the translations, and sharing in an hearty laugh, which was chorused by his friends below stairs, when the thing desired has been hit upon.

All this, you must own, demonstrates the perfection of good will, as well as of good nature, and I did not take leave of the authors of it, without wishing the entertainment I had found, as well for the body as the mind, might be enjoyed by other travellers on the road of life, which such as have leisure and inclination to visit, or sojourn with my friend and correspondent assuredly will: to which end, no less than to discharge a debt of gratitude and equity, I have presented you and the public with this *Gleaning*, and with which also, I shall terminate my letter.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

PUBLIC justice is administered, I believe, in the Provinces, with a very impartial, but, in some cases, a very mysterious hand. In common affairs, the accused is tried, and if not immediately acquitted, he is reconducted to his prison, without knowing when his sentence will be passed, or of what nature it is to be. At the pleasure of the magistrates, he is summoned to make his second appearance, and then receives sentence: after the hearing which, he is carried again to his confinement, from whence he is brought out only on the day it is to be executed: of this, he has only a few hours notice, whether the punishment be capital, or otherwise. He is then delivered over as a public spectacle, and his offence made known, in a summary way, to the people.

The state trials are conducted with great secrecy. A *marked* person is picked up, in a manner, almost imperceptibly. He is tried, condemned, and executed, without the public suspecting

suspecting any thing of the matter. If the offender be a person of descent, whose family would be disgraced by an ignominious death, he is brought into a certain apartment in the seats of justice, where he perceives a goblet standing on a table; and on one side of it the figure of a woman, called the MAIDEN, larger than life; but of exquisite beauty and proportion: the person whose office it is to attend, gives the criminal the choice of these, either of which is an inevitable fate. If to drink the contents of the goblet be his election, he has no sooner taken the potion, than the officer makes him a bow, and informs him he is at full liberty to go where he pleases. Of course he makes the best of his way home; but the poison he has swallowed is of so active a nature, that he takes his death along with him; and has no other consolation, than that of yielding up his life amidst his friends. If the other be his choice, he advances to the figure, whose arms are, by secret springs, extended to receive him; and just as he has reached the lips of this treacherous MAIDEN, he finds destruction in her embrace; he is locked fast in her gripe, and feels innumerable lancets striking at his heart and vitals.

An involuntary horror seized me at the relation of this figure; not because I deem, on these occasions, a sudden death so terrible as the apparatus and shame of a public execution, but as it is abundantly more awful. I, likewise, regretted that this formidable instrument of justice should be represented under the form of a beautiful *female*. Although it struck me, afterwards, as a pretty close symbol of the unsuspected mischiefs, which are insidiously stored up by that faithless part of the sex, who convey, even with their endearments, a dagger into the heart; more pernicious in its effects, though more slow, than the lancets of the MAIDEN, or venom of the GOBLET.

I will embrace this opportunity of offering you a few Gleanings respecting the government of Holland, as well as of the provinces that appertain to it; from whence, I trust, you will acquire a competent general idea of the administration of justice, of which I have given you the above particular instance. And it will, at the same time, prepare you for some observations on the different attempts that, at sundry periods, have been made to alter the form,

or

or totally to subvert that government, and that justice.

Before the seven Provinces, which are the objects of our consideration, acceded to the union of Utrecht, they were under the government of their particular States. Although the essential parts of the government are still the same, there is some variation in the form. Agreeable to the primitive order established in the Low Countries, the States of each province acknowledged a sovereign; but the union above-mentioned totally abolished monarchy in the Seven Provinces. According to the ancient system, the States were composed of the three orders following,—the clergy, nobility, and the people, represented by the deputies of each town. But the Calvinistical religion no sooner became predominant, than the ecclesiastical order was excluded from any rank in the States; the power of the nobles was greatly diminished, and the principal share of the authority devolved on the people; an arrangement which cut up the kingly power by the root: presently the government became substantially democratic, retaining, nevertheless, the shadow of aristocracy. At present the government of the

whole

whole Republic is said to be vested in the States-General and under them, the Council of State.

These Provinces form, therefore, one Republic, which is thus governed; the States of Guelderland have the first voice, those of Holland the second, of Zealand the third, of Utrecht the fourth, of Friezland the fifth, of Overyffel the sixth, and of Groningen the seventh. All the authors who have written on their polity, agree, that they send as many deputies as they please to the States-General, but the deputies of each Province have but one voice; and each presides weekly in its turn in order to maintain its respective equality. The person best qualified is chosen president, *pro tempore*, out of the deputies, as was observed, of each province. This assembly, says Carter, declares war, makes peace, gives audience to foreign ministers, and nominates ambassadors to the several courts of Europe; but none of these things are done, till the deputies have first consulted the states of their different Provinces, and received their order.

It must be confessed, that the necessity of thus waiting for unanimous consent to every measure,

measure, frequently causes an inconvenient delay in the progress, and conclusion of what calls for dispatch; especially as the demur, or dissent, of any one Province, however inconsiderable, is sufficient to put a stop to the most important affairs; even though the safety of the whole Republic was depending. If we consider that there are no less than six and fifty towns in the Seven Provinces, whose sanction is to be obtained; besides that of the nobles, dispersed at unequal distances; and that each of these towns has a right to send any given number of deputies, we shall not so much wonder at the tardiness of a Dutch negociation, as that it is *ever brought to a conclusion*. Their treaty of Treves, for instance, with the Arch-Duke Albert, was impeded till no less than eight hundred deputies had performed their mission. Yet there is so much stress laid on this privilege, that the States-General themselves, can neither make peace, or declare war; nor put an end to the most trifling treaty with foreign powers, till every necessary and unnecessary doubt is removed in the several Provinces; whether the object of government be to raise men or money, to make laws or regulations, the people must be *all of one mind*. The member who should presume to act on his own unsupported judgement,

judgement, would, unquestionably, fall a victim to his temerity. Sir William Temple observes, that this fundamental article was never violated, except in 1688, when he himself prevailed on the States-General, to conclude *three treaties in five days*, without having recourse to the Provinces: But this was for the preservation of Flanders, when much of it had been conquered by France, and being looked on as an indispenfible measure of state *necessity*, received the thanks of every Province; though had any one disapproved it as a daring breach of privilege, the States-General must have paid the forfeit with their heads; so that, it is with great propriety, this assembly, which is called sovereign, only *represents* the sovereignty, and essentially differs from the parliament of Great Britain, of which the members are in a manner principals, and may act independently in the counties that deputed them; their only punishment, when *they* act unconstitutionally, being the disgrace they suffer on the part of their constituents, or being thrown out at the next election. Our happier legislation, in this point, admits of more speedy decisions. Not that this slow method of proceeding in the Republic is without some advantages. It affords full leisure for deliberation and for caution,

tion, as one of its advocates has remarked, and it is, sometimes, a very good pretext for gaining time, and waiting events.

The council of State is composed of deputies, which assist in the name of each Province. It is this council which regulates military affairs, and finance. Here the Treasurer General and a deputy from the nobility have a seat and voice. It also puts the resolutions of the States General, and proposes to them the most expedient means for raising troops and money: gives out passports, disposes of the revenues, superintends the army, works, and fortresses, as also, the government, and affairs of all the conquered places in Flanders and Brabant. Towards the end of every year, this council form an estimate of the expences they think necessary for the year following; the money for defraying which is raised by quotas, in the proportion, as an approved writer informs us, of aliquot parts of one hundred pounds sterling; and, it seems, there has not been any alteration made in the quotas, of the several Provinces, since the year 1668. From that date to this, before us, they have stood thus:

Guelderland,

Guelderland,	-	17	Friesland,	17
Holland,	-	42	Overyffel,	5
Zealand,	-	13	Groningen,	8
Utrecht,	-	8		

To these two sovereign councils of the Republic, may be added a third, that of the Admiralty, which is subdivided into five courts; each of which consists of seven deputies. Great Britain has but one Court of Admiralty; the maritime Provinces of the Republic, have each of them one, as a mark of their sovereignty, and, in some sense, of their independency of each other; and yet all these sovereignties and independencies must, like so many links, be close riveted by uncompelled connection, forming one solid political chain, before either civil, ecclesiastical, or religious affairs can be effective. Hence it is evident, says one of their most partial admirers, that the real sovereignty of the commonwealth rests, where one would least expect to find it; that is, neither in the States General, nor Provincial; but in the town or people. This has been deemed, and, perhaps, justly, an *enormous defect* in their constitution; for, at present, the corruption, or perverseness of any one small town may put
public

public affairs into great and even fatal disorder. The Seven Provinces, therefore, are, in effect, my friend, so many little Republics. The Burgo-masters, and Senate, compose the sovereignty; and on a vacancy by death, a Burgo-master, would be highly offended if any petty burgher, presumed to murmur at his filling it up with one of his own sons, relations, or friends: and so great is the awe of the magistrate in this imputed *free* country, that the citizens, either in their private, or collective capacities, do not care to hazard any innovations; so that the boasted liberty of the Dutch is not to be understood in the general and absolute sense, but *cum grano salis*; and Carter, has, therefore, well called it, not a Commonwealth, but a *confederacy* of seven sovereign powers, for their mutual defence; leagued together by provincial compacts for their common interest and security. The same writer observes, that this Republican confederacy has a near resemblance to the Archæan League, which, you know, consisted of several little independent states and cities allied together for general safety. Each of them had been governed by single persons, who having abused their power, were degraded and exiled. Those cities then formed themselves into so many
Common-

Common-wealths, and entered into a league to strengthen themselves. This new state, which had, at least, the face of liberty, became the common asylum of its neighbours, and immediately grew rich, powerful, and populous. They had a fixed place, where the deputies of the cities assembled to deliberate on the affairs of the league. They also chose a chief, whom they called Prætor; who governed conformably to the resolutions taken in the assembly of the allies, and was, at that time, their Captain-General. Their Prætor, indeed, was only annual; in which single circumstance, the resemblance between the Confederate States of Greece, and the United Provinces, does not hold good; the office and authority of the Stādtholder, (the Captain-General of this Republic) being perpetual and hereditary. Which observation brings me to the place, where it may be proper to say something of the Stadtholderate.

Notwithstanding the early propensity which the Dutch discovered for a democratic form of government, they inclined to *blend with it* something of monarchy. This was manifested by their voluntary creation of the Stadtholders, who, though not altogether invested with sovereign power, were entrusted with no incon-

siderable

siderable share of authority. The power of this chief magistrate is at once limited and extensive; and he was originally chosen by the people, and placed at their head on this maxim of their state, which passed into a solemn and unanimous declaration in 1672—*we feel fully convinced we are in want of a centre of union, that may give grace, strength, and harmony to our Constitution*: and, accordingly, in the year 1747, Charles Henry Friso, who had been chosen by the people of Guelderland; under the name of William the Fourth, was appointed Stadtholder of the Seven Provinces, and the succession made hereditary in his family.

The functions and privileges assigned to this great officer of the Republic were originally from the States-General, and the Provinces. He enjoys the title and power of a Captain-General, and Admiral, of all the forces of the Republic by sea and by land. The States of Holland, observes a very able writer on the Revolution of 1787, having declared that the Republic *cannot subsist** without a chief, we are, it seems, to consider the Stadtholder, as an essential part of the constitution; and that

* Nor is there *any* Republic on earth; which can call that chief King, President, Protector, or what else you will. 'Tis just as necessary as the head to the body.

that he is not an immaterial part of it, will appear by an enumeration of his priviledges.

In Guelderland, Holland, and Utrecht, he participates the sovereignty, as president of their bodies of nobles; and in Zealand, as the only noble of the Province; and he has a right of assisting, though not of voting, at the deliberations of the States-General. In his executive capacity, he is principal member of the Council of State, which, in military affairs, is almost entirely under his direction. He presides in all courts of justice; and has a right of pardoning criminals. He disposes of the *patents*, or written orders, for marching the troops, although these patents ought to be accompanied by what is called a *Lettre d'Attache*, or permission from the towns, through which the troops are to march. He has the means of stationing the army as he pleases. He publishes all military ordinances, he names all Colonels and inferior officers, by virtue of the right which was made over to him from the different Provinces; and, as the superior officers are constantly appointed by the States-General, in conformity to his wishes, he virtually possesses the *whole patronage of the army*. He names all Vice-Admirals, and Captains of the navy, institutes

institutes all Court-Martials, and presides in the different Admiralties.

In the three Provinces, *aux Reglemens*, he appoints to all offices whatever; and in Holland and Zealand, he annually elects the greater part of the magistrates, from a double number of candidates, presented by the towns. He chooses from a nomination of three candidates, every officer in the department of the States of Holland, and of their chamber of accounts, and all the members of the College of the Heemraden, or superintendants of the dykes. He disposes of all the posts in the nomination of the Council of State, and of the Council of Deputies. He is Governor-General, and supreme Director of the East and West-India Companies, with a right of choosing all the other directors, from a double number of candidates, named by the company: in short, his influence pervades every department of the State.

Besides these, the Stadtholder claims the right of appointing a military tribunal, called the *High Council of War*. This was established by William the Third: as it tended to shelter the military from the common courts of justice,

it was thought dangerous, but was neither limited in 1747, nor at the succession of the present Stadtholder in 1766: though it was reformed by the patriots in 1781, and may, possibly, never be revived. Moreover, by the commission from the States-General, to the late Prince of Orange, dated 12th of May, 1747, he was invested with full powers to command the whole forces of the Republic, for the purposes, (amongst others) of "maintaining and preserving the union, and of supporting the present form of government."

To this ample list of princely privileges, may be added, his influence in the choice of envoys and ambassadors: his right to respite, or save such criminals, as come from Brabant, to settle at the Hague. In Utrecht, he not only changes the magistrates yearly, but his approbation is necessary in the nomination of the deputies proposed by the General Assembly of that Province; in Friezland, he distributes all military honours, and employments, names the Councillors in the courts of justice, the Receiver-General, &c. In Overijssel, he is the first member of the Province; nor can any litigations, or civil, military, or even religious dispute, be terminated, but by his deciding

voice

voice and judgement. In Groningen, the same privileges he enjoys in Holland, are secured to him. In Guelderland, his prerogative is yet more extended; and to what has been already observed of his sway in Holland, it may be added, he can *there* assemble the States-General, convene the Council of Deputies, and is, in his own person, exempt from all charge.

Such, my friend, and so great, is the authority and the nature, of the Stadtholderian government, concerning which, there have, at all times, been very different opinions, and sometimes, so *diametrically opposed to each other, as to create in the Republic, the most dreadful insurrections and disorders.

The author, to whom I am indebted for some of the above observations, conceives it might be happier for the republic, if the Stadtholder, whose office is intended to connect and assimilate the jarring elements of this complicated constitution, were invested with more power and less influence. Prerogative, it must be owned, is usually odious in a free country, but when exactly defined, it is

* The Revolution, which was plotting while the Gleaner was collecting his sheaves, and which has since been brought about, is but one out of many proofs. *Les Etats Unis* seem to agree in nothing but to *disagree*.

surely less dangerous than influence. The most *timid* Stadtholder would not hesitate to employ powers expressly granted him to suppress faction, and the *boldest* could not safely exceed them. At present, the Stadtholder, though he has very little share in the sovereignty, has the right of choosing the sovereigns of the republic; because the deputies to the provincial states are necessarily magistrates, and the magistrates are, in general, chosen by the Stadtholder. It seems, indeed, probable, that the influence arising from hence, and from the whole patronage of the army, might easily be converted into power, and that an artful and ambitious governor might become absolute, without the danger usually attendant on arbitrary power, because he would reign under the *forms of a free government*. William the First, we know, was on the point of becoming master of the Republic. Maurice was able to bring * Barneveldt to the block. Accident alone prevented William the Second from

* John d'Olden Barneveldt, Advocate General of the States of Holland, acquired the esteem of the Republic and of Foreign Powers for his address, both in his negotiations and embassies: insomuch that he may be considered amongst the founders of the States. Henry the Fourth, and Queen Elizabeth, held him in high respect. Barneveldt, wishing to restrain the prerogatives of Maurice of Orange, opposed the Armenians to the

Gommarists,

from establishing a military government within the walls of Amsterdam. William the Third was

Gomarists, which last were the partizans of this Prince. Maurice, to revenge this outrage, assembled a synod at Dordrecht, composed of Deputies from all the Calvinist churches in Europe, except those of France, in 1618-19; and this assembly treated the Armenians with as much rigour as if they had not been of the same communion; and as if those of the reformed religion had not taken from the church the right of deciding these controversies. Barneveldt, adjudged by twenty-six Commissioners, had his head struck off in 1619, under pretext of a design to deliver up his country to Spain.—Thus fell the man, who had past his whole life in reiterated endeavours to prevent his country from becoming subject to this very power. They sent to him the minister Walacus, to prepare him for death, who found Barneveldt writing to his wife. On the entrance of Walacus, Barneveldt told him that he had all his life long been in preparation for leaving this world, and that therefore his attendance might be dispensed with. Walacus insisted on performing the duties of his mission. Sit down then till I have finished my letter. Walacus took a chair; and now, Sir, said Barneveldt, calmly folding up what he had written—pray who are you? On being told, Barneveldt entered into a religious controversy, and disputed many points insisted on by the other, all along protesting his perfect innocence as to the crime for which he was about to die. Upon some representations of Walacus, he said, “* When I was in power, I governed, according to the maxims of *those* times, and was honoured, and to-day I am to *suffer* after the maxims of *these*.” His two sons, Renè and William, having formed a resolution to

* How applicable to those who have lately fallen victims to the times before us.

was certainly as much a Sovereign, in fact, at the Hague as at London. On the other hand, a long

revenge the death of their father, entered into a conspiracy, which was, however, discovered. William saved himself by flight, but Renè was taken and condemned to death. His illustrious mother demanded his pardon of Prince Maurice, who answered her petition in these words.—“It appears strange, that you do that for your son, which you refused to do for your husband.” The lady, worthy to be the wife of Barneveldt, answered, “I did not ask pardon for my husband, because he was innocent: I ask it for my son, because he is guilty.”—

The fate and history of the De Witts, is, also, worth reviving in your memory, as another instance of that danger which is annexed to high station. Amongst the numerous accounts of these singular and unfortunate victims, the following is the best, and, I find on enquiry, the truest gleaning.

A barber-surgeon came to the camp of the Prince of Orange, and informed him, that Cornelius De Witts, burgomaster of Dort, and brother to the great pensionary, had given him money to make away with the Prince; because, as he said, the Republic could not otherwise preserve her liberty. Upon this slender intelligence, the court of Holland committed De Witts to prison, and on no stronger evidence condemned him to lose all his offices and employments, banishing him from Holland and West Frieland for ever. The people, who believed they were betrayed by De Witt to the King of France, looked upon this rather as a design to get him out of the way, than as a sentence of punishment. However, De Witt's wife and friends presented several petitions and remonstrances to the Court in his vindication. They insisted upon the well-known services

a long minority would, probably, be again fatal to the Stadtholder, and produce a De Witt

or

services he had done the State for many years, that he was but just returned from on board the fleet, where his very enemies, and amongst them Admiral De Ruyter, could attest his conduct and loyalty. They alledged, also, the whole tenor of his life and conversation; and even referred to the records of several other courts, wherein the barber, his accuser, had been convicted of perjury. His sentence, nevertheless, which was adapted rather to the conjuncture, than to the rules of justice, was confirmed, the barber surgeon set at liberty, and the mob inflamed by his representations, became clamorous at the doors of the prison. In the midst of this gathering tumult, the Pensionary very imprudently came in his own coach, to carry his brother out of town, which looked like a triumph over the sentence: but as he was conducting him to the outer Gate, the populace interposed; upon which the Pensionary spoke to them with some violence: ill disposed to bear any irritation, the mob forced both the brothers back into the prison. The tumult increasing, three troops of horse, who then lay at the Hague, stood to their arms, but the rabble mounted to the tops of the houses, to see that neither of the brothers escaped. At length, demanding vengeance, mob-like, they knew not why, broke open the prison doors, with smiths' hammers, muskets, &c. then went into the chamber, where the De Witts, were found embracing each other—a Bible was on the table before them. The Pensionary asked, with great tranquillity, what they sought, and why they raged? For you we seek, and for your lives we rage, they replied. Cornelius De Witt, took his brother by the hand, and on going down stairs, the latter was wounded in the eye with a pike, and immediately after hurried away by the mob,

or a Van Berkel. During the infancy of the Stadtholder, the influence and patronage must be transferred somewhere, and it is difficult to transfer them with safety. Every thing might fall into confusion, until despair, or the interference of some neighbouring nation, should incite the people to take the government into their own hands, and re-establish the constitution: possibly this might be more full of peril than all the rest: at least very lamentable instances are before us.

Many,

mob, to the very place, where his life had been attempted two months before, and there murdered; his brother in the next instant shared his fate. Thus fell a sacrifice to public fury, and private faction, two of the most eminent, and, perhaps, worthy members of the Republic; though Burnet, and some other historians observe, that the Great Pensionary had, in a manner, suppressed the Council of State, and taken the whole management of affairs on himself, which, says the Bishop, excited much deserved indignation against him, and Sir William Temple, seems to have been of the same opinion; but they are still the subject of as much eulogy as censure at the Hague. I was curious enough to visit the houses where they lived, the prison where they were confined, and the place where they died, and each had its appropriate reflection in my mind; the whole tending to convince me, my dear friend, that the post of happiness and security is, "the private station." Notwithstanding which, ambition has still its votaries, and its intrigues, and men, in general, contend as violently for public honours and employments, as if they were roses without thorns: alas! they are more frequently thorns without roses!

Many, however, are still advocates for the plenitude of the Stadtholderian authority. St. Evremond, who lived four years in Holland, and who employed that penetration and sagacity for which he was so justly celebrated, to discover the true genius and character of the people, and, especially, to gather their undisguised sentiments on constitutional subjects as Republicans, speaks of them as follows: "I remember often to have told the great pensionary, that the real character of the Dutch is misconceived. They have not much of that pride which supports the *dignity* of an independent character. The pride they *do* profess, is more for their property than persons. They apprehend, that an avaricious prince would appropriate their wealth, and that a violent one might commit outrages to the injury of their commerce; but, those great points secure, they accommodate to the degree of sway necessary to their Stadtholder with pleasure. If they are attached to the republican form, it is chiefly on account of its being favourable to their traffic; and if the magistrates value their independence, as far as it goes, it is partly for the same reason, and partly for the satisfaction of governing those who are dependent: yet the people

" had

" had rather acknowledge the authority of a
 " prince than a magistrate ; and on the whole,
 " they are rather devoted to the House of
 " Orange, than to those who in the name of
 " patriotism would subvert it. Many revo-
 " lutions have been agitated ; much blood has
 " been shed * More political convulsions may
 " be expected ; but, I suspect, after all these
 " extraordinary strokes of wantonness, idleness,
 " zeal, or infatuation, the power of the Stadt-
 " holder will rather be increased than dimi-
 " nished."

Perhaps this learned writer thought, that the
 sovereignty of the states of each province,
 served as a counterpoise to the sovereignty of
 the Stadtholder, and the authority of the Stadt-
 holder *un point de raillement* for that multitude
 of petty sovereignties, which, upon account of
 their occasional opposition and difference, re-
 quire such a *conciliating* power as the mediator
 and centre of their union.

Having mentioned the various revolutions,
 which have been, at different times, opposed
 to the authority of the Stadtholder, you will
 expect of me a cursory account of the causes
 that led to these commotions, and the effects

* St. Evremond saw with a prophet's eye : there are those
 who agree with him in his conclusive opinion, even at this crisis.

wrought thereby. The *harvest* of these facts has been long since got in, and have been collected from those wide fields of observation, which rebellion, *under the form of patriotism*, always yields, when opposed to royal or princely rights, *under the form of prerogative*. I shall, assuredly, lay before you some Gleanings on these eventful subjects, simply stating the circumstances on *both sides*, and leave the inferences to your own judgment: but this must be the object of a future letter, when we have breathed a little from politics: otherwise, you may exclaim with Hamlet, "somewhat too much of this."—For the present, then, I shall content myself with observing, in the words of a sensible traveller, that, whether the established government of this Republic be capable of reform or not—whether, according to the opinion of some, liberty subsists no more *here than in Turkey*; or, according to others, that it is the *best ordered government now in the world*, it is certain (in despite of those malecontents, whom not even the adoption of their *own* systems would long keep from a restless spirit of innovation) the United Provinces display a more wonderful scene to a person of any reflection, than Rome herself in her sacred pageantry, and all the magnificence of her triumphal

triumphal arches, baths, obelisks, columns, grottoes, amphitheatres, and catacombs; her majestic temples, splendid altars, and pompous processions. For, if we consider the Roman and the Belgic commonwealths, we perceive the latter making greater advances towards the establishment of her opulence and grandeur in *a few years*, than the other was able to do in *several ages*. In Holland, a whole nation seems to have been born at once, and a beautiful, well-cultivated region, like the Creation in the Phœnician system, rising out of the bosom of the deep. The wisest nations of Europe stand amazed at the scene, and can find no parallel (taken for all in all) in the annals of the world.—An handful of oppressed, unhappy men, make head against four mighty tyrants, of whom, each has, successively, caused not only nations, but all Europe to humble; and after obtaining glorious victories over them all, at length establish their rights and liberties, and transmit those inestimable blessings to their posterity. One cannot reflect on their short, but interesting history, without a veneration for those nobles who fought in defence of the people, and, be the imperfections of government what they may in other respects, that very people owe a very sincere gratitude to the
Princes

Princes of Nassau Orange, who, by their wisdom and valour, animated both the people and nobility; and, in founding a great Republic, desired, in return, that they, and their descendants, should be considered as the friends, defenders, and protectors of that Republic they had formed.

If it has been found necessary for the people to contribute a certain quota, and a pretty large one, for these blessings, they are to consider, likewise, that they see the money so contributed laid out on works of real use and emolument to themselves. In Rome, both old and new, the citizens were crushed under a load of taxations, to aggrandise a few, and enable those few to lay still more oppressive burthens on their sometimes yielding and sometimes resisting shoulders. Instead of circusses, and amphitheatres, erected for the cruel delight of destroying the human species, the Dutch dykes, and sluices, represent public works of no less art and grandeur, for general safety and preservation. Rome, amidst *some* better examples, exhibited a race, generally sunk in ferocity, sloth, voluptuousness, and poverty: Holland of ingenuity, diligence, application, and public energy.

Such

Such is the language and the sentiment of *one* party. The *other*, of course, is its contrast, in every particular; but we will here take leave of both, till a more convenient season. Meanwhile, if the provinces were as firmly united in good fellowship and alliance with one another, as you and I, my dear-loved friend, are, in kindness of affection, their Republic would be the most enviable and least interrupted state upon earth. In this gentle and generous *commonwealth of the mind*, where, in friendship, no less than in love,

“Thought meets thought ere from the lips it part,”

long may we live! Friends are placed far beyond the sphere of those jarring atoms which so frequently disturb the *political* world. As a common calamity, they may, no doubt, involve and annoy; but the examples they hold out, of the miseries of division and disagreement, will rather tend to union than difference.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

Hague.

BY way of interlude, permit me to conduct you to the Hague fair, where, though some circumstances of public tumult, of which in their place, have deducted something from the usual *agremens*, we shall find, not a few pleasant gleanings. You perceive, that I write this letter at the time that the sages of the Batavian state thought it proper to impede the course of pleasure, as well as of commerce. The Hague fair felt this check most severely; for their High Mightinesses issued an immitigable decree against the French, German, and even Dutch theatres, nay more against *les Grands Jeux*, and *les Petits Jeux*, thereby leaving this celebrated Fair only its carcase, and taking away its spirit a mere skeleton without flesh or feathers. But then, in lieu of all this, though the burgomasters had stripped the body, they had by no means neglected the soul; for whose banquet they had ordered all hands, once a week, at a stated hour, to prayer; the object of which was, to return thanks to
the

the Almighty Leader of Armies, for having enabled them, and their good allies, to drive the French patriots back to their own territories, and so ran the supplication *to keep them there*. I was much surpris'd, on my re-entrance into this town, after a short absence, to find all the fair-folks shutting up their shops and booths betwixt three and four o'clock in the afternoon; but I was told, there was an order, that not a stiver's worth of any thing should be sold, till after divine service: yet if, Sir, said my informer, (having an eye to this world, as well as the next, in despite of magistracy) if, Sir, after the clock has struck six, being *obliged* to pray till then, you should want any thing in my way, nobody shall use you better, the moment I can get rid of the church.

A *Fair* deserted was a new object; and I took an almost solitary survey of it; for the booths and walks were nearly emptied into the churches; and to shew me that the magistrates are very much in earnest, I observed a party of soldiers take into custody a shopman, who, setting his affection more on things *below* than *above*, had the temerity to re-open his stores some moments sooner than the moment prescribed:

scribed: an offence for which his shop remained shut during the fair.

It is worth noting to you, that on the return of the good people from their devotions, they worked double tides, and at least brought with them that part of scripture which admonishes every man to be diligent in his calling.

And now, the whole range of shops, from being in the solitary state I have described, were displayed with an almost incredible rapidity: the play, trim, finesse, and trick of the gainful artist, who deems every thing which the law cannot lay its long hands on, as fair, were once more put in motion; and, as if they had resolved to be no losers on earth for what they reluctantly, I fear, sacrificed to heaven, they did not again close their booths till after midnight!

And, believe me, such a fair as that of the Hague, even in its maimed state, when viewed by moon-light, accompanied as it was when I saw it by innumerable stars above, and lamps below—(pardon this anti-climax) was a sight well meriting any traveller's observation. Several of the streets are near a mile in length,

-and the squares extremely spacious. The shops were placed either along or around the most extensive of these, discovering, in a sort of rivalry of each other, the magnificence, and the variety of their articles, as well as an incredible number of people, of all nations, and of all descriptions, parading backwards and forwards—serenaded by bands of itinerant musicians, of all nations likewise, and an apparent oblivion of all care and disaster; and, though amidst all this, a thoughtful mind may now and then be tempted to exclaim, with the ancient philosopher—what an infinite variety of idle things are here that I do *not* want! one cannot but be highly pleased to observe so many of the arts of life, whether useful or ornamental, thus brought into one point of view, for the accommodation, grace, and amusement of society, reflecting, at the same time, that the most unimportant article has been the work of industry, skill, and talents, all, or each of which, even when employed on the most insignificant toy (an infant's rattle) is better engaged than in squandering the like measure of time in idle occupation, or wicked pleasures; and I must own I took my nocturnal rounds with my full share of satisfaction, happy to *forget* that “midnight shews” are

not

not amongst the diversions, my health usually permits me to partake.

On my return home, about one in the morning, I encountered my old friend, Mr. Punch, "a fellow of infinite jest," if not of wit, for whom I have always had a most sincere regard, deeming an hearty laugh—(pardon me, ye votaries of the never-smiling, grace-loving Lord of Chesterfield) a real acquisition, and he who can innocently raise it, a *benefactor to mankind*. It seems, the harmless buffoonery of this celebrated personage escaped the proscription of the magistracy, though I suspect it was upon promise of good behaviour; for, besides, that his discourse to his wife, the priest, and the people, was an inveterate panegyric on the States General, and the Stadtholder, and an abuse of the French patriots, some of whom he belaboured furiously, he had decorated himself, and the whole of his little drama, with orange-coloured ribbons: he had an orange in his hand, squeezed the contents of it into his throat, and knocked down a figure, representing one of the National Convention with the rind, and was, in short, perhaps the most loyal subject of the House of Orange in the whole Fair.

I have mentioned the strolling musicians. These gentry come from Upper Saxony, Brabant, Tyrole, and other countries on the continent, in bands of eight or ten persons of both sexes, to attend the Dutch fairs. They ply the *table d'hotes*, private houses, &c. and are

“ Happy to catch you just at dinner-time!”

and they are as regularly seen at your meals as the dishes, or the waiters. The Hague fair this year received strong reinforcements from the French emigrants, all trades and professions, as well as nobles, making an escape from that unhappy country, and carrying their industry and ingenuity into others. They carry with them, also, their resentments and principles, a curious instance of which presented itself in a quarrel which took place in the street between two of these musical parties; the one German, the other French: but they both broke all the laws of harmony, and kept no measure with each other, the words Democrat and Aristocrat, (with suitable epithets) being liberally dispensed, till they were both taken into custody, to settle their disputes before a magistrate.

Many

Many of these people sing and play extremely well, some with considerable taste; and each band being habited in the dresses, and armed with the instruments of their country, throw an air of joyousness over the fairs of Holland, which, with all their richness and resort, they would otherwise want.

You have, doubtless, heard of Dutch toys. How they came to be *famous*, I am yet to learn. They are remarkable only for the strangeness of their invention, the clumsiness of their execution, and the general indecency of their appearance. Amongst the most popular, are wooden and *brazen* (pray allow the pun) men and women, voiding ducats, or vomiting florins. But this, whether intended by the Dutch wits as a satire on the supposed love of money of the Dutch, or only as a whim, is nothing to the objects *in the same style*, which are exhibited publicly at the fairs of Holland.

To say truth, very little account is made of the *personal decencies*, if I may use the expression, either here or in other parts of the Continent. There is nothing more common than to see, not only peasants and country people,

of *both* sexes, upon the road, but very well dressed men and women, in the best towns, and in capital streets of them, do those things in public, almost *ostentatiously*, which, in every quarter of Great-Britain is concealed with a care that borders on a *distressing* consciousness of the imperfections of nature, if those things, which attach to human beings can or ought to be so called. There is no occasion, however, methinks to shew ourselves remarkably *proud* of them, as actually seems to be the case in these countries. What else can make females, young and old, *choose* the most obvious places, without any regard to passengers, for the settlement of little affairs that are undoubtedly amongst the things, which, even in a religious sense (according to the maxim, "cleanliness is holiness") *ought* to be done in a corner. But, through every part of the Republic, the reverse of this is so true, and so *common*, that the most rapid traveller, in an hour's tour of any one town or village may observe it. It is certainly a "custom more honoured in the breach, than the observance;" and I cannot but wish the good people on the Continent would "reform it altogether;" which, nevertheless, cannot be expected, while there does not seem to be even a sense or idea of indecency

gency attached to it; of which I will give you a memorable instance in its place. The disgust one feels on these occasions is somewhat covered by other sensations, when any thing highly ridiculous blends with it: as in a circumstance which I saw at an hotel in one of the largest towns of the Republic. Two very little apartments were made in the centre of a passage that extended the length of the whole house, and were placed in so neighbourly a way as almost to join, being parted off only by a slight boarded partition. Being consecrated to different sexes, the proprietor was very nice in his distinctions, by affixing over the door of the one, "Ladies Secret;" and the other, "Gentlemen's;" but, lest a possible mistake should *still* happen, he had caused the *figures* of a lady and gentleman to be painted in rather whimsical situations in the centre of the different doors, by way of ascertaining right of possession. After what I have asserted, you will think it "nothing strange," that both these little tenements should be very often occupied, at the same instant of time, by persons of different sexes, but of *all sorts of quality*; and the entrances and exits, on these occasions, are so far from being made, as with us, by *stealth*, that the performers appear to expect as much applause as an

actor, who has played his part highly to the satisfaction of his audience.

Lest, however, you should call out for "an ounce of civet to sweeten your imagination," I summon your attention to what was, at the time it happened, a very general object of curiosity—no less than a public display of the Prince, Princess, and family of Orange, in a walk round the Fair, with the annual ceremonies of that exhibition, and its effects.

This great event took place at the Hague, on, or about, twelve minutes past three o'clock, an hour at which the *public* have returned from their dinners; and the *world*, by which are meant the few for whose pride and pleasure they think it was made, have just finished their toilette. The truth of the time, when this walking pageant happened, lay precisely betwixt the third and fourth hour: a circumstance about which I am particular for the use of some future historian who may think fit to record it for the benefit of future posterity. We have seen, you will allow, the chronology of equally important actions settled with no less solemnity, for which precious morsels of biographical accuracy, if posterity are
thankless,

thankless, their ingratitude be upon their heads. Authors can only describe illustrious deeds, but cannot be responsible for their impressions. On such a day, then, at such a point of time, and on a day, which, no doubt, was "sent as if meant t'invite the world abroad," their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Orange, surrounded by their splendid suites, the lords and ladies of the court, and in their gala smiles and habits, came forth from their palace, or rather pleasure-house in the wood, to be stared at by the mob.

The said mob received them in the usual manner, crowded about them, followed their heels, half smothered them with the dust, which curiosity always raises on such occasions—devoured them with their eyes, or suffocated them with their breath. Rather an heavy tax, which little folks levy on great ones! but which these latter pay, well pleased, for admiration from the former, and think themselves gainers! But, in the instance before us, policy, more than the love of fame, was the active agent.

It had been lately necessary to hold the reins of government with a stricter hand than

than usual; on account of certain* internal disorders, concerning which, I shall in due time expatiate; and the Orange party, though happily fixed more strongly than before, were anxious to attempt the necessary rigour which had been in certain cases found necessary, with some after acts of condescension. And this was no bad opportunity. You shall hear how their Highnesses profited of it. The Prince and Princess made a pause at every shop, purchasing, at each, a great variety of articles, some of which they took as first coming to hand, and others they selected. These articles were given first to the pages, then the other subordinate officers of the suite, and then, for the want of more than two hands a piece, to the other courtiers without exception, till every lord or lady in the train was labouring, in an excessive hot day, with his or her load, like a parcel of footmen lacquying a modern fine lady on a shopping day. It was curious to see what heavy burthens your true court-bred ladies and gentlemen can bear in the service of their prince, aye and bear smilingly. All this time their *chapeaus* were under their arms; their pockets stuck out with fairings, like an ass's panniers, and like

* They all concentrated in the Revolution which has since happened—again, perhaps, to be revived.

like that enduring animal they appeared to be so familiar with slavery, that they took patiently what nothing but a beast of burthen would deign to carry. The high blood of a generous horse would have lifted up his heel, at the attempt of such an insult; a filly foal would have snorted disdain, and the very forehorse of a team would have rung his bells with indignation. As Benedict says, "an oak with but one green leaf on it, would have refused" to fetch and carry in this cur or courtier-like manner.

But an oak is not the proper emblem of these obsequious personages. They rather resemble the osier, whose pliability

"Can turn, and turn again,

"And be obedient"

to every slavish purpose. I do not know I ever felt my blood more thoroughly chafed; and yet the sensation was not without that sort of pleasure which is derived from a triumphant ridicule—to see those *servants in office* stepping forward, officiously, as if zealous to distinguish themselves by shewing who could best do the most abject work of it, who, nevertheless, would not carry the weight of a penny loaf half a mile to keep a poor wretch from starving, and would think a request of the labourer,

labourer (that might be struck with a palsy) to take his sickle, scythe, or other implement to his cottage, the most daring piece of assurance. For more than an hour they took the rounds of this extensive fair with their respective loads; one, a jar of sweetmeats; another of pickles; a third, a box of ribbons; a fourth, a box of perfumes; a fifth, a piece of silk; a sixth of silver; a seventh, a basket of toys; an eighth, a basket of artificial flowers. I particularly observed a maid of honour carrying a couple of wooden muskets, and the Prince's chief greffier, or secretary, loaded with essence-boxes. I am a friend to the proper distinction and ranks of society, without a just, though not servile, attention to which, I think, indeed, society cannot subsist, or subsist, as the world might be supposed to do in anarchy before the Creator put it into order; and I believe you know me to be the last man who would, in any way, wish to see "Chaos come again!" but the *procession* of the Dutch courtiers round the Hague, under the burthen of the fairings, now truly ludicrous, especially as many purchases were of a size and bulk to make half our London footmen throw up their places, rather than consent to such drudgery, even on the score of weight.

weight.—But gentlemen in office you know never *resign their* places, till they are turned out of them, very often without the benefit of the warning their lowest servants have a right to claim.

It would have diverted you also to observe the trembling kind of deference with which the shopmen and women received the princely purchasers, *en passant*.—While the latter were buying away at one booth, I could see the former putting themselves into a fit attitude to greet their Highnesses, at the same time holding in each hand what they conceived to be the most attracting (and what they knew to be the most costly) articles in their booths.

Pry'thee tell me, my friend, you who have looked at, and into, human nature with no common eye! Is there any thing in our ideas of *great* people, which makes *little* people, in presence of the former, seem still less, even in their *own measure of themselves*? Every man's estimate of his individual self is thought to be, and perhaps is, on a scale sufficiently large; not seldom of a size disproportionate to his intrinsic dimensions, whether of person or of parts. When amongst our

equals we assert this, with no little pride of pretension. Amidst *inferiors* we insist on our actual, or supposed, rights with an high; sometimes with a tyrannic hand. Even with our superiors, in the *next* degree, *i. e.* only a step higher, we occasionally put in our claims of *equality*. It is only when standing in the presence of such as, decidedly, and out of the reach of our most straining ambition, are acknowledged to be above us, in respect of fortune, or of birth, that (yielding up all competition) we seem to shrink even from our natural stature; and, though swoln before into giants by the inflating breath of self-love, that deluder leaves us on the approach of the Great, and we dwindle into dwarfs *even in our own opinion*? Help me, dear friend, to account for this. Is it from a too powerful sense of the value of those possessions, which are beyond our grasp? or from the contagion of example? or from our own modesty? or, lastly, is it from a certain fascination which we conceive to be inherent in greatness? Be the causes what they may, the effects are amongst those things which

“ Scarce the firm philosopher can scorn;”

and, perhaps, there is scarce any man, however

ever

ever endued with a sense of his own dignity, who has not, at some period or other of his life, rated the adventitious circumstances of rank or fortune much too high, and undervalued *himself* in proportion much too low. The Poet, after creating Princes, Emperors, and Kings, and doing with them what he thinks proper, deposing one, assassinating another, and putting a *paper* crown upon the head of a third—in short, acting the tyrant over them all, dispensing honours, or inflicting punishments; has no sooner finished his work, than he singles out a patron to protect what, if it cannot *protect itself*, cannot be saved, were all those Princes, Emperors, and Kings, to start from the leaves into life. A patron, however, is found to our poet's wish,

“ Besprent with titles, and hung round with strings.”

See! there is a star on his breast, and a ribbon across his shoulder: awful circumstances! The bard approaches. He trembles—stammers; he had made the best speech possible for the occasion, and delivers it in the worst manner. He gives the manuscript, and wishes it in the fire; then, amidst a confusion of awkward bows, and more awkward compliments, this deposer of kings, and assassin of emperors—
this

this arbitrary despot, who saves or damns, like Antony and Lepidus, with a dash—even with a dip of ink—feels as sincere a joy at getting out of his great man's great house, as if he had escaped from the dark hole at Calcutta into his garret.

No wonder, therefore, that the makers of wooden or gingerbread Kings and Queens should feel the like sensations in their very occasional, personal intercourse with the higher powers of flesh and blood. The little traders, indeed, at the Hague, who gave rise to these remarks, seemed to have forgot they *were* of the *same* flesh and blood; for, as the princely visitors stopped at their booths, the articles offered, trembled in their hands, and like the aforefaid author, they recommended their respective goods with the worst grace in the world. A perfumer emptied a bottle of *eau de luce* on the sleeve of his Royal Highness's coat, and a milliner presented a cap and feathers to one of the courtiers, instead of the Princess of Orange. Whether this latter was an act of confusion, or of waggery in the milliner, as thinking the said courtier entitled to a *fool's* cap, I cannot exactly tell.

But

But the thing that principally delighted the congregated mob happened at the booth of a confectioner, where the royal progressers not only bought, but actually ate several little articles. To see a Prince and Princess *eat* was in itself a feast, at which hundreds of the spectators had never banqueted before; and, indeed, the anxious curiosity that pursued every morsel of cake or biscuit, as well as every drop of orgeat or liqueur, not only in the road to their Highness's mouths, but as far as could be down their throats, each peasant at the same time, opening his own mouth, as if it was expected by some preternatural means, the morsel so eaten would make its second appearance, and find its way into their own mouths.—This, I say, would justify my supposing that many deemed it strange such great people, and fine folks, should eat or drink at all. In which case (and therefore it is to be wished, amongst other modern inventions, this could not be brought about) the homage which the Great receive from the Little would be better founded. Men and women, reduced to the *vulgar* necessity of continuing life by constant supplies of gross and common animal food, are, whether kings or beggars, no objects of particular veneration, because there

is no pre-eminence, unless we should concur to pay superior homage to superior appetite; on which score the beggar would often deserve the sovereignty; but if those who, even in the act of eating and drinking, can engage the attention of so many beings, which beings can do the same things to the full as well, how much more would be the gaze, the wonder, and the worship of the little world, could the great ones luckily contrive to dispense with those levelling offices of ordinary nature, which does away all reasonable personal distinctions at least amongst men. At this Fair, for instance, had these august personages above mentioned, to have shewn themselves to the people, under the *elevating* circumstances of having arrived at such a period of their lives, without ever having tasted any common *vulgar* sustenance, fed, as it were, by a sublime consciousness of their own dignity, and looking with benign pity on their poor eating and drinking subjects, how noble would that have been! It would have been a subject, not only authorizing the abject sensations with which the mob surveyed these Princes and Princesses at their dirty employment of chewing cakes, and swallowing spirits, but would throw the gazing multitudes at such an awful distance, as to
make

make them ashamed of their own modes of existence. A country bumpkin's exclaiming (to his wife or friend) Look! if a Prince or Princess, King or Queen, does not eat and drink! should be considered rather as a diminution of that dignity, of which so many are ambitious; but, on any of these august personages coming into public amongst the inferior orders of mankind, to have it said—Observe those are beings far above our vulgar natures; they are supported by the excellency of their own pre-eminent situations. Your King and Queen are fine Things, that *neither eat or drink!* Would not this be a matter to pique one's self upon, my friend? But you remember the compliment that the late Mr. Garrick the king of the stage, paid *himself*, when it was suggested that his appearance at a benefit play, though only to shew himself, and walk off, would fill the house. "Yes (said the actor) I know very well that my good friends, the Gods (meaning the mob of the galleries) would fill their benches, and set the theatre in a roar, were I only to come on to *be shaved.*"

I am very far from entering into the spirit of that undistinguishing nonsense to which hot-hearted and light-headed innovators have,

of late, given the absurd name of *natural equality*; because, I am thoroughly convinced, Nature herself (who is an all-wise politician) has discriminated in all things with admirable order, and did never yet sanction such nonsense; but I could wish the homage which the lower pay to the higher powers, was less to their extrinsic, and more to their internal merit; and yet, as happiness is said to be our "being's only end and aim"; and as I am certain the hundreds who amused themselves at the above royal *cramming* scene, were to the full as happy as the crammers, the system had, perhaps, better stand as it is, with respect to the little people; only, it might be as well, if the great were at least as anxious to be admired for a good head and a good heart, as for a good suit of cloaths, and a good appetite; for, after all, my friend, it will be found

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow,

"The rest is all but leather and prunella."

Not that I mean, in any thing I have said, to apply in particular to the heads of the House of Orange, of whom I shall have to speak not slightly, and who, I have reason to believe, are as little obnoxious to all classes below them, as it is in the *nature of things* to be; for

a strange

a strange mixture of veneration and envy will always touch those who are conscious of that inferiority; and this mixed tribute, of love and dislike, is a tax which the * Great must always pay to the Little.

I was
* Of the heads of the present House of Orange the following characters are not overcharged.

The Prince possesses, in despite of a physiognomy which nearly inverts the rules of Lavater, great facility of comprehension, a singular quickness in discerning characters, and a memory uncommonly retentive. Few of his predecessors have been so deeply versed in the history and constitution of the Republic, and certainly none have been more cautious of exceeding the bounds prescribed by that constitution to the power of the Stadtholder. His manners are affable, and his disposition modest and unassuming.

Perhaps, this last quality is a principal cause of those distresses to which he has been exposed, as Duke Lewis, who wished to obtain an exclusive influence over his pupil, appears to have studiously encouraged in him a diffidence in his own judgment, and a distrust of all those who surrounded him. Hence, though always firm in his adherence to the general line of conduct, which he thought essential to the interests of his country, he was frequently wavering and undetermined in the choice of the means, so that his character was for some time considered as a mixture of personal courage and political irresolution. But, on his being deprived of Duke Lewis, and abandoned to his own efforts, the energy of his mind was found to increase in proportion to the pressure of his misfortunes; and his conduct during those calamitous times, which

I was so lucky as to be present at the review of the militia, which, when embodied, always takes place on the day after the fair, of course much company stays in town to attend this spectacle, and it is really very splendid. The whole company of militia men were assembled on the parade, under my chamber windows; they were ranged under shelter of some of the finest trees in the world, which extend by various rows from the Voorhout to the wood. The men were dressed extremely well, and for the ensigns of loyalty in the *national* colour, they seemed to have stripped all the branches of all the orangeries in the Republic; every soldier having as large a bunch of orange in his immediately preceded the revolution, would not have disgraced the ablest of his predecessors.

The Princess unites the accomplishments of her sex, and the most amiable domestic virtues, with that daring spirit which characterises the House of Brandenburg. During the long and illiberal persecution which was raised against her husband, although she was constantly observed with the same patient malignity, her enemies were never able to fix a stain on the undeviating rectitude of her conduct: her firmness and resignation rendered her at all times an object of respect and pity, and greatly contributed to prepare the minds of the people for that revolution, of which her fortunate intrepidity became the immediate and ostensible cause. The Revolution which has at length happened even to the, at least, temporary annihilation of the Orange family, and their emigration is certainly imputable, not to the Prince or Princess, but the people.

his hat, as is worn by my lady's footman in his best livery, by way of bouquet.—Orange also were the cockades—orange the sashes—orange the sword-knots, and orange the flags.

About ten o'clock, being all gathered together, they marched to a noble square in the wood, where they performed their exercise, and their manœuvres, in a very respectable manner. The Prince and Princess came in state coaches; each drawn by six cream coloured horses, and followed by twelve other coaches and four. Their tents were truly magnificent both within and without, and every well dressed person, had a privilege to enter and partake the collations. The succeeding day there was a review of such of the regulars, as were not on actual service, and a repetition of the same processions and pageantries.

With respect to the forces of the Republic, we are told, that after the treaty in 1697, the States kept 44,992 men in pay; formerly, in time of peace, they usually employed thirty or forty men of war in convoys. At the beginning of the last general war, the States by treaty, furnished in the Netherlands 102,000 men, viz. 42,000 for garrisons,

and 60,000 for the field. Great Britain only 40,000. By subsequent treaties the quotas of both powers were augmented according to the exigencies of affairs: that of the States to 129,488 soldiers, and that of England to 72,197, deducting the smaller number from the greater, the remainder is, 57,261; so that the Dutch ought to have had in Flanders 57,261 fighting men, more than the English. The States were at the expence of all the powder and ball expended in the many sieges laid by the Duke of Marlborough, during nine campaigns: an enormous sum! and not easily computed. It was at their cost, likewise, that the fortifications of the town, then taken, were repaired, and their magazines filled up! Amazing efforts for so small a State! the whole Seven Provinces, not exceeding five or six of our smallest English counties, and not more than one or two of our most* considerable!

In 1740, the States had 36,000 men on foot, including 12,000 in the barrier towns. The estimate of more modern times, both with regard to their army and navy, are more immediately

* That of York is said to be, singly, as large as the Seven Provinces united.

diately in the view; and, therefore, I shall not mention it.

It is remarkable, says Carter, that almost the whole army of the States are foreigners. The reason is obvious, other countries abound with superfluous people, Holland wants men. On account of this scarcity, one would think it very difficult to raise soldiers: the majority being employed in trade, manufactures, or sea service; and yet the States are seldom at a loss. A Dutch officer no sooner beats up for recruits, than numbers flock to him, for very good reason: First, the pay is good, and exact; secondly, their High Mightinesses, punctually keep their words with them: the soldier lists for what number of months, or years he pleases; at the expiration of which term, were there ever so hot a war, he has his discharge on demand. And, thirdly, the officers are very humane. They have been so accustomed to use their domestic servants well, *according to the laws of Holland*, that, luckily, they cannot get the better of that habit, but extend it to the soldiery. It has been observed, and I have been resident long enough, to confirm the truth of it, that in the United Provinces there is a kind of rational, not frantic, equality,
natural,

natural, indeed, to well ordered Republics, that prevails between all orders of the people, who live in an humble friendship, by no means obtrusive, or unpleasant with their superiors. By consequence, there is better service, and more willingness.

It is, however, universally admitted, that the greatest strength of the United Provinces, is in their situation, a natural security so potent, that nothing but treachery and dissention amongst themselves could, or can ever subdue it. On the west and north they have the ocean: on the south are canals, large rivers, and arms of the sea, so as to be absolutely inaccessible: on the east lies Westphalia, and on the south east Juliers and Cleves; and were all these to fail, they can, as it were, convert their towns into arks, and their country into a world of waters; where, as in a deluge, their enemies would be dismayed or drowned.

There has been, you know, a recent necessity for flying to their *Dernier resorte*, in which, however, as I shall in the course of our correspondence shew you, the Republicans were by no means unanimous. Heaven be praised, we, my friend, are always so, and, therefore, our affection shall stand. Adieu.

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

HAVING drawn you into the famous Hague-wood, I cannot conduct you out of it, without paying both you and it the justice of a little Gleaning. With all possible predilection for the beauties of my own country in general, and for those of St. James and Hyde-Park in particular, I cannot but give the immediate object of our notice, the preference to both. The Hague is, justly, allowed to be, in point of fashion and *agrémens*, of every kind, the London and Paris of Holland, and this wood is, as I have observed, its Hyde and St. James's Park, and its Tuilleries also, being, like those, in the centre of the town. It is barely an English mile and an half in length, and little more than half a mile broad. Travellers, who come fresh from old England, with all old England's prejudices (amongst which are the ideas respecting old England's oaks) would, were not prejudice *an incurable malady*, be convinced, that old England had not monopolised

lised all the majesty, or beauty of vegetable nature. The oaks of Holland, and of this identical wood, have as sovereign an air, and are of as venerable an age, and (the circuit of ground considered) flourish in as great abundance, as any in the proudest forests of the said old England. A thorough home-bred, untravelled son of our isle, would be apt to wonder how they could have emigrated from those forests, not believing it possible they could be natives of the soil. Natives, however, they are, and nature has been venerated as she ought to be, in the liberty of their growth, for, except in the grand avenues that form the malls, and a few other promenades, which are cut through them, not a branch has been "curtailed of its fair proportions," for centuries, except in cases of the *utmost* exigence. Even in times of private, or of public, rapacity, when the most innocent and lovely parts of nature are sacrificed to the most dreadful art, that of war, this wood has been spared. In the great war with Spain, for instance, Philip II. it appears, ordered, that not a twig should suffer, and the soldiers who were in the habit of hewing down all before them, respected this command. The common people, who have seldom any high taste for rural

rural graces, entertain a more than superstitious regard for this wood: their High Mightinesses, however, in the year 1576, to supply a State necessity, had sat in Council upon it, and pronounced the sentence of destruction. The burghers assembled, remonstrated, and, understanding the Republic required such a sacrifice, (alleging the sale of the timber would yield such a sum)—that sum, then rejoined the Citizens, shall be most willingly paid to ransom our favourite wood, and the money we raise, may be appropriated to the service of the state. This was accordingly done, and since that time, (upwards of two hundred years) there have not been a dozen trees devoted to the axe:—so jealous, indeed, are the Dutch of preserving them, that the death of an hare or partridge in England, is not more revenged by a country justice, (who happens himself to be a sportsman, on a poor fellow who happens to be a sportsman also) as are those men or boys, who should presume to do any injury to a single bough of this beautiful wood.

This vigilance and attention on the part of the magistrates, is very disinterested, in proportion, as that of the common people is selfish;

fish; for the Dutch gentry are, by no means, fond of wood walks, or, indeed, *any* walks, while they can either stay at home, or be carried abroad; preferring any conveyance, (even one of their cart-coaches), to that of their own legs. All attractive as this wood appears to be, you rarely see, except on a Sunday when great folks exhibit themselves, as well as little ones, a dozen persons in the whole tour of its most public walks; and if you encounter one man in a week's visitation of the private paths; (I mean one Dutchman)—you stare at him as a curiosity. For my own part, I can say with Comus,

“ I know each lane, and every alley green,
 “ Dingle, or bushy dell of this fair wood,
 “ And ev'ry bosky bourne from side to side,
 “ My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood;
 “ And if one stray attendant there was lodg'd,
 “ Or shrouded in its limits, I *must* see him.”

Since the disasters, or shall we call them triumphs of France, I have now and then met a solitary emigrant, with his book, according to the custom of his nation, reading, or seeming to read, but, in general, the whole range of the wood, has been left “to nature and to me.” Ancient authors, however, inform us, that it was once usual

usual for the foreign ministers or others, to give concerts alternately thro' the summer, when the wood was crouded with the fashion of the town and country, as well as the citizens and peasantry. The music was a mixture of the rural and martial kinds, consisting, principally, of drums, trumpets, and French horns; and care was taken not only to keep the performers at a proper distance, but out of the sight of the company. But, though this additional charm might be very agreeable, none is wanting to the true lover of nature in such a wood as this, where, scarce a mile removed, from the "busy hum of men."

“ Wisdom's self

- “ Might forth to seek retired solitude,
- “ Where with her best nurse contemplation,
- “ She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
- “ For musing meditation most affects
- “ The pensive secrecy of desert cell,
- “ Far from the cheerful haunts of men and herds,

Forgive me, I am growing peotical. But remember it is the Hague wood and Milton, who have led me thus far astray.—Yonder green alley will take us again into the world.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

SINCE I had the pleasure to address you last, it has occurred to me that instead of apologizing for yielding a little to the magic of the muse, I should have claimed your attention to the result of my own observation, and enquiry into the present state of the Dutch *poesy*; which would be to you, and ought to be to every traveller, a just object of consideration.

It would, indeed, be an unpardonable omission not to apprise you, that, as a stranger, you will be welcomed to

“ A Feast of reason and a flow of soul.”

given by several private gentlemen who meet, by turns, weekly, at each other's houses, in this town, to discourse, in a friendly, but not formal, manner on the arts and sciences; and you will, no doubt, become a member of the poetical society, which was instituted here some years since,

since, for the purpose of bringing to greater polish the production of the Dutch muse. This society is held in one of the best apartments of Prince Maurice's palace.

It is acknowledged, even by the Dutch themselves, that the little handful of watery earth, which belongs to them, unknown even to the rest of Europe till the abdication of Charles the Fifth, and getting first into reputation of a martial kind, by the courage of its inhabitants against the usurpations of Spain, seemed, for ages, undeserving the notice of the *literary* world.

Even at this day, when the torch of every muse seems to flame over every other part of Europe, the light which is emitted from the poets of the Dutch hemisphere, is like that of a taper just glimmering through the Provinces. The names of Hooft, Vondel, and Antonides, are scarce known beyond those narrow limits, while every minor author in the boasted age of Louis XIV. every puny whipster of the muse; the author of an epigram, or an acrostic, is familiar to every reader, down even to those pettyfogging quarrels amongst themselves, that are a disgrace to letters, and

ought to be remembered only with shame. Thus the worst poetry of France, has a more extensive character than the best of Holland.

The cause of this is very well, and truly accounted for by a writer of the last mentioned country. This injustice, says he, is derived from the same source, as that which so long impeded the reputation of Dryden, Milton, and Shakspeare of England; namely, the general ignorance of foreigners, in the Dutch and British languages. The Dutch idiom though more rich, and powerful than the French, is not, never was, and probably never will be, either by fortune or by choice, a language of fashion. That of France, on the contrary, like the Greek and Latin formerly, is the universal language of courts, and in most countries a marked object of education; rising, partly, from the famous revocation of the edict of Nantes, in that swarm of emigrants, who were constrained to fly from their native land in 1685. Basnese, Bausobre, Bayle, Le Clerk, and very many other illustrious philologists, hence became known to the rest of the world. And the more recent flight which this ingenious people have been compelled to taking, (and are continuing to take at this moment,

moment) will give the influence of their gay and amiable language a yet wider range. Certainly, there is no one would attempt to compare with the literary satellites that formed the French glory of the 17th age, and of poetry in particular, (for it was that age which added Corneille, Moliere, Boileau, Fontaine, and Racine, to the constellation) the few bards who have illumined the horizon of Holland. This country has never yet given birth to a poet, who rose above the merits of Reynard; and he can scarce be estimated beyond the last form of the second, or perhaps, the first bench of the third. Nevertheless, Holland has produced men of genius and learning, who, in every art and science, have deserved well, not only of their own country, but of all Europe; yet, if we except a very few individuals, such as, Leuenhoch, Huygens, Gravezande, Boerhaave, and Vandoveren, in physic; Voët in jurisprudence, and Burman and Gronovius in general literature, there is scarce an author whose *fame* has reached his *next neighbours, on the other side the water.*

Why, asks a sensible Dutchman, are our poets, philosophers, and historians, so little popular amongst surrounding nations? Why

are not the *best* of their writings, at least, as well known as the *worst* of those of other countries, the very trash of whose presses we translate? Surely, it is a *settled point* with others to neglect us? Were it not so, our *Little Republic* would not confine its character to trade and commerce, but assert its rights to fame in the *Great Republic of Letters*.

The Dutch have succeeded chiefly in the Epic; of their power in which species of poetry, they have exhibited three examples, one by Antonides, one by Rotzans, and an epic poem, called the History of Abraham, the Patriarch; in Dutch, Abraham de Aartsvader. To shew that the Dutch are not deficient in point of *quantity*, they have filled two considerable volumes with the names and histories of their authors, amongst whom very respectable mention is made of the above epic poets. By way of specimen as to the *quality*, I will present you with a short account of the lives and writings of these favourite bards.

Antonides van der Goes, was a native of Zealand, born in the year 1648, and died in 1684. His genius is characterised by its ease, boldness, and fire: and his best poem is
that

that which celebrates the river Y, on which the city of Amsterdam is erected.

This poem is divided into four Cantos: and the flourishing state of Amsterdam, situated on the Y furnished the author with his subject. It is thus conducted; the first canto is employed in celebrating every thing remarkable on the banks, or on the bosom of the river. The descriptive parts are here a little too redundant; the common fault of descriptive poetry. The bridge, called the *Pont Neuf* (New Bridge) is represented as the residence of fame, on which she is supposed to have erected a temple, dedicated to pleasure and commerce, the particular objects of which are painted with great truth and energy. A part of the city, which is called the New Island, gives our author a fair opportunity to celebrate Admiral Ruyter, whose house stood in that quarter.

“ At the name of that hero, exclaims the
 “ * poet, the river swells under my view, as
 “ with pride: I behold the delighted waves
 “ advance to the foot of his palace, as if to
 “ bathe and sanctify the spot with gratitude
 “ and admiration. ’Twas thus the Tyber
 “ overflowed its banks to testify its joy at the
 “ triumph

Q 3

* Whose expressions I have translated *literally*.

“triumph of Octavius Cæsar. O, Ruyter!
 “thy name is more deserving the epithet of
 “Great, than that of Egypt’s Conqueror, no
 “wonder then if the conscious Neptune and
 “all his watery train, shew thee a more pro-
 “found homage!”

Now, although, my dear friend, I fear, these
 same Y. waters cared as little for the spot
 where the admiral was born, as for that where
 the author purchased the quill with which he
 wrote the description, or for the goose on
 whose wing it originally grew; though I am
 apprehensive, this sympathising river

• “Nor gave one bubble less, one murmur more,”

on the occasion, we must either allow these
 poetical *imaginings*, or take away from the
 muse, altogether, her most essential privilege;
 invention, and all her creative powers—

“Those painted clouds that beautify her *lays*.”

and you are to remember that a man of genius
 “looks round on nature and on life, with the
 eye which nature only bestows on genius.”—the
 eye that distinguishes in every thing presented to
 its

• The Gleaner’s “Poem of Sympathy.”—Pardon the
self quotation.

its view, whatever there is on which imagination can delight to be detained. Poets of all countries have claimed them, and when so many English and French epics have made *their rivers speak, sing, dance*, and exhibit a great many other pretty conceits, it will be hard, indeed, if the river Y may not be allowed to pay a few passing compliments to one of the heroes who so bravely distinguished himself *as a Son of the Waves*. It was this Admiral Ruyter, you know, who had so many "hair breadth escapes," particularly in gaining his destined port, in the Salé Roads, in defiance of five Algerine pirates, who lay in wait for, and pursued him: the Moors who from the town were spectators of this action, presented him with a Barbary horse, richly caparisoned, on which he was invited to make a triumphal entry, followed by the five pirate Captains in chains. We have reason to remember this great naval officer on our own score; for it was he who, in conjunction with Van Tromp, commanded the fleet against us, and with so much honour, in 1653. It was he who took the famous renegado Amand de Dias, whom he hung at the yard's arm. In the three obstinate engagements, between the Dutch, English, and French fleets, at the mouth

of the Texel, Ruyter conducted himself in so gallant a manner, that Vice Admiral D'Estrées, in a letter to Colbert, said, "I should be very willing to purchase with my life, the glory which Ruyter has acquired in these desperate actions." The patents for his dukedom were presented, after his death, to his family, but preferring the title of *Descendants of a good Citizen*, they declined every other honour; and I have always thought it one of the few *real* instances, amongst the many *imputed* ones, of greatness of mind in Louis XIV. when, on being congratulated on the death of this noble mariner, he exclaimed, "that he himself should be unworthy of life, were he not to regret, sincerely, the loss of such a man as De Ruyter to his country, and to the world!"

These things considered, it was surely the least, the river Y. could do, to make the house in which he had lived a bow, as it flowed by; and the man that cannot persuade his reason to smile on this image of *poetical justice*, deserves to go dull rounds of a mill horse, for the rest of his life.

In the second Canto, after having given a splendid panegyric on navigation, the poet pays
due

due attention to the grand fleet, then lying in the river, and celebrates the achievements of particular ships of war, at that moment anchoring in the stream. He next descants on the different articles of the Dutch trade, brought by their merchantmen into the port of Amsterdam, from all quarters of the globe.

Book the third, is taken up with an episode; the poet then carries his readers to the *bottom* of the Y. where we are invited to partake of a *FETE MARINE*, which the grateful river prepares to celebrate the marriage of Thetis and Peleus. The author, arriving at the bottom, is conducted by one of the water goddesses, who gives him the history of the most celebrated rivers; see'st thou, says the goddess, see'st thou *that* noble river, whose long tresses resemble the poplar of Hercules? That is Eridanus. Thus was it called before thy fatal enterprize, presumptuous Phaeton, ere angry Jove precipitated thee, (even in the splendid car that contained thee) to the bottom of the waves; but, in pity to thy unhappy sire the name has been changed to that of the Po. At first, thou perceivest, that the imprisoned waters are hid under the giant shoulders of the Alps, but, soon regaining their liberty, they quench the burn-
ing

ing thirst of panting Italy, and rambling onward, lose themselves at length in the Adriatic. Listening, in days of yore, to the strains of Horace, they suspended their course, to hear the poet celebrate his Lydia, and her sportive airs ; or, while he sung of Chloe, praising her modesty ; or addressed his Mæcenas. And then, favourite of Apollo, divine son of Maro, thou frequentest often the banks of this classic river. It swells to greet thee, and with proud attention listens to thy song, during whose enchantment it cannot flow : it even commands its waves to keep the most profound silence. Its subject Nais hear thee with admiration ; and when thou savedst Æneas from falling Ilion, and led him to rich Ausonia, each wave appeared to do thee reverence, and dwelt with rapture on thy strain !

This passage, which cannot but appear like "prose run mad" in a literal translation, has great beauty in the original, as well for the imagery as the versification, the latter of which is remarkably harmonious and energetic.

By order of Neptune, the Y is placed above its fellows, and takes rank as sovereign. If any true Briton should be displeas'd at this, let

let him consider he has no right to monopolize the *prejudices* of nations; and, surely, he should not be offended at sharing one of *his* most distinguished imperfections with a neighbour. Methinks, he ought rather to rejoice, that such prejudices and imperfections are not peculiar to himself. Indeed, the Dutch bard seems conscious that this pre-eminence given to his own river gods will occasion a splashing amongst those of other countries; for that which is supposed to preside over the Seine is very much irritated: the Baltic is by no means satisfied, and the Thames is in a terrible passion. These troubled waters dash their foam at each other, through half a score pages, each-contending for the superiority, which is at length given by the monarch of the sea to the Y and the other rivers are obliged to give up the point; though they do not give it up without a great deal of muttering, as they rowl back disgraced to their own banks.

The last canto furnishing scant matter, and that little of a rather dry nature, a meagre description of the Y our poet takes refuge from this sterility of his subject, in his own prolific fancy. He introduces a sybil, who presents us with a magnificent painting of all
the

the evils and misfortunes which the Batavians suffered *before* they enjoyed that degree of power and glory which they now boast. This may be considered as a sort of poetical history of the rise and progress of the Republic; and our author has contrived to render it one of the most interesting parts of his work. He concludes with an address to the magistrates of Amsterdam, to whose wisdom and government he attributes, in great measure, the wealth and prosperity of the city.

If the critics should refuse this work the rank of an Epic, it certainly may command a distinguished place amongst the best descriptive poems, and were there no other specimen, should redeem Holland from the stigma of never having given birth to a truly poetical production.

The general testimony borne to the merit of the author of this work corresponds with the above. He is considered as a poet of a rich and sublime genius; and his Poem on the Y as a very noble performance. After what this bard has sung of that river, and our Denham of the Thames, those celebrated waters need not envy the Tiber his poets.

The Great pensionary Cotts, is, also, allowed to be deserving of the praises which Carter and his own countrymen bestow on him. Correct, copious, affecting, and for his delicacy and harmony, justly stiled the Dutch Ovid. His verses have in them something that interests and attaches: uniting a profound knowledge of the human heart, and the characters of men, with a splendid fancy, he paints with truth, force, and vivacity. His diction is pure and natural, his thoughts delicately conceived, and happily delivered, and his descriptions, to other charms, have those of novelty.

This ingenious writer was, likewise, a sagacious statesman; he was Lord Keeper of the Seals of Holland and West-Friezeland, and Stadtholder of the Fiefs; but he withdrew himself at an early period of his life, while in the blossom of public favour, from all political business, to indulge his love of poesy: in which, as well as in the general ease and grace of his verses, he resembles our favourite Prior, who likewise was, you know, both poet and politician. De Cotts, however, was never persuaded to quit his retreat, but at the instance of their High Mightinesses, who once *borrowed him from the muses*, and the shades where they delight to dwell,

dwelt, to undertake a diplomatic character, as Ambassador of the States to England, in those stormy days, when Cromwell, with a daring hand, governed our helm. The pensionary was received amongst us with the distinction his talents commanded, as a wit and a man of business; but his embassy being honourably compleated, he returned to his native country, and to one of the most sequestered parts of it, where he had an estate, on which he lived, and on which he died, the latter event happening some time in the year 1660.

The Dutch are extremely proud of this poet. His works have been sent forth in every possible size and form: the last edition appeared very splendidly, in two volumes in folio, in 1726.

The Dutch theatre depends very much on that of every other country, particularly the English, German, and French, whose plays they give in translation with great success. At Amsterdam I once saw the translation of an English tragedy, a German interlude, and a French farce, acted on the same night.

The objection brought by the critics against the dramatic, especially the tragic writers, of Holland, is, that they are incorrect, and so far from consulting Aristotle, seem to despise both him and his laws. They have, however, one tragic writer of considerable eminence, and whose pieces are, what is technically, called *stock*, being represented in their turn every season. He certainly has a mixture of great faults and beauties. His most popular drama is *Gisbert of Amstel*, or the siege of Amsterdam. I should give you but little pleasure, and do the author less credit, were I to offer you an analysis of this piece, which is a strange jumble of good and bad, sublime and absurd; though it is performed every season, amidst thunders of applause; which it owes chiefly to the beauty of the scenery and pageantry of the decorations. I cannot forbear giving you one instance, out of many, of its astonishing absurdity. The catastrophe is thus settled. *Gisbert*, the hero, after the surrender of Amsterdam, determines to send away his wife and children to avoid the rapacity of the conqueror. His wife, on the other hand, resolved not to be outdone in tenderness, desires to stay with her captive lord, and share his fate. This brings on between them a contest of affection,

in

in which each maintains a generous idea, with the usual force of disinterested love. In the midst of this strife a very unlooked-for visitor comes on the stage, no less than the angel Raphael, who pops down from heaven in a cloudy chariot, on purpose to put an end to this dispute betwixt man and wife. He very dexterously makes use of the said cloudy chariot, to skreen them from their enemies, and assists both in fairly running away. Under such a seraphic guard, no wonder that they got safe out of the garrison; for they were wrapped up snug (together with their children) in the before-mentioned chariot, and seemed to the sentinels, says the bard, a *passing cloud*. Raphael conducts them to a safe recess in the dominions of Prussia, and in their way thither bids them be of good cheer, for that it is the *intention of fate* to make Amsterdam one of the noblest cities of Europe, and that he can foresee, there will rise up to future times a Dutch bard, who shall make the misfortunes of Gilbert and his family, the subject of a tragedy, which shall be performed with great success on the Dutch stage.

Did ever author contrive, in a more novel way, to pay himself, and his hero, a compliment?

ment? Or, did our Raphael employ himself in such a comical business as he appears to have undertaken in this very comical *dénouement* of a deep tragedy? One would think that the poet meant to finish his tragedy by a burlesque; in which species of writing the Dutch greatly excel; their principal author in which style is Foquembrog, who is the Scarron of Holland.

Nor are they without those self-taught bards, who answer to our Stephen Duck's, Woodhouse's, and the Milkmaid of Bristol. Of this class, Hubert Poot, of Delft, the son of a peasant, who flourished about a century ago, is the most distinguished. We are informed that he had no education, little or no reading, and never suffered his passion for making verses to interrupt his duty as a day-labourer: notwithstanding which, he is the father of the pastoral and elegiac poetry of his country. His address to Galatea, and his Idyls, particularly that entituled Diana and Endymion, contain some very beautiful images, and melodious versification. *Poeta nascitur non fit*, is, you know, an old remark, and Poot's is a very remarkable illustration of it. You will find the best edition of his works, in three volumes quarto, with pretty

vignettes, printed at Delft, in 1734. He died in 1733, the year preceding. He is said to have sold his watch, and shoe-buckles, and ring, to purchase books, deeming the one luxuries, and the other necessaries. I have paid a visit to his cottage and his grave; and after having read his works, felt the emotions of a friend at both.

I have gleaned these literary sketches as a fresh encouragement for the residentiary traveller, to attain some knowledge of the Dutch language; which will enable him to peruse many good poets, of a country which is too commonly thought never to have produced them. I need not remind you, that Erasmus, Grotius, and Boerhaave, are to be numbered amongst their miscellaneous writers; a triumvirate, it has been observed, not to be excelled by three persons of any other nation wheresoever the light of learning has been diffused. Dryden has properly given to three countries an honour which he deems sufficient to immortalize each, you know,

“ Three poets, in three distant ages born,
 “ Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn;
 “ The first in loftiness of thought surpass’d,
 “ The next in majesty, in both the last.”

These

These little provinces have given birth to three writers, who would have constituted the glory of any three nations of the world. To Erasmus the whole commonwealth of letters is indebted for its re-establishment, and a new æra of its glory; and Grotius did honour, not only to his country, but to human nature; and the pride with which the Dutch contemplate their Boerhaave may be gathered from what has been said of him by Johnson: "A man
" formed by nature for great designs, and
" guided by religion, in the exertion of his
" abilities: determined to lose none of his
" hours, when he had attained one science, he
" attempted another: he added physic to di-
" vinity; chemistry to the mathematics; and
" anatomy to botany. He recommended truth
" by his elegance, and embellished the philo-
" sopher with polite literature; yet his know-
" ledge, however uncommon, holds in his cha-
" racter but the second place, for his virtue
" was more uncommon than his learning. He
" ascribed all his abilities to the bounty, and
" all his goodness to the grace, of his God.
" May those who study his writings imitate his
" life! and those who endeavour after his
" knowledge, aspire, likewise, to his piety!"

Neither has the Republic wanted, as Carter observes, able historians or civilians. Brandt's History of the Reformation of the Low Countries is a piece so much admired, that one of the pensionaries used to say, the Dutch language deserved to be learned by foreigners, if it were only for the pleasure of reading that historian; and it is certain that there is no university in Europe where the civil law is taught with so much dignity as at Leyden and Utrecht. Vinnius, and Voet, the first upon the Institutes, and the latter upon the Pandects, have been pronounced the standards of that law. It is not without reason their law-writers in general, like their pleaders, are accused of prolixity; they overwhelm us with a deluge of words, and make us lose sight of the main point by the multiplicity with which they entangle and surround it.

But, perhaps, the same imputation will lie against the Dutch divines, the prolixity of whose writings no human patience can support. They will write a volume on an Hebrew word, and another, by way of supplement, on the pronunciation of that word. I would not, however, urge this too far against a very respectable body; being convinced, no less than the

the author of the Present State of the Provinces, that, if a profound knowledge of the originals of the Bible, and other learned languages, if being well read in the best commentators, and sacred critics, a good taste of ecclesiastical history, and controversies, joined with a laborious discharge of the pastoral duty, be esteemed essential qualities in forming good clergymen, there are few churches in the world better provided with able ministers than that of Holland,

In a former letter, I spoke of the necessity, *se defendendo*, of acquiring some knowledge of the Dutch language, and I noticed, in general terms, the striking resemblance between it and our own tongue. At the time of making this remark, I did not know it had been made before; I now find it has; and so good a specimen offered to *prove* that resemblance, that I shall, by way of supplement to what has been previously observed, transcribe it, as it lies ready to my purpose; just premising, that the British nation are very apt to censure and deride that language, without knowing, or at least considering, that the compound themselves speak is little more than the Low Dutch. If we have softened a few of the terms by English

refinements, and by naturalizing abundance of the French and Latin, the difference is not so great as to make us lose sight of that upon which it is founded, and which is certainly our parent tongue. Sir William Temple says, that part of the Saxons who conquered England came from Friezeland, which is very probable, as that province lies nearer to Saxony than the other two maritime powers, Holland and Zeeland. Numbers of the Saxons came down from the North of Germany at different times into the Low Countries. After having made some settlements, they passed over into the south part of Britain, with a mixture no doubt of the natives of the provinces from whence they set out. They, however, still retained the names of their nation and district, *viz.* of Saxons and Engles. The first, in process of time, had the good fortune to parcel the country out into seven distinct Saxon kingdoms; and the latter, though no very considerable part of their own country, had the honour to unite those kingdoms into one under Egbert, one of their descendants, about the year 800. Thus the reason is manifest, why the Low Dutch, properly so called, is spoken at this day in England, preferably to Saxon or the High Dutch; and thus, too, we may

may account for the general similitude betwixt the Low Dutch and the English, the latter of which has all the leading features of the former, "more delicately touch'd," as for example :

Wy hebbe yefien een fchip op de zee daer in warre tien mannen en feeven kindred ; het was ouder volle fyl, de wind was goed : de fon fcheen klaair op het water. Dese mannen verfogte ons in het fchip te homen, ende tractier de well.

Sittende op het deck, wy hadde mufye, en dronken een glas goed wyn, brandewyn, en bier. Wy wilde gren water drinken, om dat wy goed wyn hadde, &c. Wy aten fallade, groen kenit, appelen, peeren, vis, vlees, wittebrood en boter. Achter dit kwam de tee, coffy, en chocolade. In de kamer was een tafel, vuur, en twe beddens, waar in wy fliepen. Wy hebben de fchipper bedankt. Wy fette voet aan't Engelsche land. Engeland is een groot koninkryk : 't land is vrugthaar in tarw, de natie is ryk

We have feen a fhip upon the fea, in which were ten men and feven children. It was under full fail ; the wind was good : the fun fhone clear on the water. Thefe men invited us to come into the fhip, and treated us well.

Sitting upon the deck, we had mufye, and drank a glafs of good wine, brandy, or beer. We would not drink water, when we had fuch good wine, &c. We eat fallad, green herbs, apples, pears, fifh, flefh, white bread and butter. After all came the tea, coffee, and chocolate. In the chamber was a table, fire, and two beds, wherein we fleep. Having thanked the fkipper, fet foot on Englifh land. England is a great kingdom : the land is fruitful in wheat, the nation is rich and ftrong. The King is not old, and has

en storch. De Kooning die is niet oud en heeft soons, en dogtors. Hy is ye naamt George de 3d.

<p>Men reckent agt milioen menschen in Engeland, en seven hondert duyfent in Londen: twee hondert en vyftig duyfent in Amsterdam; en vijf hondert, of op het meste ses hondert duyfent in Paris. Londen is de grootste plaats in de wereld. Is het niet wonderlijh, dat de verstandigste Engelsche soude niet wel kennen haar voorvaders, of moeder taal, en het land waar nit sy voert syn yekoomen? De Engelsche en de Nederlanders syn het selfde volk en de selfde nation.</p>	<p>sons and daughters. He is named George the Third.</p> <p>We reckon eight million people in England, and seven hundred thousand in London; two hundred and fifty thousand in Amsterdam, and five hundred, or at most six hundred thousand, in Paris. London is the greatest place in the world. Is it not wonderful, that the understanding English should not well know their forefathers or mother tongue, and the land whereout they came? The English and the Nether, or Low Dutch, are the same folk, and the same nation,</p>
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If the above proof of affinity be added to those already promised to be given at the close of our Gleanings, it will be manifest that the language now in usage through Great Britain, is, in good measure, the same as that spoken in Holland,

“ Through certain strainers well refin'd:”

the latter, certainly, sounds harsher and more heavy, than the former; but every man's

language, like his voice, seems musical to his own ear: besides which, I can assure you, the Dutch, when spoken by a pretty woman, or well-bred man, is destitute neither in harmony or elegance.

The above example is almost totally composed of kindred words; and determine that they are not only nearly related by descent, but that they are of Dutch or German extraction. The great author of the English Dictionary, indeed, in tracing the family of English words to their origin, tells us, that he considers the German and the Dutch "not as radical, but parallel, not as parents, but sisters of the English." Even this is a very close alliance, and merits that we should treat them not as aliens, but as relatives established in different countries. Adieu.—In all countries my mind's best language is your's.

LETTER XL.

TO THE SAME.

Rotterdam.

SEE the uncomfortable distance of the date of your last received letter, and of my power to answer it—an interval of more than twenty days! Such is the tyranny of winds and waves; and such the solitudes of an absent friend.

But, according to the proverb, “ill blows the wind which brings not good to somebody.” In the present case, though it has been to me inauspicious, I trust it has to you been favourable; and that the very causes which have delayed your letters, have accelerated mine. You will then be satisfied, that my regard keeps pace with your’s in the frequency of written evidence.

Yet how different, at this moment, is the face of things in this country from that you have so deliciously described! Winter has for-

got

got his time, and come back into Holland, a trespasser on the rights of spring. So far from feeling or seeing the blooming approaches of the latter, we are embraced by the utmost rigours of the former: this very morning, though otherwise bright and fair, being one of the coldest I ever felt in my whole life. Your sweet and captivating landscapes are inverted. Instead of the earth covered with snow-drops, it is covered with heaps of snow only; and in lieu of watching the opening buds, thirty or forty skippers are digging in the canals to open the ice; and I can discover, over my head, only the white-encrusted branches frozen from top to bottom. Yet I cannot, by any means, say, this sort of scenery is void of attraction. To a British traveller it is interesting from its novelty; for though a world of white does not seem to admit of much variety, whether viewed in one country or in another, a deep fall of snow and hard frost is certainly very different in its general appearance in Holland and England. What it is in the latter you have seen and felt: what it is here will be more pleasant, perhaps, in my description, than from the evidence of your own feelings.

Rotterdam.

Rotterdam is in itself, you know, one of the most considerable and beautiful towns of Holland. It is watered by the Rotte, from whence it borrows its name, and by the junction of that river with the Meuse, and the proximity of both to the sea, is equally well situated for commerce and navigation. The English ear is caught by its accustomed sounds in every street, and almost in every house; for trade has made our language a settler in this place; the English merchandise, and the English merchant being amongst the staple commodities of Rotterdam, which has long been considered as the first object of intercourse that the British nation has upon the Continent of Europe. The canals, which run into the heart of the city, are so broad and profound, that vessels of a noble size and of equal burthen, enter into it abreast. These canals are surrounded by the most beautiful streets, each of which is adorned by a row of very fine trees.

Imagine such trees, such streets, and such canals, with all their inhabitants, combining to form a winter piece! Represent to yourself the houses, almost all windows, and of the clearest glass, daily and almost hourly washed, sparkling to the sun in all the radiance of a
2 frosty

frosty atmosphere ; the canals are a solid floor of thick-ribbed ice, on which a thousand pair of scates, used with inconceivable adroitness, are gliding in as many directions. The vessels of pleasure and business, of almost all nations, particularly our own, wedged close together, and anchored at the very doors of the proprietors : the ships and barges, indeed, are as firmly bound as if they were chained to a world of rock ; the rigging, masts, and even pennants, loaded with coagulated snow ; the trees candied over in the same manner ; but, towards the middle of the day, dropping into fleeces by the warmth of the sun, as if it was new falling snow.

Except it be that our tour-loving countrymen seldom indulge the emigrating passion in winter, I know not, my dear friend, how it has happened that we so very seldom have been presented with, (in *description*) a Dutch winter-piece : such as every one of their capital towns exhibit at this very instant. These cold-weather amusements are usually passed over, though they are picturesque and interesting.

It has been justly remarked, that the deadeſt ſeaſon in other countries is the moſt lively in
Holland.

Holland. While this little watry world is frost-locked, which it is sometimes for three months together, it is a kind of universal fair or jubilee. Booths are erected upon the ice, with good fires in them. Horses, rough-shod to the element, run races. Coaches glide over the smooth expanse, like pleasure barges. Men, women, and children, are equally expert. The peasant scates to town with his panniers, the country girl with her milk pails, and many merchants take their longest journies during the season of the ice. You may sometimes see a string of twenty or thirty young people, of both sexes, holding each other by the handkerchief, and shoot away almost with the rapidity of lightning.

This is illustrated at the present moment, as well upon the land as water. Hundreds of little hand sledges, variously decorated, and filled with children, covered to their very noses in rugs and furs, pass to and fro, through the streets, and a no less number of horse-sledges, gay and gaudy, drawn by prancing, sleek-sided steeds, with long manes and tails, guided by a gentleman, and containing a lady, are flying along in these frost-chariots. These have no wheels, but are moved on an iron rounded

at the ends, and they go sometimes at the rate of fourteen or fifteen miles within the hour: the streets, mean while, crouded with spectators, gathered together in a kind of happy compofure, which feems to fet at defiance all the inclemencies of the feafon. I muft not forget the windows, which are all thrown wide open, and ftuck with happy and even healthy faces from top to bottom, though it fhould fnow into the apartments; every individual, of whatever rank, entering into the fpirit of the entertainment; and it is really curious to fee, when there is a ftop put to bufinefs, how the people of this, and fome other more northern countries, convert the very rigours of the clime into fources of pleafure and exercife. A native of the more fouthern airs would almoft congeal to ice at the bare view of fuch a fcene as that before me: but custom, you know, my friend,

“ Will make the flinty and fteel couch of war

“ A thrice-driv’n bed of down.”

At all the Impèrial, Saxon, and other northern courts, I find thefe ice and fnow diverfions are exactly what travellers have defcribed, and of a very pompous kind. Many of their machines are conftituted in the fhape

of lions, swans, dolphins, peacocks well-carved, painted, and gilt. The northern Fair sits in one of these, dressed in velvet, lined with furs, and decorated with lace and jewels, with a velvet cap on her head, faced and lined with fables: the horse is finely caparisoned, and set off with feathers and ribbons: bells hanging about him, and a stag's horns on his head. One or more pages on horseback, ride on each side with torches in their hands, and in this manner, they perform the course upon the frozen snow, about the streets of Dresden and Vienna, driving full speed after one another in the middle of the darkest night; or sometimes when the moon and her attendant stars are in their fullest lustre.

As you know my general aversion to histories of brick, mortar, and fair freestone, you will not expect me to give you any fine descriptions of the fine buildings, or other fine places of this fine town, when the said fine sights are unaccompanied by more interesting particulars: such, for instance, as appertain to the fourth church (Zuider Kerk.) This was formerly the place where stood the old Dutch playhouse: after the Revolution the playhouse was pulled down, and a Scotch church built upon the spot, and now Dutch service

service is performed; but between the time of its being a theatre and a place of worship, fifty other occupations were carried on.

The frost and snow so lock me up on all sides, that till the relenting weather opens the roads, I can neither travel by land or by water; but my inquisitive disposition leads me amongst men and books, and wherever either of these present me with any thing worthy notice, I will not fail to pick it up for your entertainment, or instruction. Take, for the present, a few miscellaneous remarks descriptive of place and people.

The Dutch are, no doubt, imagined to be great feeders on flesh, and as great drinkers of gin. They are neither. They eat very sparingly of animal food, and swallow far less of spirituous liquors than the English. One of our porters will consume more Hollands in a day, than an Hollander in a week. The common drink of the country is beer, tea, and coffee: of the two latter, they drink six or seven times in a day; a drunken Dutchman is a rare character.

All ranks of people *shake their heads*, when they discourse, or even when they listen.—

They have a shake of assent, a shake of objection, an angry shake, a friendly shake, and a loving shake, but to meet with a Dutch man or woman, who does *not* shake the head, is what I have never yet observed. In the heat of conversation this practice is so remarkable, that in a public place, where there are many speakers at a time; in the coffee-houses, for instance, the heads *all go together*, as if moved on swivels, and are as ludicrous to any traveller, whose head is firmer on his shoulders, as the figures of a parcel of Mandarines on a chimney piece. A Dutchman might be known from a native of any other country, by this national, and almost universal shake. I mentioned this to some of the people, who must have shaken themselves out of all consciousness; for of eleven whom I addressed, nine assured me, while they shook their heads at me most violently, the remark was *not* just; and the other two, shakingly, said, why we shake our heads thus, heaven only knows.

The Dutch women, in general, deserve not the censure which other nations have past on their *legs*. It is the custom of the country, amongst all such as adhere to the habits of it, to display the leg *more* than midway. The female peasant shews it nearly to the garter:
and

and though not often very delicately, the legs are for the most part far from clumsily made. They all wear slippers, even in winter; and are, moreover, perpetually dabbling in water; yet are remarkable for being seen with a clean pair of stockings, which are almost universally of blue or grey worsted. In comparison of their general form, their legs are even slender. Their limbs are coarse and heavy, and rendered yet more so by their dress; especially about the hips, which they swell out with more than seven-fold petticoats, to an even absurd circumference. They sometimes cover themselves up with huge black cloth cloaks, and yet you will see them in the most rigorous seasons of the year, going about without either hats or bonnets. The practice of sticking on a black patch, about the size of half, sometimes a whole crown-piece, on each of their temples, is almost universal amongst the middle and lower orders of the women. The women themselves tell you, this is as a charm for the headach; the men insist, it is designed as a charm of another kind, and as much a mark of self admiration and coquetry, as the little patches, which were formerly worn by the fair enchantresses of our own country.

I think I have already sent you word that the busineses, which centre in one man's hands in England, viz. hairdressing and shaving, are in Holland split into two trades as distinct as husbandry and shipbuilding; your chin being committed to a sworn surgeon, and your head to a friseur. I beg'd to know the reason of this? The same reason, Sir, said a *professor* of the razor, that induces a man to resign his broken leg or thigh to one of *us*, rather than to a fellow who knows no more of a human machine than his powder puff: it is not thought safe in this country to trust a man's naked throat with any person unskilled in anatomy. How the devil, Sir, should such blockheads and bunglers, know how to manage an affair of such delicacy? Whether the indignation of my medical shaver, might give an *intemperance* to the flourishes of his razor, as if to *cut up* the pretensions of the said "bungling blockheads," I cannot say, but, in the very act of censuring *their* awkwardness, he cut me most scientifically; and on my observing this, he exclaimed nothing but a pimple, Sir, and the more it bleeds the better; It was a solid slice of my flesh, and no excrescence for all that; but I let it pass.

The poor little domestic BIRDS, (sparrows, robins, &c.) how this hard weather has subdued
their

their usual independence! How they throw themselves on us for protection! I have already more than twenty of these winged pensioners, who seem to have no resource but what they receive from the crumbs that fall from my table. At this moment they are seated on a board on the outside of my chamber window, on opening which, several of them have actually come in, hopped about my room, warmed themselves at my fire, and thus refreshed, again take wing, and brave the element. Birds, are, at all times, more tame here than I have seen them elsewhere; but in the severe part of the year, so absolutely throw themselves in the way of your bounty, that a man's charity must, very perversely, "pass by on the other side," not to see, and seeing he must have an heart yet colder than the ice, not to accommodate their little wishes. What pleasure there is in gentle offices, whether administered to bird, beast, or man! How it refreshes one in warm; how it animates one in rigorous weather! A redbreast is trotting over my carpet as I write; a poor frost-nipped chaffinch is nestling almost in the ashes of my buzaglio; and a sparrow who had, after warming himself, ascended my table, is within the length of his beak of the paper, on which I am writing.

I nod and tell him, as he slopes his curious head to the writing, 'tis all about himself and his associates, and the little fellow, with the pleasant pertness, which characterises the sparrow tribe, looks saucily into my face, with his head aside, as much as to say, a very good subject! glean away, friend.

But though he, you, and I, may think so, some criticks may be of a different opinion. "An author and his reader are not always of a mind," says Johnson. Cold as the snow, and biting as the frost, the literary caviller, *also*, may ask, whether "two sparrows are not sold for a farthing?" and, by way of inference, demand, what can that leaf be worth that is wasted in describing, or supplying their wants? The literary caviller shall not be honoured with a reply: but should the true critic, and such, I gratefully own, I have found some of the public Reviewers, whose censures, blended as they have been with praise, on my early or later writings, have since put me upon thinking, how I might more deserve the one, and less merit the other; and, you know, that two of the dearest friendships of my life, and which, I trust, will be my pride, and boast even unto death, arose, not from the encouraging smiles, though those were generous and sweet, but from the more salutary

salutary frowns, with which they marked some of the errors of a juvenile pen: should, therefore, I repeat, such critics here put the "frontlet on," I should——no——in this instance, at least, I feel assured of the uncontracted brow; for they will consider, that if, in the eye of Omnipotence, "one of these sparrows shall not fall to the ground;" but *his* divine ministry must deal the blow, their lives, their comforts, their distresses must be of some account in the eye of *humanity*; and he that *saves* them from falling, shall, at least, disarm criticism, if he has no claim to praise. And after all our magnificence,

"These little things are great to little men."

And if they were not, the time, and paper, and room, in my book, they have here employed, shall be nothing lost, even to the reader who values only *quantity*; for that such reader may be no loser, I promise him a long letter *gratis*, on *great* subjects, the very first time they fall in my way; whether great men, great houses, great towns, or whatever else constitutes a magnificent reader's idea of worldly greatness.

LETTER XLI.

TO THE SAME.

FROM what has been said in the last letter, you will conclude that the spirit of pleasure is by no means an inactive one in this country: the spirit of hospitality is, on the slightest recommendation, no less vigorous, or lively; although, in both cases, most other parts of the Continent have a more popular character for courtesy and urbanity: but, it should be considered, that such character is generally given *by themselves of themselves*, or by such *confederating* nations, as erect their own good name, on the ruins of their less imposing neighbours. An English stranger who visits Holland, from either curiosity, or misfortune, will find, even in the *motives* of his residence, as much courtesy and compassion, as he could meet with in any other part of the earth: in respect of the former, a single letter of introduction, to any respectable individual, will be a passport to the best families in that individual's line of connection; and in regard

regard to the latter, distress, in whatever shape, or however brought about, is not less venerated or relieved by the Hollander than the Englishman. I was a witness to many illustrative instances. Take one.—A French gentleman, from being disappointed of all remittances was (after disposing of his necessaries, for current expences) unable to pay his account at his hotel, and so reduced as to throw himself on the generosity of his host, who not only requested him to feel at his ease, as to the past, but at his home as to the future, continuing to lodge and board at the hotel, as many weeks or months, as might suit his convenience: in addition to which liberality, the landlord begged he might supply him with pocket money, while he staid with him, and with such a sum, as might answer his purposes when he departed. All this was done on no possible idea of interest; for the gentleman thus kindly treated, thought he could not deal too candidly in return; therefore, laid before his host, previously to farther services, a true state of his affairs, which exhibited the near prospect rather of despair than hope. Since which discovery the bounty of the landlord, did not alter its aspect, but rather wore a more benignant smile, accompanied by deportment,
that

that mingled reverence with kindness. And believe me, this spirit of philanthropy is not confined to instances like those, selected with difficulty, or by the accuracy of *diligent* Gleaning, but is really, and truly, the liberal and genial growth of this country, in as fair an abundance as that of any other, of whom we speak more vauntingly,

The spirit of trade keeps pace then, but does not *outstrip* that of courtesy. It is inconceivable, to those who have not been eye witnesses, with what unabated energy men of business traverse this and other commercial parts of Europe. Our English riders, as they are called who travel over Great Britain, seem inert and dead, in comparison of those who cross the water as factors and agents. The unwearied assiduity, with which they attend to all the mysteries of trade, the ardour with which they cultivate correspondence, and enlarge the connection of their respective houses, the exactness and dispatch, with which they execute orders, the zeal with which they urge gainful enquiry, and the vigour with which they improve every profitable occurrence, every "golden opportunity" cannot but attract the notice of a traveller, the most disengaged from
public

public affairs. Viewed only as objects of speculative curiosity, this is interesting, since, it is impossible to stroll into any of the public coffee-houses, walk along the canals, visit their exchange, or sit down at any of the table d'Hotes, of this busy town, in particular, without being exceedingly struck at the effect, and going into some enquiry of the cause.

Some sentiments on this subject are so apposite to this cause, and this effect, on general principles, that I cannot but apply them in this place, so far as my memory accommodates me, either with them or the language in which they were given to the British House of Parliament, in the course of the last session. But you should previously understand, that what the member offered as descriptive of the British empire, I consider as equally influencing *all* the trading parts of Europe, and in a more especial manner the United Provinces.

When we thus see the revenue, and the trade of every country increasing, it is natural to enquire into the causes. Of these the first is undoubtedly the industry and energy of a country, but there must be secondary causes to give to this its effect, said one, who
is

who is not in the habit, as many honourable members are, of sacrificing truth to declamation. The increase of skill in artizans and manufacturers, the great improvements in the application of machinery, and the various ways, by which labour is saved, subdivided, and expedited by ingenuity, have done much in all countries: the facility of credit arising from confidence in the public faith, give great advantage to manufactures at *home*, and, by enabling the merchant to extend his credit *abroad*, give no less advantage in the foreign market, and thus operate in a double ratio.

This is, certainly, first the sign, and then the cause, of national prosperity. The enterprise of commercial men, push adventure, and judicious speculations wherever a market is to be found, or created, and the liberal policy of a more unrestrained commerce between nations, have greatly contributed: but more than all other causes have operated the accumulation of capital, the effects of which were never fully understood till a philosopher of our own country, the celebrated author of the "wealth of nations," with a depth and clearness of investigation, fitted to enlighten, and direct, the internal policy of any state, discovered and pointed

pointed them out. This accumulation operates with all the effect of compound interest, every addition to it is the immediate cause of another, and its force increases in an accelerated ratio through its progress.

“*Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.*”

And these combining causes, are, most indisputably, productive of those astonishing effects, which pour not only through our own country, but every other in the trading world, the graces, the riches of each other, in greater abundance, at this very hour, than at any former period of, at least modern, and, perhaps, of ancient times.

Of what *farther* it is susceptible, it is impossible to say: because the perfection of National commerce, that bound which it may reach, but may not pass, cannot easily be ascertained; but we may fairly ask, if such are the effects of such causes *already*, what, in the progress of industry, genius and emulation, may not be expected from them in future! In prosperity, *no* limit can be set to national vigour; and in the hour of difficulty, distress or danger, as such vigour is the only mitigation of national evil, it will be exerted in proportion. Far, therefore,

therefore, from having reached a point at which it is likely to stop, the national prosperity of a country flowing out of its commerce, admits yet of encrease, and though the causes must be permanent, the effects may be progressive; for, while human skill, in any branch of commodity, is *capable* of improvement, it is impossible to say to what a pitch of wealth and prosperity any trading nation may arrive, by its own energy of advancing.

Holland, it is true, has had at different periods of her history, very heavy drawbacks, as well from within as from without, from the enemy in her own bowels, as from a public invader. Often have the fruits of her genius and industry been swept away by rebellion and war: often has she been drenched in her own blood: but with all these depressions, her efforts resisted these calamities, and repaired them so well, that at this very hour, she may stand, perhaps, foremost amongst nations, as an example of human industry producing human prosperity.

The description of Alexandria, by an ancient author, has been applied, and justly, to this Republic, particularly its capital.

“ Rich

“ Rich and opulent Provinces that abound with every thing, and where nobody *can* be idle. The very lame and blind have their exercifes, and useful occupations, and even those who have the gout in their hands, are not suffered to be uselefs. This is so true of Amsterdam, that, in almost every corner of it amazing examples of industry are to be seen, even in those whose age, sickness, and bodily infirmities would obtain a dispensation from work, *any where else.* Those who think, therefore, that the Dutch have more of matter than spirit in their composition, may undeceive themselves. Other cities of Europe have had the models of most of their useful contrivances, and machines of various sorts from the towns of this Republic. Even those who arrogate all wit, and all art to themselves, have been obliged to borrow from hence several of their most ingenious utensils: and, upon the whole, Voltaire’s character of the States is well merited. “ La Hollande,” says he, “ merite d’autant plus d’attention, que c’est un
“ etat d’une *Espece toute Nouvelle*, devenu puissant sans posseder presque de terrain, riche
“ et n’ayant pas de son fonds de quoi nourir
“ la vingtieme partie de ses habitans, & considerable en Europe par ses travaux au bout
“ de l’Asie.”

LETTER XLII.

TO THE SAME.

Rotterdam.

IT has been amongst the objects of these Gleanings, to rescue the inhabitants of the different countries in which I sojourn from the undue measure of censure cast on them, and to settle them, without prejudice on the one hand, or partiality on the other, in every candid mind, just as they are,

“ Nothing extenuated,

“ Nor ought set down in malice.”

The Welch, being part of ourselves, suffer little from us on the score of prejudice; and therefore little was left for a liberal traveller to do away. But the Dutch demanded a *sturdy* champion, and yet one, who in the zeal of administering justice, avoided flattery. In various instances, I am disposed to believe that the Gleaner has approved himself this even-handed advocate. I trust he has defended them, where they were defensible, and blamed them where they

they deserved reproach. In the spirit of this principle he began, and will have the honesty and the fortitude to maintain it unto the end.

Amongst other aspersions from which it has been his office to exonerate the people of this country, is their imputed *insensibility*; an aspersion which very generally prevails. You find the Gleaner has seen their hearts and minds in the operation of various events, as well happy as disastrous. He has had an eye on them, when a man less impressed with conviction of the importance of *little* things to ascertain the great ones of character and principles, would have *overlooked* their feelings. He has observed them too, when *great* occurrences called forth their strongest passions, or their most subtle hypocrisy. In both cases he has found their affections as powerful, as fervid, as expressive of upright principles, and of tender emotions, as any of our own.

There are, you know, certain occasions so absolutely demonstrative of real heart and soul, that the most profound dissembler would find it impossible to keep *on* his mask, however necessary it might be to his interest, his fame, or even his life. Of this omnipotent class of in-

cidents is the *perusal of letters*, the contents of which, as to general sensation, whether of pain or pleasure, is as clearly read by the spectator as by the party concerned: I mean of course such letters as are read in company *immediately* on their being received. Something beyond the power of human resistance urges a man almost universally to open the letters that are brought him by the post; nay, we often break the seal insensibly; and the utmost forbearance which good breeding enjoins, scarce ever extends to the putting them *quietly* into our pocket, when, from a recognition of the handwriting, we expect any thing of heart, or even when we are strangers to the characters of the superscription. Curiosity seizes us in the one case, and more than curiosity in the other. If therefore we *do* gain this degree of good manners, it is by a painful exertion, which often makes us wish our company were at home; though, induced by a sort of fellow-feeling, they often prevent this wish, by dispensing with etiquette, and enjoin the reading our letters. For the most part we apologize for the rudeness, *but are rude.*

Then it is, that finesse, weakness, folly, stratagem, and even treasons BETRAY THEMSELVES.

The

Then it is, that we are perfidious to our trust, without any other accusers, any other language than what is furnished by consciousness of our being tricksters, fools, or traitors: so ingenuous is our *invisible, bosom* judge, so all-powerful is conscience; though guilt first fastened her with chains, that very guilt only waits for a fit opportunity to break them asunder, and forces the culprit to avow his crime, even to those who are sure to punish it. It is thus that in the act of reading any written mischief, done, or to be done, conscience flies into the face of the delinquent, seizes every limb of his body, and, by a strange power, renders that countenance *really* honest, which had before only *appeared* to be so. A young man, for instance, long lost to fame and fortune, suddenly reads of his disinheritance when he expected a remittance—a broker, of a prosecution for usury when he looked for an invitation to meet the party to receive the premium—the libertine, of discovery by a parent or brother, who sends a challenge, when his heart beat high with

“ expectation of the coming joy.”

to be derived from his long-planned seduction.

But these examples are, you will say, so strong, that he who runs may read *them*. Believe me, the subordinate foibles, and vices are no less under the dominion of the letters, which, unawares, describe their causes and their effects: in like manner, the *better* parts of our nature are, also, developed with equal truth and accuracy by the same faithful reporters; and without being endowed with the sagacity of Lavater, a quiet observer must want that degree of common sense, in which few are deficient, not to ascertain the actual state and strength of those natural feelings, the vivacity of that fancy, the sensibility of that heart, which are exhibited by the perusal of letters. The passions and emotions are not simply called forth by their proper objects, they are, whether reluctantly or by assent, placed before our view, by that imperial, and, not seldom, imperious *law in our souls*, which is supreme, indispensable, and incorruptible. Hence it is that vice has, in despite of herself, and which she shews, perforce, to the innocence she would destroy, and to the Judge who will condemn, her disordered eye, her livid cheek, her shaking joints. And hence too, that virtue shews us her most affecting smile, her truest, tenderest tear, her most touching blush, and her noblest glow

glow of courage, or of benevolence. All is genuine.

To exhibit an instance of the former—of *vice betrayed*—would be irksome to you, my friend, and to me: to present one of the latter, of *virtue discovered*—will be alike pleasing to us both.

I have fixed myself, for the sake of society, at the best inn here, to the intent that while I am shut in by the weather, I may beguile the time I must necessarily pass within doors, in the most pleasant manner, and be at least in the way of a glean-worthy occurrence. The house is, at present, filled by travellers nearly in my own situation, and glad to find, like myself, such resources as are within reach. Last night brought us the acquisition of a lady and gentleman, man and wife, from Amsterdam. They came, at all hazards, on a considerable emergence, by land. We breakfasted in the same party, and seeming to assimilate, with even less than the usual slight punctilios of a public room, were getting into a cordial conversation, before the forms of the world, in a more private apartment, would have warranted, so tyrannous is custom, the opening our lips.

Our discourse had thawed the very idea of an hard frost, and of a bad fire, and was, in despite of the ice without doors, flowing in full vigour, when the servant entered from the post-house with *letters*, the very sight of which “checked the genial current” of our converse. The general packet which was addressed to the husband, contained several others, two of which were given immediately to the wife, who, seeing they came from her children, whom she had left, by the bye, only the day before, opened them with an emotion that a man of the dullest mind must have pronounced it a domestick and maternal emotion. The gradations of that colouring which nature painted in her cheeks, as she read, and the eloquence of that silent felicity which illumined her countenance in the progress of the perusal of her papers, manifested that they came from parties very near, and dear to her heart; and to you, who love to look at the happy, would have furnished such a regale, that I wished then, and cannot help wishing still, you had partaken of our breakfast. The letters were from two daughters, the one written in prose, and the other in verse; but both expressed the same duty and affection, and both upon the same interesting subject—the gratulation of children

on

on the anniversary of their mother's birth, a day which had usually been celebrated at home in presence of the whole family, but which these worthy parts of it were resolved should not pass without at least such marks of tributary honour as they could confer in absence. Happiness is communicative: in the overflow of the heart, the mother detailed, with a prolixity natural to parents, and even to felicity, the causes of her joy. She justified therein the effects; but after all, she could only give me the particulars of bliss, the general subject of which she had before so well discovered by a language unborrowed of the tongue.

Her story was a fresh proof of my position, viz. that the moments of receiving and reading a correspondence of the affections, *whether good or bad*, are the moments in which the characters of the soul are to be perused, and estimated. The lady entered upon her subject *con amore, et con spirito*, telling me, with all a mother's glow, that both her daughters were the best girls in the world, but that the author of the anniversary address had the sense of an angel; and she wished, with all her heart, I understood sufficiently the Dutch language to read the verses—"and the other dear creature, though

“ no poet, is no less clever, no less good ; here
 “ now, sir, is a letter written with the solidity
 “ and correctness that would do honour to my
 “ eldest son, whom, every body says, is a won-
 “ der for his age.”

The husband's looks corroborated the eulogy of the wife ; and the breakfast, which had been impeded by this letter-reading scene, now went on. Before the postman appeared, they seemed to have a relish for the repast ; but sudden emotions, purely of the mind, whether of pain or of pleasure, are, for the moment, no way favourable to the common bodily appetites. The toast which I had made for them *in the English fashion*—a rarity here—and which was thought delicious, had now lost its charm, or, rather, had given place to a much more potent enchantment ; the free will offering of the dutiful daughter had introduced a much more agreeable banquet. “ I have (said this fond
 “ mother) been in many respects, and I am still
 “ in some, a most fortunate parent ; but, in one
 “ instance, O my God, how miserable ! That
 “ rapacious tyrant, the small-pox, snatched
 “ from me a girl who—parental tenderness
 “ apart, or allowed for in its fullest extent—
 “ was not only the pride, the glory of our fond
 “ bosoms—

“ bosoms—(*here the husband began to cough*)—but
“ the delight of all who knew her: full of
“ goodness, of talents, and of beauty, she was
“ the very boast of our whole city; yet we
“ were bereaved of her in less than a fortnight
“ after we had celebrated, in an assembly of
“ all her little friends, the day at which she
“ gained her fifteenth year.”

“ Our only consolation,” said the husband,
(filling up a pause, which sorrow made in the
account of his wife—yet filling it up with a
voice that faltered)—“ our only consolation is,
“ that the last moments of her un sullied life
“ were employed in acts of filial love. Her
“ death, sir, which it almost kills me to think
“ on, her death, happened in the middle of the
“ night. The chamber had been darkened at
“ her request some time before; but she now
“ felt the fast approaches of her dissolution,
“ and desired the light might be brought into
“ the room. When it came—pray bring it
“ nearer, said the poor thing—nearer still—my
“ eyes grow more dim every instant, and ere
“ they quite fail me, I would wish their last
“ office might be to shew me their ever-dearest
“ objects, my parents and sisters; I grieve that
“ absence

“absence prevents them from once more be-
 “holding my brother.”

Here the husband lost his voice in softness ;
 and the wife took up the sorrow-moving tale,
 by exclaiming, “O dreadful, yet dear, mo-
 “ment ! when my dying Anna found that she
 “still wanted light to distinguish us, she begged
 “the candle might be put into her own trem-
 “bling hand, and after she had looked a little
 “while most earnestly in our faces, wiping away
 “the tears that were running along her poor
 “father’s cheeks, and then kissing us all several
 “times, she returned the candle, saying—I am
 “now satisfied, and am on the edge of the
 “everlasting mansions of my Father which
 “is in heaven—the only parent whom I *could*
 “go to with gain, after the loss of those I am
 “now leaving.”

“Do you remember her look while she ut-
 “tered this ?” said the wife to the husband.—
 “Remember it ! O God !” exclaimed the lat-
 ter, in a burst of anguish that attested the too-
 faithful integrity of his recollection—“Were
 “not her hands, her eyes lifted up towards
 “heaven ?—the doors of which were opened,
 “she assured us, to receive her ? Seraphs, cried
 “the

“ the *almost* cherubim, are thronging to give me
 “ welcome, and Almighty God himself invites
 “ me to enter.”

“ It was, at this awful crisis,” said the mother
 in great agitation, “ that my departed Anna,
 “ conflicted with the powers of death, to raise
 “ herself on her knees, in the attempt of which
 “ she fell, and under our support, invoked a
 “ blessing on us both ! In our very arms she
 “ expired, and we thought the spot where she
 “ yielded up her innocent being, would have
 “ been the general death-bed of the family !”

The husband covered his face with his
 hands ; the wife, after looking steadfastly at
 the fire, without, perhaps, seeing it—ejaculated
 at length “ God’s will be done !” and left the
 room.

When alone, I repeated aloud a verse which
 I had often felt, in reading that part of our
 Night Thoughts which mourns Narcissa, but
 had never before seen occasion so forcibly to
 apply it :—

“ Ye, that e’er lost an angel, pity *them* !”

Never did hearts, in the warmest country,
 under the most unclouded sky, beat higher—
 never

never did eyes more copiously stream in token of that grief which "passeth shew." Away with distinctions! with appropriations! and all the offspring of self love!—Education, custom, example, may do much—climate may have its power—the sun may animate—the ice may chill—but there are, in *all* countries, moments and events, which render *all* good beings the same, and prove us, through all the zones, allied closely to one another!

With respect, however, to the *countenances* of the Dutch, they are certainly not, generally, lively indexes of those affections which they frequently cover. Those affections are, in their still life, often extremely hid from observation, and you will see fifty or an hundred men, with pipes in their mouths, and as many women stewing over their stoves, pass hours away in one another's company, with scarce the utterance of a syllable, change of a posture, or variation of a feature; yet, in a series of remarks, I have followed several of these very persons into their domestic circles, and have *there* seen, as in the case above cited, the kindest and strongest emotions, of which the human heart is capable, fly out, according to circumstances and occurrences, with an energy,

energy; a vivacity, an eloquence, of which, from general appearances and speculations, not even the pervading eye of Lavater could have any prescience.

We will now advert to a few more of the necessaries of life, amongst which must be reckoned the travelling *expences*, especially those of the table d'hotes.

These have been very erroneously stated. The most diligent inspection has enabled me to offer you the following table of charges, which, with a variation not worth noticing in a few houses, may be depended upon as your *general directory* in the tour of the Provinces.

	Stivers.
1 Breakfast	8—equal to 8d.
2 Dinner	20—being a Florin 1s. 8d. Engl.
3 Table wine	20 claret.
4 The half-bottle	10
5 Supper	16

The bed is according to the goodness of the room, from one florin to three.

The house-messenger, two stivers an errand.

Surgeon-

Surgeon-barber, three or four stivers.

Hair-dresser the same.

Except the shoe-boy, who commonly includes the office of messenger, nobody pays the servants except the master of the inn; so that you have no saucy fellows crouding about your horse and carriage in the parting moments as in England: none of the domestics even *expecting* a stiver, were you to make a month's sojourn in the house. This is a very comfortable circumstance; and it is, surely, very unreasonable the traveller should pay the landlord's bill, which usually takes care of contingencies, and then be detained till the servants are paid for doing the said landlord's business; and if you do not pay *up* to the said servant's *idea*, to be abused into the bargain! Now really that *is* an hardship! As I shall have occasion to bring forward the subject of expenditure in another place, (in a comparative view of the charges of Holland, with Prussia, &c.) we will close it for the present; and with it this letter, the postman warning me, that "his hour is come." In haste, then, adieu.

LETTER XLIII.

TO THE SAME.

Rotterdam.

STILL under double lock, as it were, of frost and snow, I see not how I can so usefully employ the leisure which these impediments have thrown into my hands, as offering you a summary account of the provinces that constitute these celebrated States, in which summary, I trust, you will gain a distinct idea of the divisions, privileges, and respective powers of the Republic; the connection of the parts, with the whole; and whatever else it befits a traveller, who has any laudable curiosity, to know.

We have already seen, by sketches of their ancient and modern history, in the course of our first sheaf, that the industry and labours of the inhabitants of the States have been united and incessant; that if, upon the whole, they breathe a more heavy air, or tread, and dress, a more difficult soil—if their exterior is more rude, less brilliant, less gay, than that of
their

their neighbours farther south, nature has endowed them with the more solid, and, perhaps, more desirable, certainly more useful, powers of constancy and application.—If they have been, at all times, slow in taking their best and wisest measures, they have the faculty of holding to them, when taken, more resolutely than quicker minds; and to this unrelaxing perseverance, this characteristic steadiness, we owe the almost miracles they have performed in agriculture, arms, and arts, without any assistance, from those sprightly talents which have been so much relied upon in other countries.

With respect to agriculture, without question, the most necessary art of human life, they have arrived at a wonderful degree of perfection; in which praise we are to include, not only the seven provinces, and their appendages, but the ten others which constitute the whole of the Netherlands, whose farmers and husbandmen, of every description, may vie with those of any country in the world. In various other parts of Europe, the soil is more genial, and in every respect more highly favoured by nature, but in none is it better cultivated by art: indeed, it may be observed, that

that in every part of the earth, where the least labour is required, the natives, either from that very reason, or from the influence of softer air, and intenser suns, are less inclined to, and, perhaps, less capable of toil; whereas, those who are the growth of a land to which nature has denied these indulgencies, are endowed with a good constitution, and a good will to supply the deficiencies, by dint of that labour which contributes at once to their prosperity, and the strength by which it is gained. In Gleaning the lands belonging to the Dutch, I have often passed over places now blooming with culture, or gay with the magnificence of palaces; so indeed may whole streets in some of the great towns be called; I have trod on ground, at *this* time waving in plenty, which nature herself seemed to consider unworthy to be the residence of her least valued productions, having sunk whole leagues either in bogs or quicksands, a dark and sterile tract, where the very weeds refused to grow—nay, their first and most important city, which may now be called one of the grand store-houses of the universe. Amsterdam itself was once a mere quagmire, the abode only of the most loathsome animals.—In a word, there never was, perhaps, a soil so barren, so ungrateful, as that

which hath been subdued by the Hollander, wherever he has laid his indefatigable and patient hand.

Of their prowess in *arms* every country is conscious. Their *literature* is not contemptible, and their *commerce*—another proof of their inflexible diligence—surpasses that of Venice, or any Republic on the face of the globe. What sea hath not been, and is not still, covered with their sails? Into what country have they not penetrated? Where is it, that they have not established a factory, or a connexion? What sort of trade is unknown, or untried by them? Is there a climate, or a corner of the universe, which, in some sort, is not, or has not been, obliged to pay tribute to their industry? What a countless number of vessels touch at, or are a part of, the property of their ports? Have they not interests, and intercourse, with nations who affect to despise them? and who yet take refuge in their industry, to be furnished with what their own idleness and effeminacy denies?

And with respect to the sacred love of freedom, is there, has there ever been, a people on earth, in whom the passion for liberty was
more

more conspicuous? It is with reason that they have been accused of having often carried the *amor patriæ* too far, and not seldom of having mistaken it: but, even their misfortunes and mistakes, proceeding from their many public or private wars, could never vanquish the unconquerable spirit of industry. In common with their Flemish neighbours, their little speck of watery land, has, for ages, been fought for; and whenever the ravages of usurpation, treason, or other causes, have laid their cities low, and their country waste, they have rebuilt the one, and replenished the other, with a degree of resolute determination not to be surpassed in the arts of industry, whatever they may be in the arts of destruction.—In a word, my dear-loved correspondent, since my residence in, and rambles about, this curious country, so little indebted to nature, and so unspeakably obliged to art, I have, times beyond numbering, reflected on those delightful lines of our delicious Thomson, where the effects of that very power (by which no less in our own country, than in these provinces, such wonders have been atchieved) are traced with so masterly a hand. Let me beg of you to accept them, not only with a view to their exact application to the people we have been treating

of, but to give you that pleasure which a man of your just taste must derive from every fresh view of exquisite painting. I by no means wish to rob England of its original right to the description; but, whoever visits Holland, will have reason to confess that every line has its force, its beauty, and its truth, as applied to what will there be met with.

“ These are thy blessings, Industry! rough power,

“ Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain,

“ Yet the kind source of ev'ry gentle art,

“ And all the soft civility of life.

“ The days roll'd dark, and unenjoy'd along,

“ Till Industry approach'd, and man led on,

“ His faculties unfolded, pointed out

“ On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,

“ On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast;

“ Shew'd him how to raise

“ His feeble force by the mechanic powers,

“ To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,

“ Gave the tall, ancient, forest to his axe,

“ Tore from his limbs the blood polluted fur,

“ And wrapt them in the woolly vestments warm,

“ Nor stopp'd at barren, bare necessity,

“ But, breathing high ambition thro' his soul,

“ Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,

“ And bade him be the Lord of all below.”

“ Hence every form of cultivated life,

“ In order set, protected and inspir'd,

“ Into perfection wrought.”

“ Then commerce brought into the public walk

“ The busy merchant; the big warehouse built,

“ Rais'd

“ Rais'd the strong crane, choak'd up the loaded street
 “ With foreign plenty.”

I must tear myself from the magic of this author, or I shall transcribe the whole passage, and I know you are not, any more than myself, a friend to long quotations.

The United States, you know, consist of seven provinces or counties, *viz.* Holland, Utrecht, Zealand, Friezeland, Overyffel, Drenthe, and Guilderland, with the surrounding countries of Groninguen, and that part of Flanders, known by the name of Dutch Brabant. These provinces contribute in different proportions to the service of the public. For example, if their High Mightinesses wanted to raise one hundred florins (Guilders) the proportion would be as follows:

	Florins.	Stivers.	Doits.
Holland - - - -	58	6	2½
Utrecht - - - -	5	16	7½
Zealand - - - -	9	3	8
Friezeland - - -	11	13	2¼
Overyffel - - -	3	15	8
Drenthe - - - -	1		
Guilderland - -	5	12	3
Groninguen, &c.	5	16	7
	<hr/>		Florins 100.

Of the seven counties, that of Holland is the most powerful and flourishing; and accordingly the single city of Amsterdam contributes for the support of the States more than sixteen millions of florins yearly. Notwithstanding which, it holds only the fifth rank in the Assembly of their High Mightinesses, distinguished only by the privilege of sending two deputies more than any of the other towns. So much has been said of this particular province in my general Gleanings, of what related to the Stadtholder and States General, that we may pass on to the next in order, after we have noticed two points that were omitted in our former descriptions—the taxes and the state of religion.

As to the first, it is certain there is *not a country in the world* more heavily charged with imposts than that of the Dutch, especially in the province of Holland. Bread, wine, beer, fish, flesh, fowl, fruits, vegetables, fire, and in short almost every necessary of life, are all onerated, and with a rigour as if they were so many luxuries. These taxes amount to a third of the value of the commodity, to be paid by those who sell, and consequently by those who buy, as the seller raises the price of each article

ticle in proportion. If amongst the cavils which were made against Old England, we are to reckon those which proceed from taxations, it may afford the murmurers some consolation to understand that their near neighbours are burthened yet more severely than themselves, and that it would be difficult to mention a single article which has escaped—salt, soap, TOBACCO, one of *their* absolutely necessaries,—tea, coffee, chocolate, masters, servants, carts, coaches, horses, asses, house, and land, all go to the maintenance of the Republic, on a principle of literally, *state necessity*. The tax on houses augments, or diminishes, according to their situation, their magnificence, and the date of their erection.

In any great emergence, their High Mightinesses levy the hundredth, or the two hundredth, part on the whole property of the inhabitants given on the oath of each individual. The duty on all stamps is, in itself, a very great revenue, and so strictly guarded, that neither favour nor finesse can find a loop-hole to creep out, and all contracts, public or private, not made upon stampt paper, are not only void, but the offenders punished with all the rigours

of the law, which rigours, by the bye, are frequently put in force.

The duties on Holland, as the most opulent province, constitutes the half of what is produced to government by the whole of the Republic: and after Holland, the most burthened is Friezeland, then Zealand. We have been told, that during the war with England, in 1665, they raised double the ordinary revenue, which is allowed to be near two millions sterling; and it has been said, that on the occasion of the last general war, which began in 1702, and ended in 1713, they raised near five millions sterling every year, which the financiers of the country assert is the utmost sum of which the States are capable. The proportion between this Republic, and England, is calculated as five to seven; that is, supposing the subject equally burthened.

But they have favoured their great source of trade as much as possible, raising rather by excises than customs, for fear, says Carter, of driving so unstable a traveller into other countries. This indulgence shewn to what may, properly, be called their staple commodity, (commerce) is according to a maxim of two

of their most illustrious Republicans. "In
 "Hollandia et Zelandia, etiam nuptiis tri-
 "butum impositum; sed ne mori quidem
 "ibi licet impune," says BYNHERSHOECK.

Some articles, such as salt, is taxed *whether
 consumed or not*. All sales of moveables, com-
 prehending grain, cattle, and all produce of
 land, pay the 80th penny; horses the 12th;
 immoveables the 40th.

A very ingenious writer, by way *also* of con-
 soling the English reader, has detailed, and
 with great accuracy, some of the taxes I have
 not hitherto noticed.

For instance. The land-tax is two florins
 sixteen stivers per acre; the dykes two florins
 three stivers and rent about 20s. per acre.

Houses pay as far as 40l. sterling.

One of their most singular imposts is what
 they call a *collateral tax*, which is a levy on in-
 heritants out of the direct line, laid in the pro-
 vince where the *property*, not the *person*, of the
 deceased was lodged. This is supposed to bring,
 in

in the course of a few generations, all private property into the coffers of the public.

There is a tax of 2l. per cent. on every man's income, stated on oath. Wine pays an excise of 3l. per hoghead. Small beer 50 per cent. another of 2 per cent. on the revenue of all offices, excepting those in the army. This is called *Aempt Geldt*; that on income, *Famille Geldt*.

Every man, appointed to an office, must buy stocks to a certain amount, and tear the bonds, which renders offices a kind of annuity, yielding to the purchaser about 12 or 14 l. per cent. This tax is named *Aempt Obligaties*, or recognitions.

All manufactures, used in the country, pay exorbitant charges, to spare those levied by the several admiralties; and the Dutch East-India Company pays, as a compensation for its charter, about 36,000l. sterling annually: but, in addition, each share of 6000 florins pays 480 florins annually, whether there is a dividend or not.

The revenues, therefore, if we include what is paid to the several towns and corporations, may be estimated at about 24 millions of florins, levied

levied on a population of about 800,000 *souls*: so that, on an average, each person contributes about thirty florins, or two guineas and an half English, when exchange is most in our favour. An immense sum, if we consider place and people; yet the Republic not only subsists, and moves, but *flourishes*—not, however, without heavy *murmuring, as we shall see presently. The losses, we are told, sustained by their East India Company, since the year 1780, in consequence of the rupture with England, amounted to about seventy millions of florins, equal to about six millions, one hundred and twenty-five pounds sterling, reckoning the florin at its usual rate.

Amongst the different reports that are made of the *religion* of the States, whether established or permitted, I find the following account to be the best, because the truest.

The prevailing religion, is, you know, that of Calvin, though every other sect is tolerated. Jews, Lutherans, Anabaptists, &c. hold their assemblies, without any interruption from the
Dutch

* Its murmurings appeared to arise from the want of a revolution.—They have got a revolution—but do their murmurs cease? Inveterately fixed in general habits and opinions; in politics they are capricious and changeable.

Dutch government. Those of the Catholic religion are the least favoured, not that they are disturbed in the exercise of their particular faith, but that they have few privileges, and those few at the option, sometimes at the caprice of the magistrates, who, more than seldom, exercise their authority with tyranny. In the little province of Drenthe, for instance, if a Catholic priest stays longer than one night at any one place, it is at the risque of his life, so that he is obliged to hurry over his religious duties, and administer the sacramental elements with more haste than is consistent with the nature of such pious ceremonies. Even in Amsterdam, where the Roman Catholics are in prodigious numbers, they are obliged to perform their religious exercises in private houses, having no public churches or chapels appropriated to their use in that great city, although, when they die, it is permitted for them to have burial in the ground appertaining to the reformed churches. It either is, or looks rigorous in a Republic, avowing universal toleration, that, in some towns, the people of different persuasions are obliged to pay a *very heavy tax* for the free confession of their faith, and even in the provinces, where they are treated with the least asperity,

asperity, the Dutch have an eye upon them as persons rather suffered than desired. The Catholic priests are constrained, moreover, to wear a secular dress. In spiritual affairs they had been a long while governed by an apostolic vicar, sent by the Pope, with permission, or rather as you may gather from what has been said, with the toleration, and *endurance* of the States-General. The last of these vicars, was John Van Bylvelt, appointed by Pope Clement the XI. but since his decease, which happened in 1727, they have been under the jurisdiction of a Cardinal, or an Inter-Nuncio, who is not a little put to it frequently, to settle the differences which subsist either amongst themselves, or the Dutch priests.

With respect to the Protestant clergy of the Provinces, they are without any sort of authority in the Republic. All the ministers amongst them are equal, and wholly independent on each other. Neither at their Ecclesiastical meetings, is there any sort of precedence, except that of seniority; in which case, young divines settled in the great towns, however popular they may be in other respects, are obliged to give place to the poorest curate of the poorest village, who is of longer standing
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in the church. They know nothing of the titular distinctions of bishop, superintendant, or director-general, in usage amongst other Protestant countries. Their appointments are fixed at small salaries, the greatest not exceeding two thousand florins, but they are paid with scrupulous exactness.

In the United Provinces are admitted four Ecclesiastical courts, the names of which are, the Consistory, the Classes, the Provincial Synod, and the National Synod. The three first constitute the Ordinary Assembly, and the fourth is the Extraordinary; which is, therefore, never held but on great occasions and emergencies. But even in the direction of all these, the magistrates of each town have very considerable influence, whenever they think fit to assert it. This, of course, as magistrates have always the passions, and sometimes the weaknesses of common men, is considered as another grievance, inconsistent with that freedom of conscience, of which every wholesome state, particularly one founded on Republican principles, ought to be jealous; lest, therefore, you should suppose from the intermeddling, or usurpation, or authority, of these powerful civil magistrates, more despotism than is practised;

tised; I will set down the character given them, by Saint Evremond; because, after very diligently watching their conduct, I can assure you, it is not more candid than just. I have, in a former letter, observed to you, that this writer took refuge, and became residentiary in Holland, to avoid the Bastile, with whose pains and penalties he was threatened.

“ After having lived, says he, in the constraint of courts, I feel pleased at the thought of ending my days in the liberty of a Republic; where, if I have nothing to hope, I have nothing to fear. The magistrates here, deserve what I shall say of them. You do not see amongst them those hateful distinctions which are so wounding to an honest mind, conscious of its own dignity; no useless pomps and vanities of exterior which are disadvantageous to the true ideas of liberty, without advancing fortune. The magistrates here, secure to us the repose of a wise police, without expecting that miserable prostration, which sullies the benefits we receive from many other governments, which, indeed, sullies our own nature. We pay even too dearly for liberty, at least for security, when we purchase it at the price of our manly principles. This is rarely the
case

case with the people in power here. "In the internal legislation they are strict, even to severity; they are proud in their treaties with other countries; but it is a pride founded on the basis of Republican dignity; but they do business with each other, and enter into the various interests of their fellow citizens, without any absurd parade, or idle expectations of superfluous homage."

"After having lived, says he, in the country, it hence appears, that they maintain the very difficult art of blending power with equality; an art by which, thus managed, authority may be asserted without insolence, and the prerogative of magistracy supported without trenching on the honest privileges of the people. Every thing beyond this is confusion, tyranny, and fraud, whether exercised by people, or magistrate. The world is filled with instances, which, are, indeed, co-eval almost with the world itself; and yet, my friend, notwithstanding them all, the dreadful times before us, shew, that neither the magistrates, nor the people of Holland, or of France, have profited so much as they might have done from such multitude of examples: or, at least, have been able to prevent those excesses which certain daring spirits, mixing with a mob, are daily

daily introducing. The truth is, there is not such a monster in created Nature, as he who *mistakes the true* and adopts the *false* ideas of *liberty*; nor one so capable of doing mischief to others and to himself. Of this hereafter. Zealand, now commands our attention. Its extent is only sixty miles, yet, within that narrow space, is contained eight capital towns, and above an hundred villages, without counting the many, which, at different times, were destroyed, and swallowed by inundations. The government is on the footing with that of Holland. The States of Zealand assemble at Middlebourg, the capital. Those States are composed of the deputies of six principal towns: but, though one would think they were competent to try civil causes belonging to their own Province, all such are judged at the Hague: yet they have what is called the Council of Flanders, composed of nine Counsellors, a President, a Fiscal, a Collector, and a Greffier, or Secretary of the Province, residing at Middlebourg. In times past, the Zealanders distinguished themselves in the wars with Spain, and in various naval engagements. They are, now, no less remarkable for their maritime commerce, and are a very industrious, as well as brave people. In the isles of this Province,

stood, formerly, the town of Rommerswael, the very traces of which have been buried, long since, in a watery grave. Between the years 1551, and 1563, it was six times laid under water by the furious inroads of the sea, whose waves have been known to rise twelve feet above the highest ground, whereon the church was built. The town house was, by these repeated inundations, wholly undermined. In 1634, the States of Zealand, which had, from time to time, advanced large sums, by way of loan, to this unfortunate town, (against which the ocean had so *often* declared war) considered it as in a state of bankruptcy; and, however ridiculous it may seem, took out a bill of insolvency against its miserable wreck; for they converted the very stones of the streets, and a few scattered ruins into a sum of money, which they appropriated as creditors; although it amounted only to 540 florins, 18 stivers, about eight and forty pounds; a slender dividend amongst so many rapacious claimants!

The celebrated little port of *Flushing*, is situated in this county. A beautiful arm of the sea flows through the whole town, which is, therefore, rich and agreeable; for ships of burthen sail with their freights to the very door
of

of the merchant. The history of its revolution having little more than what has been the fate of almost every other place worth quarrelling for, I shall pass over, but that you may be no loser, shall dwell with fonder delay, on what will more interest you than a meagre account of victory and defeat.

Flushing is the birth place of Admiral de Ruyter, of whom I have already had occasion to make honourable mention. Have you ever met with the following epigram written soon after his death, which happened at Syracuse, in consequence of the wounds he received in an engagement with the French, under command of the famous Abraham du Quesne, before the town of Aouste in Sicily?

TERRUI in Oceano jam solo nomine classes :

TER nunc in Siculo TERRITUS ipse RUI

Si vera inversum quondam dedit omina nomen

Nunc RUI-TER nomen verius omen habet.

Of Abraham du Quesne, who had the honour of conquering De Ruyter, there is a curious anecdote that deserves mention. He was a Norman gentleman, and a Protestant, but had, nevertheless, greater claims on Louis the Fourteenth, whom he served, than most of the

Catholic Admirals of France. The number and magnitude of his services justly entitled him to the patronage of his king, of whom he solicited the dignity of Marechal of France. Your religion, said Louis, stands in the way of your appointment to that office. What! Sire, answered the Admiral, I find then, that though my religion did not hinder me from giving your majesty my services, yours prevents you from rewarding them.

As a salvo, the king presented him with a very fine estate in one of the fairest parts of his kingdom, and which was raised soon after to a marquisate, bearing the name of Du Quesne.

The remains of the house where De Ruyter was born, is preserved with care, and shewn to the traveller with triumph.

There is some very pretty scenery in Zealand, that might furnish the poets, or the painters, with good landscapes,

“Live in description, and look green in song.”

There are, also, some very fine churches and town halls, the best of which are those of Middleburg, Trevor, and Flushing.

The

The next Province in rank is Utrecht, and though one of the smallest, was, formerly, of such consequence, as to raise, and maintain, an army of forty thousand able men. In that puissant period of its history, the Bishops of Utrecht had it in domination, and called themselves the Lords Spiritual and Temporal. This sovereignty was given to the Ecclesiastics, by Charlemagne, the Emperor, as a reward for their having laboured the conversion of the Infidels. The rapacious, or if you will, the victorious, Louis XIV. at the head of an hundred thousand men, made himself master of the whole of this Province, and of the greater part of Overysfel, Guelderland, and Holland, in 1672, in less than a month; which gave rise to the following couplet.

“ Una dies Lotharos, Burgundos hebdomas una,

“ Una domat Batavos luna; quid annus erit?”

This has been imitated in French thus.

“ Il prend en un jour la Lorraine;

“ La Bourgoyne en un Semaine :

“ La Hollande en un Mois,

“ S’il fait la Guerre un An, quels seront ses exploits?”

A poetical gasconade, which I shall not aid and abet by an English version, which to you

would be unnecessary; and to unlearned readers of no use, I offer it to you only to shew how the poets of France, as well as those of our own country, can prostitute their art at the shrine of greatness; and furthermore, to observe, how delighted greatness sometimes is with little things! It is said the flattered monarch appointed the author of these adulatory lines to a place in his household, worth three thousand livres a-year! The verses are not worth three sols.

But, what yet more strongly exhibits the vanity of conquest, and the ambitious avarice of conquerors, all these places so rapidly subdued, were as rapidly, given up, after the sovereign had done all the mischief he could by demolishing the fortifications and impoverishing the people! Thus it is, that the rage of plunder succeeds to that of blood, and that what is begun by ambition, continued by avarice, and closed in robbery, forms an hero, and obtains immortal honour, in *military* affairs, although in *civil* ones, any one of them would conduct a man to the gallows; and gibbet his name and memory, to after times, as an assassin and a thief!

With

With respect to the capital of this Province, (which is in the beaten road of almost *all* travellers, and which has been written about by so many) you have, doubtless, often read, and heard, that, though it has not one remarkable structure, except the steeple of the Cathedral, of which I send you an engraving; it has the reputation, and, perhaps, deservedly, of being one of the most beautiful cities of modern Europe; that it is larger than the Hague, and disputes with it the palm of fashion and elegance, that it commands, from some of its eminences, fifty-one walled towns, all being within a day's journey, that it has to boast an university, out of which have been given to the world some of its most useful and ornamental members; that it was the residence of the learned, pious, and humble Pope Adrian, who has, justly, been called the worthiest Pontiff that ever graced the See of Rome; and who was deemed by the emperor Maximilian, the only fit person to be trusted with the education of his grandson, Charles the Fifth. Nor can you be ignorant, that this city will for ever be execrated by Britons, on account of the *Barrier Treaty*; and no less revered by, at least, *one* party of Dutchmen for the celebrated *union*.

Of the first, our English histories are too full for any thing to be added, and perhaps it is amongst the IMPOLICIES of government, which it would be as well to forget, since it is not without reason, politicians, of all countries, have attributed to this treaty many of the disgraceful difficulties Great Britain has since groaned under, and many which are probably in advance.

Of the latter, though not less known with respect to its *existence*, I shall refresh your memory with a few of the most important *particulars*, because they may be necessary to illustrate some of those causes of the famous revolution which was attempted at this time, and whose grand object was to subvert every principle on which the union had been established, with a view “to diminish, as much as possible, the power of the States General, to attach the privileges of the Stadtholder, to assert, on all occasions, the independence of the States of Holland, and to disregard the opposition of such Members of the Union as they should be unable to draw over to their interests.”

In One Thousand Five Hundred and Seventy-nine, the Seven Provinces, harrassed, galled,
and

and worn out with perpetual tyrannies, put an end to the deliberations of this far-famed treaty, which contained the fundamental laws of the Republic, and may be considered as the origin of the Constitution.

By one of the articles it was stipulated, that no truce shall be accorded, no peace made, no war entered upon, nor any tax, or impost of any kind levied, without the unanimous consent of the Provinces.

By another, that no Province, or City shall be empowered to enter into any confederation, nor form any alliance with the neighbouring nations, or their sovereigns, without the like universal assent of all the States of the Republic.

They were, moreover, to aid, and assist one another in all cases against a foreign invader or enemy; they were to be allowed the freedom of a difference in their religious ceremonies, conformably to the pacification of Gand; equal administration of impartial justice to strangers, as to natives of the country; to pay equal taxes according to the powers of each Province

at that time settled; on fair equipoise of division, and not to alter any of the articles of the said treaty without the solemn concurrence of *all* the States assembled.

The friends to the House of Orange consider the treaty, out of which I have taken these prominent features, as the sacred portrait of the public wealth and happiness: as that blessed heptarchy, which, so far from degenerating into anarchy, orders and strengthens the links in the well-compacted chain of the Republic.

The Dutch patriots, nevertheless, frequently dissatisfied, at last projected, and had very nearly carried into execution, their *favourite* alterations—the most important of which were “That the *forms* of the present Government should continue to subsist, but that the States should become, in every respect, completely independent of the Stadtholder, and that for this purpose, he should no longer enjoy a seat in any of the colleges of the Republic. That the *Reglemens* should be abolished. That the Stadtholder’s right of recommending candidates for the vacant magistracies in the towns of Holland, should cease. That the charges of the Stadtholder, and Captain-General, should,

if possible, be separated, and conferred on different persons; or that, at least, the titles only should be reserved to the Prince of Orange; and the offices be executed as in the time of the De Witts, by Deputies chosen for the purpose. In general, that the Stadtholder should possess such powers *only* as might enable him to execute the *orders of the State*—a sort of upper servant of the Republic! That the hereditary Stadtholderate should continue in the Prince of Orange, *on his acceptance of these terms*, but that, in case of his refusal, the different States should be at liberty to elect another Stadtholder.

Of what this plan was productive at the time it was formed, and what it mediated yet more recently we shall see in their places.

Ah my friend, how difficult it is to prescribe proper bounds to freedom! or rather, how easy it is to prescribe, and how difficult to follow the rules, where men are determined to exact more, or submit to less, than their natural rights. Reason, religion, and justice, ought certainly to be the active agents of all human government—"their ways are ways of pleasantness, and all their paths are peace;"

nor does any thing more seem requisite to obtain all the blessings of their gentle and benevolent sway than to draw the true line of distinction betwixt liberty and licentiousness. It would be well for all persons disposed to cavil with their Governors, or with Government, to consider what an able politician has submitted to their consideration. "As war, (says he) "is one of the heaviest of evils, a calamity "which involves every species of misery; as "it sets the general safety to hazard; as it suspends commerce, and desolates the country; "as it exposes great numbers to hardships, captivity, and death; no man, who desires public prosperity, will inflame general resentment "by aggravating minute injuries, or enforcing "disputable rights of little importance;" and with respect to *Liberty*, it is not, as my learned and excellent friend, Mr. Potter, observes, "a "sickly exotic, raised in a foreign hotbed of "sedition, and watered with human blood; but "like our oak, a native of our island, rooted "in its soil, raised to its magnificent growth "by the genial air of the climate, and preserved "in everlasting vigour by our free constitution." Nor can I, in this place, refuse to join the virtuous sentiments of the great and good man from whom I have gleaned this beautiful

tiful image; and most heartily rejoice with him that the public spirit is now roused, not only to defend these blessings at home, but to restore them abroad. The public faith is now engaged to protect, not only our allies, but our enemies (even those who bear us an almost hereditary hate) against the insidious artifices, and hostile attacks of atheistical, ferocious, and sanguinary ruffians, who have violated every law human and divine, and declared war against all mankind:

“Havock, and spoil, and ruin are their gain.”

But happily the “scientific principle,” which hath been held out as the “polar star,” by which the vessel of the State was to be guided in a bolder navigation, to discover, in unexplored regions, the treasures of public felicity, is found to be a meteor whose baleful glare has led these wretched pilots to dash it against a rock in a tempestuous sea, where it must inevitably perish, without God himself delivers it from the danger—the God of armies, whose red right arm this unhappy people seem particularly to have called forth. What other atrocious deeds are destined to fill up the measure of their guilt, we must leave to that Almighty Power, who, as in the dreadful example before

fore us, "aristeth to shake terribly the earth;" and whether it is by pestilence, by earthquakes, by storm and tempest, or by the sword and fierceness of man, we must adopt the creed of this degraded nation, ere we can cease to believe all these are delegated by an offended God: but how far the commission to destroy extends, we cannot know. The French appear almost to have exhausted the wide and capacious powers of human invention to do evil.

But all this is anticipation. How have I been led into it? Against my own purposed intent too—of reserving what I have to offer on these subjects to a more convenient season, after I have done with themes of peace. It is, indeed, difficult to do this in the midst of continual alarms, which threaten not only the infatuated people to whom these observations are more immediately applicable, but every other government, and all those well-ordered establishments amongst men, which the wisdom, labour, and patriotism of ages have instituted. Return with me to the Province of Utrecht; there, at the tombs of the learned and wise, the great and good, let us get knowledge and understanding.

The town of Utrecht, you know, was either the birth or burial place of many illustrious men, particularly the two Burmans, Grævius and Grænovius; of all whom strangers are here shewn the seats, where "nobly pensive they sat and thought;" the places where they lived, and where they now sleep the sleep of death. Grævius, of whom the real name was Græw, taught politicks, eloquence, and history, in this university upwards of forty years. His great work (the "Treasures of Ancient Rome, its Antiquities, &c.") is an immense collection of different pieces upon the laws, customs, and manners of the Romans, in thirteen volumes folio, and written in conjunction with Grænovius, Professor of Belles Lettres and Geography. Of these great men, as well as of their friend and scholar Peter Burman, our Literary Atlas, Samuel Johnson, has spoken in high terms. One of the qualities, says the Doctor, which contributed eminently to qualify Grævius for an instructor of youth was the sagacity by which he readily discovered the predominant faculty of each pupil, and the peculiar designation by which nature had allotted him to any species of literature, and by which he was soon able to determine that Peter Burman was remarkably adapted to classical studies,

dies, and to predict the great advances he would make by industriously pursuing the direction of his genius. On the other hand, animated by the encouragement of a tutor, so celebrated as Grævius, Peter Burman, by continuing the vigour of his application, fulfilled his master's prophecy; and it has been asserted that he had passed honourably and fairly through the classes, and was admitted into the university, at the age of thirteen. His biographer allows this to be so stupendous a progress as to surpass the limits of all probability; of which, indeed, every man must be sensible, who considers that it is not uncommon for the highest genius in our country to be entangled for ten years in those thorny paths of literature which Burman is represented to have passed in less than two. But this prodigy has been cleared up very satisfactorily by the following observation. In the universities of foreign countries, they have professors of philology or humanity, whose employment is to instruct the younger classes in grammar, rhetoric, and languages; nor do they engage in the study of philosophy, till they have passed through a course of philological lectures and exercises, to which, in some places, two years are commonly allotted. Whereas the English scheme of education,

which,

which, with regard to academical studies, is more vigorous, and sets literary honours at a higher price than that of any other country, exacts from the youth, who are initiated in our colleges, a degree of philological knowledge, sufficient to qualify them for lectures in philosophy, which are read to them in Latin, and to enable them to proceed in other studies without assistance; so that it may be conjectured that Burman, at his entrance into the university of Leyden, had no such skill in languages, nor such ability of composition as are frequently to be met with in the higher classes of an English school; nor was, perhaps, at that time, more than moderately skilled in Latin, and taught the first rudiments of Greek.

The next object is Friezeland, which has always maintained a kind of rivalship with the province last considered. It is a seigneurie, containing a circuit of five-and-forty leagues. The inhabitants have been, at all times, warlike and jealous of their liberties. Originally they had a Roman education, which may account for this ardent *amor patriæ*, having served under the emperors Tiberius and Nero, both

of whom looked on them as the best and bravest soldiers of Germany.

It must be confessed, however, that their early history, like that of most other nations, is involved in fables; and they trace their princes in pretended and pompous succession, from the time of Alexander the Great,

Their name is derived from their first prince, Frison, who came from Asia three hundred and thirty years before the birth of our Saviour.

This province was afterwards erected into a monarchy, and then under the sway of governors. It afterwards came, by right of conquest, to a brother of a Prince of Orange; and two years after the famous pacification of Ghent, in 1572, it was annexed, by a kind of union resembling that of England and Scotland, to the States of Holland.

The first Stadtholder of this province was a brother of William, the celebrated founder of the Republic.

Friezeland is out of the beaten and popular track of travellers, although there is not any of the seven provinces, my friend, which has

more

more claim to their curiosity. An Englishman in particular will here find himself at home. The face of the country, the general manners of the people, their modes of living, and their very language assimilates to Great Britain.

The meadow grounds, and pretty inclosures, perpetually remind an English traveller of his native grounds; and the arable land is so favourable to the gifts of Ceres, that what, in these iron days, seems a poetical figure, is a literal truth in Friezeland,

“Where ev'ry rood of ground maintains his man.”

The soil is so grateful to the labour of the husbandman, that it returns his corn, especially his wheat an hundred fold; and it is not more remarkable for quantity than quality. The oats are also admirable; to which may, perhaps, be imputed the peculiar growth and strength of the horses that are bred and nourished here.

I was gleaning this province, when warlike preparations were making for the present dispute, betwixt France and the rest of the universe; and an order of the States for five hundred horse was executed, to the satisfaction of

the Commissioner, in eight-and-forty hours. The Friezelanders live in the most perfect good fellowship with each other, and having good houses, good horses, good property, and good-nature, are at once healthy, happy, and social; and what in a province of Holland, or, now-a-days in any country, is not less remarkable, they are wholly exempt from tythes.

When you visit this province, let me direct your steps to *Staverin*, the most ancient town of Friezeland, and said to be built a year after the birth of Christ. It is indebted for its name to the idol *Stavon*, and is very curiously situated upon a point of the gulph of the *Zuyder-sea*, opposite to Holland. Innumerable sand-banks invest the coast, inasmuch, that when the sea is at ebb, many of them are visible; especially one, concerning which there is an anecdote, that I shall commit to your credulity. This bank is called *l'Vrouwenland* (widow's land) because the superstition goes that a rich widow threw into this place a great quantity of corn, which she had avariciously hoarded, and heaped up in a time of general scarcity, and which she wanted the generosity to give, or even the justice to sell to her starving neighbours. Now, although the grain

thus squandered away was destroyed, it was not, it seems, suffered to be dissipated, even by the devouring waves; but was ordered by the power, who "rules old Ocean, and directs the storm," to remain a monument of his wrath, and embarrass the haven, where this guilty action was committed; serving, at the same time, as a lesson to the hard-hearted!

About three miles from Staveren is Molquern, where they speak a jargon scarce intelligible to the most expert linguists of Friezeland, and where the houses are separated from each other in a manner so truly whimsical, that a stranger finds himself more in want of a clue, than if he were threading the mazes of Rosamond's bower. On your entrance into the town, you will be visited by a guide, who will conduct you through the windings of this meandering town. The dress of the people, and the architecture of the place, leads one to suppose they are of Saxon origin.

The province of Over-yffel, follows, in order, that of Friezeland. There is a tradition that the Salique law was first instituted in that part of Over-yffel called Zallant,—agreeable to which pretension, one of the most important

articles of that law, respecting fiefs and land-tenures, is still so religiously observed, that estates of the above description are always entailed upon heirs male, to the exclusion of females.

I cannot recommend to you many things in this province, either curious or beautiful; but if you pay it a passing visit, you will not fail to make the town of Zwol amongst your excursions, because near it the virtuous Thomas à Kempis lived and died. I was assured that he there wrote his justly valued *Imitation of Christ*.

In the beginning of the year 1718, was conducted into Zwol a wild girl, who was found in the woods of Cranenbourg. She was about eighteen years of age, and, except a truss of straw round her waist, was entirely naked. She spoke a jargon, which neither the learned men of the province, nor the peasants understood. Her nourishment, even after civilization, was herbs, roots, and leaves of trees. She was discovered by the country people many months before she was caught, as she ran with incredible speed, and took refuge, in the recesses of the forest, the moment she was pursued, and was

at last taken only by stratagem. Nets and traps were laid and set for her, and in one of these she was entangled. When caught, she manifested a gentle and docile disposition, and recommended herself so much to the persons who had her in charge, that the magistrates of Zwol became interested for her; and in the hope of throwing some light on her history, advertised her shape, features, &c. with such exactness, that it came out a widow woman of Antwerp had lost her only child, a daughter, whose person and age answered to that of the wild girl of the woods. Struck with the similitude, the widow hastened to Zwol, and at the first glance recognized her offspring, who testified, on her part, no less natural affection towards her mother, to whose protection she was delivered, and with whom she passed many years in filial piety, the wonder and pity of innumerable witnesses to her singular fate, and as singular good qualities—the growth only of simple nature.

The Seigneurie of Groninguen was anciently a part of Friezeland, from which it is now divided, both with respect to government and laws. Considered as a separate province, it is of no great extent, comprehending in its terri-

tory only the land lying between the rivers Een and Lawer. This is sufficiently fertile, and the chief town, which gives a name to the whole county, is rich, large, and flourishing; in which description, indeed, may be comprised the general character of the towns of Friezeland, to which may very truly be added, the beauty of the women, it being difficult to meet a Friezeland female, who has not some claim to admiration on the score of her personal attractions, which perhaps derive some advantages from a picturesque manner of head-dress, calculated to give an effect to an innocent and delicate countenance.

We come now to a very distinguished part of the United States—namely, the beautiful and valuable province of Guelderland.

Geographers insist that this is the country formerly inhabited by the people whom Julius Cæsar, in his Commentaries, has mentioned, under the names of the Menapii, Usipetes, Gugerni, and Sicambri. Besides the county of Zutphen, Guelderland consists of twenty-two considerable towns, and more than three hundred villages. It has already been under the
government

government of Signiors, Counts, Dukes, and Chancellors.

In point of air, water, and elevation of country, it lifts itself pre-eminently above any of the United Provinces; and a traveller, after residing at the rest, will regale himself in Guelderland, and gratulate himself on the exchange. I have trod and re-trod, at different times, every part of it with pleasure, and am again preparing to pay it a visit; the particulars of which shall be in due place imparted to you.

The dutchy of Guelderland is connected with the county of Zuphen, as dependencies of the States General. Although, as I have before observed, the province of Holland is the most powerful, that of Guelderland is considered as deserving to take the lead, as to elegance, health, and fertility, or rather imagery of country. The capital towns are Arnheim and Nimeguen, of both which my promised future accounts will include a description.

At present the weather relents, the world of ice yields to a genial thaw that has been gently
unbinding

unbinding the frost for some days; the sluices once more open a passage for the Trechscuyts, in one of which I shall to-morrow morning set off for Leyden, but not before I have expressed my hopes, that my stay at Rotterdam has been productive of some amusement and information. The post awaits my packet,

Guelcherland, and I have had and received at different times every part of it with pleasure and again preparing to pay it a visit; the part of late of which shall be in due place imparted to you.

The duchy of Guelcherland is connected with the county of Xanten, as dependencies of the State General. Although, as I have before observed, the province of Holland is the most powerful, that of Guelcherland is considered as deserving to take the lead, as to elegance, health, and fertility, or rather industry of country. The capital towns are Arnhem and Nimegue, of both which my promised future account will include a description.

At present the weather remains the world of ice yields to a genial thaw that has been gently unbinding.

LETTER XLIV.

TO THE SAME.

Leyden.

AFTER being so long weather-bound in a town, I found a trip by water quite a relief, which was, perhaps, not a little assisted by the companions of my voyage; for the schuyt was fertile of characters, amongst which was a Dutch lady, who, having at least twice doubled the matrimonial Cape of Good Hope, and just escaped the rocks of desperate virginity, was going to bestow her hand on a person who still thought either it, or the weight of *gelt* (money) it brought, an object of espousal. She resided at a village in the way to Leyden, and had been at Rotterdam to purchase finery for her bridals. The company were soon amused with a sight of the articles, which she displayed with an ostentation that shewed her vanity both as to property and person; and it is often lucky for the possessors, that vanity, like love, is blind, otherwise this good lady would have seen, that neither her person or property were just objects of critical observation.

tion; the one being coarse, and the other paltry. It would have highly delighted you, who have a correct taste, to have been an eye-witness of this splendid vulgarity. The immense bracelets, the ponderous ear-rings, the seven-fold necklaces, bestudded with huge shining stones of many colours, indeed of *all* hues but the gentle, modest, and retiring ones. But far above the rest, "superior and alone," on a head made into a thick paste, with powder and pomatum, shone forth a massy hair-pin, of rose diamonds, which, instead of being airily fastened, seemed nailed to her forehead, on each side of which stuck a couple of new coquet-temple-patches, "round as a shield," of the size of an English half-crown, and spreading to the very eye-brow.

When you have sufficiently admired these, I will call your attention to four tawdry rings, ornamenting four ugly brown fingers, which the amiable owner of them displayed as if they had been shaped by the goddess of symmetry. It is not easily possible to see a worse assorted suite of decorations upon a more inelegant form; and still more difficult would it be for any body to have a better opinion of either that form, or of those decorations, than the fair object

ject to whom they belonged. How fortunately it is ordered, that our very awkwardnesses are thus converted into objects of happiness, by our self-love, and that nothing more seems necessary to the felicity of the inelegant, than that (whatever may be another's idea of their taste or attractions) they should be upon the best terms with themselves. Hence what you may contemn as vulgar, and regret as unfit for the fashion of the hour, is appreciated by conceit, and thought to be both beautiful and becoming. A well-bred person, on the contrary, is, for the sake of his associates, often obliged to sacrifice even his vanity; at least his vanity depends more on others than on himself, and cannot be gratified without the approbation of the refined part of the world; concerning which honest ill-bred vulgarity is altogether careless, unless the applauses of the world happen to concur with the estimate it forms of itself.

Our Dutch virgin, however, in her own adornment, did not forget to accommodate her intended bridegroom, whose taste, she assured us, she had consulted no less than her own (a lucky similarity you will say) in the choice of her decorations. But to demonstrate in a
more

more particular manner, her loving kindness towards him, she now shewed her fellow-passengers a curious tobacco-pipe, of the finest porcelain, on which was bepainted, in glaring colours, a dowdy Venus, and a squabby pair of Cupids, the one taking snuff, and the others sending their whiffs at one another. Of this instrument the stopper was silver, and the chain, to which it was attached, of the same metal: and that the gift might be complete, our ancient maiden had bought a china spitting bason, on which also was depicted certain emblems of her delicate passion. How few of our English maidens would have thus administered to the accomplishments of their lovers. A tobacco-pipe and spitting-box as a nuptial gift! Profit, ye votaries of the belle passion, by the example.

A droll fellow, who sat on the opposite side, malignly assured me, that about a twelvemonth ago, he had, under the favour of Providence, got rid of the halter with which the fair Hollander was about to hang herself. All this time, two Dutchmen, who embraced each other at their first entrance into the boat, and, in token of good fellowship, lighted their pipes by joining the bowls, and whiffing at each

other, set in for serious smoking, while two elderly women regaled their nostrils with a no less solid and solemn snuffing match. I do not believe a dozen words were spoken amongst the four during the whole voyage.

Resolved, if possible, to draw these mutes into conversation, I tried them on every subject I thought most likely to lead them into discourse; but, as if it were a pre-determined thing neither to speak to each other, nor any body else, all I said to the two smokers only produced a more than ordinary whiff in my face; and in return for my courtesy to the females, I received only the effluvia of a fresh pinch of snuff, which set me a sneezing. I was therefore glad to let them take their own way, and indeed found their mute state more supportable than their conversation and its accompaniments. We reached Leyden at the stated hour, and took different ways, perhaps, mutually dissatisfied.

Respecting this town, it is so much amongst the common objects of description, that I shall refer you to any one of the many books which have treated of it for the *brick and mortar particulars*, as I shall those of the still greater city
of

of Amsterdam. The literary and itinerant shewmen of our own country have, however, left behind them rather carelessly some things which the foreign travellers have *gleaned*, and which, deeming them worth the pains, I shall borrow for our sheaf. My rule has all along been to present you with as much of my own wheat as I could gather; but whenever I have been able to enrich my little harvest-home, by a few good grains, I have made no scruple of transporting them to my native soil.

Leyden, which is certainly a very elegant city, (and, I think, a striking resemblance of Oxford, but wanting its life and motion) has been rendered famous in history by the courage of its citizens, who, in 1574, sustained a most obstinate siege, attended with all the evils of war, famine, and disease, and purely to preserve their liberties. It is astonishing none of the British travellers have given their countrymen the detail of this memorable transaction. Had it happened in their own country, or in any other but Holland, which has, as I have frequently observed, been very unjustly slighted, an hundred biographers would have emblazoned every day's prowess during the five months that the siege continued.

The

The Spaniards having been obliged to raise the siege of Alcmaer, turned their arms against Leyden, from whence they were driven by Count Louis, of Nassau, brother to the then Prince of Orange. Some time afterwards, however, they returned, under a strong reinforcement, to the attack. The Spanish general (Francis Valdey) finding it impossible to take the town by force, resolved to attempt the more powerful means of famine. No pen can describe what the citizens suffered from this blockade. Reduced to the most dreadful extremity, they retained their heroism, even when there was scarce any thing left to sustain it. They drew lots for each other, which should become the victim of the day, to give sustenance to the rest; and many thinking it a more glorious act of patriotism, voluntarily offered themselves up, and supplicated for the preference of death, to nourish with their bodies their fellow-soldiers or citizens. Even the women, as well those of distinction as others, mounted the ramparts, fired the cannon, and exposed themselves to all the dangers and drudgery of military life, in imitation of a second Boadicea, named Kennava, who led them on. The besiegers were struck with the regular, not rigorous, intrepidity of this troop of female warriors,

rriors. Even they too, as if jealous of the bravery of the men, petitioned that they might be accepted as sacrifices to feed the now almost famished garrison and citizens, many thousands of whom perished for want, notwithstanding these supplies of human flesh. The Spaniards having learned their situation, once more summoned them to surrender, and granted them the truce of an hour to consider of it. They employed this short cessation of hostilities to gather the general sense of the people, as well soldiers as inhabitants, and this was their reply. "Tell your haughty general, we can never be said to want the means of life, or of continuing the siege; while a *left arm* remains upon any of our shoulders: our *right* we shall reserve to fight for our liberties."

To the dire necessity of living upon each other, they had, indeed, been long reduced; and the moment after the herald had departed, four of the burghers, after a short conversation with each other, presented themselves at the garrison, and after fighting vigorously, on the ramparts, for several hours, turned their bayonets upon themselves, and piercing their own bosoms, exclaimed, as the life-blood

flowed

flowed from them—"Behold, my valiant friends,
 "your provision for the rest of the day."

The famine, however, hourly increasing, some of the burghers voted for a surrender of the place. It was on this occasion that Adrian Van Werf, the chief magistrate of the city, set an example of constancy and courage, which would have merited a first place in the records of human magnanimity, had it not been for the above-mentioned heroism of the four citizens.

—"My friends," cried he, "I deem it infinitely more satisfying to die for you, than for the enemy. Let me then be your next victim. Cut this body in pieces, and in sharing it amongst you, remember it is to give you strength to continue the siege:—the many wounds I have received make me no longer able to take an active part. Let me not become waste by lingering in those wounds. While I can yet be of service, take me to yourselves, and may Leyden be victorious and immortal." Amidst these fore-disasters of battle, the news of their speedy relief was brought by some pigeons, to whose feet were tied stalks of corn and hemp, in the tubes of which were letters. I must not omit to tell

you,

you, that these pigeons are still preserved, embalmed, and to be seen in the town-house.”

On the 3d of October, the banks of the Meuse, and the Yffel, being cut, Louis Briffot, Admiral of Zealand, poured in to the relief of the besieged a great number of flat-bottomed boats, armed from helm to stern. The Spaniards, panic-struck by this unexpected reinforcement, abandoned their works, and made the best of their way into their own frontiers,

The anniversary of this memorable day is still celebrated at Leyden. The clergy are obliged to recapitulate the story of the siege, and the almost miracle of the deliverance of the town. It is, perhaps, to be wished, that the memory of similar events were revived by similar ceremonies, since every epoch, which commemorates the well-directed fortitude of men, or the interposition of Providence, cannot be too extensively known: in which, indeed, both religion and policy are alike concerned. We faithfully keep alive the darkest transactions—such as the gunpowder plot, the revocation of the edict of Nantes, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and various other incidents that stain the annals of history, and which

which it is for the credit of human nature to oblivate, while we neglect those happy events, and blessed sudden revolutions, which manifest a divine power, assisting mortal endeavours. Methinks, such memorials are calculated to inspire a noble emulation in the citizens to imitate their ancestors: for virtue, like vice, is certainly epidemic. William, Prince of Orange, although, at the time, labouring under a dangerous malady, ordered himself to be carried, in a litter, to Leyden, to return thanks, in person, to the citizens, for their generous assistance. By way of recompence, he granted to the town many privileges and immunities, and laid, with his own hand, the foundation of its celebrated university.

This famous seminary may properly be said to be erected by Gratitude, and dedicated to the courage and intrepidity of the sons of freedom. Many truly valuable members of society have been sent into the world from hence. Amongst others, the celebrated Herman Boerhaave, of whom I made honourable mention in a former letter. His reputation, as a physician, was so great, that a letter sent to him from Turkey, in Asia, was addressed to Dr. Boerhaave in Europe; his family have

ately erected a monument, which I yesterday visited. It is in the spacious and beautiful church of St. Peter, where he was buried. The monument itself is a simple pedestal of black marble, on the surface of which is engraved, immediately under a bust of the Doctor, these words: "*Simplex sigillum veri.*" On the reverse side is this emphatic expression: "*Salutifero Boerhaavii genio sacrum.*"

Leyden has to boast also the birth of Rembrandt, with whose life, as an artist, we are sufficiently acquainted by history: but I do not remember to have seen the following anecdotes of his private life and character. His avarice (rarely the vice of genius) was so excessive, that it led him frequently to sell his own paintings, in an underhand manner, several times over: nay, he sometimes made his own son dispose of them, and by way of excusing his deception, when found out, pretended his son had stolen them.

It is reported of this painter, that, being one day employed upon a family piece, in which every individual was to be exhibited, news being brought to him that his favourite monkey was dead, he insisted upon the animal being immediately

immediately laid before him, and drew him as a principal figure of the groupe: refusing, at the same time, to expunge the monkey, although he lost the sale of the picture, and although he loved money better than any thing but the monkey and his own caprices. That money was in the next degree precious to him, may likewise be evinced from a trick that was played on him by one of his scholars, who, knowing the disposition of his master, painted an apparently large sum of money, in different coins, upon a pack of cards, cut into suitable pieces. These the disciple distributed on the painter's table, when Rembrant was from home. On his return, he no sooner saw the counterfeits, than supposing it the price of some pictures sold in his absence, he ran to pick it up, and when he found himself disappointed, forgave the stratagem for the sake of the ingenuity of the imitation: for though he loved gold immoderately, he could not but be attached to genius.

But the most extraordinary personage, which the town of Leyden has produced, is the celebrated fanatic, commonly called John of Leyden, the true name of whom is *Bucold*, whose story is really curious. From the lowest extraction

he aspired to the highest honours ; and thought born of the humblest parents, and intended, by his father, for a taylor, gave out very early amongst his young companions, that so far from succeeding to his father's contemptible occupation, he was resolved to live, and die, a king. Let us see in what manner he contrived to keep his word. He soon broke from the shop-board, uncrossed his legs, and, associating with some itinerant comedians, commenced actor, and, determined on royalty, made his first appearance in a princely character. His next connection was with a man as lowly born, and as highly minded as himself, namely with a baker of Amsterdam, who declared that he was an ambassador of God, to enlighten the darkness of his fellow-creatures, and erect a new Jerusalem. This daring spirit assumed the name of the town in which he received his birth, *viz.* Thomas Munster, who had infected a great number of Germans with his contagious doctrines, in opposition to the efforts of Luther, previous to his acquaintance with John of Leyden ; and as religious seditions are always the most violent, it was, at length, found necessary to take up arms against this fanatic faction, every hour gaining strength. Of all epidemics, that of a wild, but new sectary,

fectary, is the most rapid and fatal. The Elector of Saxony, the Landgrave of Hesse, and the Duke of Brunswick, entered into a confederacy, to quell these insurgents, whom they often routed, but whom they found a great difficulty wholly to subdue. Munster was himself taken prisoner, and instantly beheaded. But this tragic event, so far from dispiriting the party, appeared only to animate it with a more inveterate zeal and opposition. John of Leyden, commanding a troop of ferocious zealots, made himself master of the town of Munster; where, after he had exercised the most horrible cruelties, he caused himself to be chosen and proclaimed King.

His prediction, as to mock-majesty, was now fulfilled; but not the measure, either of his ambition or his crimes. No sooner had he established himself in his new government, than he issued edicts, and enacted laws. He permitted polygamy, and set the example, by taking unto himself twenty wives. Some authors limit the number to fourteen. He pulled down all the churches, and totally changed the administration. He next instituted a regular court, and insisted on receiving all the homage of royalty. A faithful historian of his

his times, assures us, that he had all the abilities essential to wise and just legislation; but that his headlong passions, and natural barbarity, hurried him into all the practices of a lawless and unprincipled usurper. Covering his sacrilege with a veil of piety, he denominated his pretended monarchy the new kingdom of Israel, and himself not only the political sovereign, but the religious high-priest and chief minister of justice, in the new temple of the living God. One of his wives had, by her evil communication, imbibed so much of his impious spirit, as to think herself inspired; and deeming it necessary to establish her character by something worthy of such a husband, intimated her design of following the example of Judith, by assassinating the Bishop of Waldeck. She was, however, seized in the attempt, by the good prelate himself, who wrenched the sword from her hand, just as she was about to strike, and was punished on the spot with the same weapon. Another of John's wives was slain by his own hand, for a slight hesitation to obey his orders. His coronation, of which the ceremony was performed in the midst of his enormities, was accompanied by all the pomps of the eastern world. He always wore a crown on his head, when he passed
the

the streets on horseback. An hundred youths prepared the way, out of which was driven every living thing; yet he expected, that at due and awful distance, the sides should be crowded by the prostrate populace. In one hand he carried a sword, in another the Old Testament. For any person to be seen standing, or covered, in his presence, was an offence beyond pardon, and always punished with death.

So many horrors and abominations, however, did not fail, in the end, to involve their author in destruction. The Bishop of Munster sat down before the town, and determined on a regular siege, during which, John's party was reduced to the most dreadful extremities, in the fore pressure of which some of his faction voted for a surrender. Forty-seven persons were beheaded, by their chief, as the forfeit of this proposition. All this time they subsisted on cats, dogs, and, lastly, one another. A wounded, or reluctant man was immediately slain and eaten. The ferocity of the faction, and particularly of John, seemed to gather force by this dreadful nourishment; and the town was at last taken by stratagem. This phantom of majesty, who had, however, exercised

more

more than kingly power, was taken alive, with many of his companions. When this desperate ruffian was conducted before the victorious prelate, who reproached him with his treason and profanation, he replied to the charges with an audacity scarce paralleled in the history of fallen villainy. "Spare your advice, (which is lost upon me) and listen to mine, which is of more value. You have made me your prisoner. I have cost you both money and blood. I have drained your treasuries, and depopulated your country. Having thus been your greatest enemy, I will now put you in the way of making me your best friend. My death would be a loss to you: my life may be a gain. Put me into an iron cage, carry me thus inclosed through Europe, and let a price be set on the sight of me. The injuries I have done your state will then be repaired, and I shall, by comparing your gain with your loss, have a right to be considered, in the end, as your benefactor."

Part of his plan was adopted, but not that part which would, with all its ignominy, have been the most acceptable to him, the preservation of his life. As the principal author of the disorders and iniquities, this was justly forfeited;

feited; but the manner in which John's, of Leyden, was taken away, is almost too shocking for a virtuous conqueror, considering him, too, as an ecclesiastic, to inflict, even, upon an impious traitor. The Bishop of Munster ordered the culprit to be fastened to a stake, and two executioners to tear asunder, slowly, first the flesh, and then the members, with burning pincers; to let the operation be very deliberate—to avoid, for a given time, invading the vital parts, and lastly, but not 'till himself, and the assembled multitudes, had been spectators of more agony than human beings ought, perhaps, to look on, for the sake of example, he was pierced with a spear to the heart, and then his mangled body was thrown into a cage of iron, in which it hung, at the top of St. Lambert's steeple, 'till time, which destroys every monument of this world, whether erected to vice or virtue, mouldered it away. His accomplices suffered the same fate, except that they were not caged after death, and this sect expired with its chiefs. Some fruitless attempts have been made at Amsterdam to revive it. A party, calling themselves Memnonites, (from Memno Simons, a priest of Friesland, who preached this doctrine in 1536) hold in abhorrence the atrocities of Munster, and
if

If certain of these Memnonites entertain similar tenets on the subjects of baptism and oaths, they renounce that spirit of sedition, fanaticism, and revolt, which disgraced the adherents of John of Leyden, and I am told are very peaceful, good, citizens. You will be shewn, amongst the curiosities of Leyden, the shop-board on which this self-made sovereign worked at his business.

In your visit to this town, I wish to prepare you for two matters you ought to know; the one is a settled and indispensable ceremony of pulling off your hat, in answer to a most troublesome civility you will receive from every passenger of every description; it being a custom throughout Holland, in general, and Leyden, in particular, to make a very profound obeisance to every stranger, and to expect the same in return: insomuch that a traveller ought to lay his account for a hat extraordinary, in making a tour of the seven provinces. In the great street of Leyden, which is an English mile long, I have been obliged to bow myself out of half my hat, and all my patience; and what is the more provoking, if you meet the same people twenty times in a walk, the like ceremony is inflicted upon you,

without any compromise being made for former civility. "Booing, booing, booing, booing," as Macklin's "Man of the World" says, all day long. Add to which, a Dutch bow is in itself a ridiculous and disgusting piece of formality. The hand is lifted to the head, and the hat held up at arm's length and height, and replaced with so much deliberation, that you may walk fifty paces during the operation; and this is so frequently repeated, that the hat has scarce time to regain its usual place before a fresh passenger sends it off again. But the whole of this is performed with such ineffable *sang-froid*, that the head seems as insensible as the hat. Not a feature appears conscious of the salutation; not a muscle moves in correspondence with the greeting—it is altogether a mechanical act, and you have nothing for it but to take off and put on your hat, and go about your business. The second article, not less vexatious, is the importunate intrusion of a pack of fellows who call themselves porters, who almost pluck your baggage, though but a small parcel in your handkerchief, out of your hand, and are more troublesome to get rid off than Horace's Impertinent. If you refuse their services, they are saucy. If you accept them, they are obsequious, even to fawning.

Thus,

Thus, almost every body in this town, when they intend to be polite, are * too civil by half.

But

* The new-fangled republicans of a neighbouring kingdom have taken such offence at this overmuch politeness, that they have, with their usual passion for excess—ah! had they but known where to stop!—converted it into an object of conventional censure, and it would not be at all *contre le regle*, if the national legislators were to guillotine half a hundred of the citizens, *convaincu d'avoir courbè le dos en saluant*; for we are told, with an affectation of public virtue, and a rage for innovations perfectly ridiculous, perfectly *patriotic*—that a number of Republicans begin to feel the custom of bowing the head, and bending the back, in meeting, has in it a servility unbecoming the honest roughness, *de la fierté republicaine*—besides, add they, it is a practice very inconvenient, and *wears out our hats!* Hereupon this once supple, but now stiff-necked generation, have petitioned the law-mongers to fabricate a *new code of civility*, the utmost limit of which is a fraternal hug. “That it should come to this!” The FRENCH nation making a law against *bowing!* and cutting off a man’s head for the crime of his politesse!—Laughs not my friend? But what may not be expected from a race of rioters, who, in their outset, brought before the most awful tribunal of their country complaints so infinitely ridiculous, that an air of ridicule was thrown over the most dreadful executions—formal petitions against white caps, in favour of red ones, and a long speech in the senate-house, to lop away the excrescence of an un-republican cravat!

That such a savage fury, high-souled courage, and petulant childishness, even to babyhood, should mingle together! But what is all this, when these innovators nick-name the very

months

But it is time I should put an end to this long letter. After having made MY bow, then, to you, and to my readers, farewell.

months of the year! In a word, these reformers of the earth seem, inveterately, bent upon turning the world topsy turvy, and we may well exclaim, in the words of Hudibras :

“ This shews how perfectly the rump,
 “ And commonwealth together jump ;
 “ For as a fly that goes to bed
 “ Rests with its tail above its head,
 “ So in this mongrel state of our’s,
 “ THE RABBLE ARE THE SUPREME POWERS !”

The French, it has been seen and felt, are capable of every thing great, every thing little ; but after all, if they do not continue to mend on themselves, they will do nothing but make a dire gap in creation, and fill it up with blood. To a certain point they had a glorious cause. They reached this point almost before a gun was loaded, or a sword unsheathed. The ancient receptacles of tyranny were humbled to the dust. Humanity smiled on the ruins. Royalty could not frown, for the very error of his reign was the unresisting softness of his nature. For this he had been adored—for this he bled. But the shedding blood, like other habits, becomes familiar. Has it not often become an appetite ? and Liberty herself, “ divinely fair,” as she is, must, if we suppose her to have her birth in the pure and unconfined regions of heaven, behold, with a blush, the atrocities committed in her name.

Horrible, horrible, most horrible!

LETTER XLV.

TO THE SAME.

Leyden.

AMONGST the pleasant events of my Dutch excursion, is to be enumerated my meeting with a friend,* whose social manners, and intellectual qualities, without taking his professional skill into the account, though to *that* I am indebted for the preservation of my health, would have made me quit the scene of our rencontre with regret, had it been even in Siberia, if the separation had not been solaced by the hope of, again, meeting in England. To this accomplished man, who, you know, has, since his studies, and travels, were finished, "bettered this report," to his own honour, I am indebted for some valuable hints, respecting the Leyden university. They will be found in the close of this letter, but I will first glean his remarks, on the Dutch, in general; therein, fairly, giving you both sides of

* Dr. Pinckard, of Great Russel-Street, Bloomsbury.

of the picture; for our features of the country, and people, are not exactly alike.

“Your laudable attempt to rescue the amphibia of this aqueous region, from the charge of *inhospitality*,” said the Doctor, after having read my account, “will, at all events, be a novelty. In the execution of it, you will, surely, fall under no suspicion of plagiarism. The intent is praise-worthy, and in perfect unison with your charitable mind. Prejudice, I am ready to allow, is a sad bane; and its operation, on the minds of English tourists, but too general: yet, there are, I would hope, among our countrymen, some who have removed this moth from their eyes. These, however, still join the throng in one common opinion of this race of aquatics.” I admitted the *opinion*; but not its validity, unless with very large exceptions.

“For my own part, although not yet enough a citizen of the world, to think *any* other country equal to our happy isle,” continued my friend, “nor so much a stay-at-home traveller, as to build my faith, wholly, on the reports of hasty journalists; yet I cannot but

“confess, after a long residence among them,
 “that I have felt myself inclined to enlist with
 “the multitude, respecting this prominent
 “feature, in the character of the Dutch people.
 “Many instances could I relate to you, that
 “have come within my own observation, which
 “would militate, strongly, against the defence
 “your benevolence induces you to plead in
 “their behalf. On the other hand, it were
 “but just to acknowledge that I have experi-
 “enced some signal marks of hospitality in
 “these provinces: but I fear you will, inflex-
 “ibly, class me among the stay-at-home—the
 “prejudiced—the ill-humoured part of our
 “countrymen, when I tell you, that it has,
 “only, been in such *English* families, whose na-
 “ture has not changed with their change of
 “abode.” “You have been out of luck, my
 “dear Doctor,” said I. “And you,” answered
 “he, “have, surely, been peculiarly happy, in
 “the society you have found, since your arrival
 “here, that the excellent fruit, which others
 “have sought in vain, should seem to present
 “itself, to you, as the common harvest of the
 “country.” “Not as the harvest, but very good
 “pickings, indeed, for a Gleaner, Doctor.

“Some,

“Some, I fear, still firm in their faith, may
 “be uncharitable enough to suspect,” resumed
 he, “that the kind *Mynheers*, and their *Vrowes*,
 “with whom you associate, had received pri-
 “vate intimation, that so able, and benevolent,
 “an advocate had journied hither *to glean*
 “*them*. Others, alike adhering to their former
 “opinion, speculating on the title of your in-
 “tended work, will, perhaps, contend that the
 “numerous class, who have preceded you,
 “have brought to market the real crop of the
 “country; whilst a Gleaner, alone, from bend-
 “ing, and looking nearer to the soil, and re-
 “maining, from the very nature of his labours,
 “longer upon it, hath been enabled to collect
 “the few blades of hospitality, so thinly scat-
 “tered over the land—and which, having
 “picked up, you, so joyfully, bind in your
 “valuable sheaves.”

I smiled, bowed, and suffered my ingenious
 friend to proceed.

“A friend of mine, who has spent more time
 “in Holland than has yet fallen to the lot, either
 “of you, or myself, has, sometimes, said to me,
 “he could almost imagine, that, like their ha-
 “bits, the language of the Dutch did not admit

“of any term synonymous to, what is generally
 “understood by, the English word *hospitality*;
 “and this being the only part of your work
 “I cannot subscribe to, I may confess to you,
 “that from the general want of candour and
 “liberality in their dealings, and the repeated
 “instances of penury and avarice, which I
 “have witnessed, since the time of my be-
 “coming a resident among them, I have,
 “more than once, been half inclined to think
 “so too;

“At the metropolis, of these states, you will
 “find a certain portion of the city appropriated
 “to the residence of the Jews. This part is
 “called the Jew’s quarter of Amsterdam. Were
 “we to judge from their usual dealings, and
 “mode of traffick, with equal propriety might
 “we term the whole country of the Hol-
 “landers, *the Jewish quarter of Europe*. Even
 “you, I fear, friendly as you are disposed to-
 “wards them, cannot but acknowledge, that,
 “to deal with a Dutchman, it behoves every
 “one, to consider himself encountering a Jew,
 “who will, not only, contend as obstinately for
 “the last doight, as old Shylock for the pound
 “of flesh, but who will, certainly, impose, if
 “possible, and take every unfair advantage.”

Just as in England, with an Englishman; my dear friend; but individual vice, or virtue, has nothing to do with national character, said I.

“ I have been sorry to learn, that among the English, who have migrated to this country,” observed the Doctor, pursuing his point, “ the common reported Dutch principle often proves rapidly contagious, and that, from breathing the same air, they soon imbibe the infection, and degenerate into the amphibious sons of penury and avarice.— Of these Dutchified Britons, some specimens have come under my own observation.”

Why truly, answered I, if I did not “ eat in memory the custard of yesterday,” I partook at your table, I should think so too.

“ As to Leyden,” rejoined my friend, “ I am much interested in wishing it may abound in Gleanings. Prepare yourself for a long visit; and remember, that, in the intervals, between your gleaning hours, I shall hope to enjoy the leafings of your society.”

“ The tedious and methodic system of bowing, for which the inhabitants of this city have a peculiar fondness, will furnish an ear or two

“ for your store-house. In description, touched
 “ by the comic quill, it would afford a facetious
 “ morsel for *John Bull*. To such an absurd
 “ degree do they carry this custom, that it is
 “ common to see them bowing to the window,
 “ where an acquaintance, occasionally, sits,
 “ when no person is near it; or to a friend’s
 “ coach, as it passes them in the street, al-
 “ though no one be in it,

“ Neat and clean as are all the towns in Hol-
 “ land, Leyden exceeds, perhaps, the whole of
 “ them. Its streets—its buildings—its canals,
 “ all combine to give it the pre-eminence. It
 “ is a place well adapted to study, for, although
 “ a large city, it is so still and quiet, that we
 “ feel ourselves in perfect retirement. Its uni-
 “ versity, so much renowned, you will, pro-
 “ bably, find to have been so closely *mowed*,
 “ *reaped, and raked over and over*, that, in this
 “ particular, it offers but a scanty supply to a
 “ Gleaner,

“ High as the fame of this school was raised
 “ by the uncommon talents of the celebrated
 “ Boerhaave, it is but little wonderful that the
 “ doctrines of that great man should be flow-
 “ ing in their decline. In the eyes of the present
 “ professors,

“ professors, they have not lost their charms.
 “ The humoral pathology has still its ad-
 “ mirers — spontaneous gluten, lentor, and
 “ acrimony of the fluids, yet boast their advo-
 “ cates. In Holland, innovations in medicine
 “ are thought more dangerous, than in politics :
 “ political opinions, indeed, excepted, the
 “ Dutch have a known dread at every species
 “ of change or reform : their perverse and ob-
 “ stinate nature compels them to plod over
 “ the old task, coldly refusing all the benefits of
 “ new discoveries. To an *élève* of the British
 “ schools it is matter of surprise to hear a
 “ learned professor supporting, with his ut-
 “ most eloquence, theories which *he* has been
 “ taught to consider as old and exploded, and
 “ which have been proved hypothetical and
 “ absurd.”

Talk thus, my friend, said I, and you will
 meet no interruption, from the Gleaner, I pro-
 mise you,

“ It seems within the natural course of re-
 “ volutions, that this celebrated university,”
 said the Doctor, “ should now yield the palm
 “ to Edinburgh ; which, from the great abili-
 “ ties, and ingenuity, of the professors, together
 “ with

“ with the excellent regulations, and arrange-
“ ments, for the improvement of the students,
“ is, at this period, beyond all doubt, the first
“ medical school in Europe.” I bowed assent.

“ In Leyden,” continued my friend, “ the
“ different branches of natural history are taught
“ with great precision, and with much atten-
“ tion, to methodical, and systematic, arrange-
“ ment. The botanic garden is, perhaps, un-
“ rivalled. It is a most valuable acquisition
“ to the students, being a very extensive, and
“ useful, collection of plants, admirably, and
“ methodically, arranged, according to the
“ Linnæan system.

“ The mode of graduation, at this university,
“ may, perhaps, supply a few ears to an indus-
“ trious Gleaner.” I pray you add them to my
store, said I. “ Most gladly,” replied the
Doctor. “ It has, by some, been said,” rejoined
he, “ that a student offering himself a
“ candidate for a degree, at Leyden, finds little
“ difficulty in passing his examinations. This
“ may be very true, provided he be well pre-
“ pared, but not otherwise; and, thus, the ob-
“ servation applies, equally, to every *other*
“ school. The tryals, to which the candidate
“ must

“ must submit, previous to obtaining his de-
“ gree, are, perhaps, at no university more se-
“ vere, certainly, at none more general, and
“ useful, than at Leyden. It may be observed,
“ that the examinations, to which, in any
“ school, a student is subjected, on his seeking
“ literary honours, are, like all subjects, of
“ which we can form no distinct idea, very
“ much magnified by anticipation. He knows
“ not what he has to undergo; but he knows,
“ and feels, powerfully, the possibility of fai-
“ lure, and of being sent back, in disgrace, to
“ his studies. This is fully sufficient to mul-
“ tiply the magnitude of the task, in his mind,
“ to a something tremendous—to a something
“ that he feels a kind of terror at meeting. To
“ this it is, probably, owing, that, afterwards,
“ when the trial is over, and he has nothing
“ further to apprehend, he reduces it, below
“ what he actually found it, and is led to join
“ those who have gone before him, in speaking
“ of the examination, he has passed, as slight
“ or trivial. That this is the fact would seem,
“ indeed, to be proved, by his not being able
“ to impress the next that follows him with
“ these feelings—nor to maintain them, him-
“ self, when again called to trial.

“As

“ As this routine has come under my own
 “ eye, and has been the subject of my frequent
 “ observation, I will, if you please, undertake
 “ to glean it for you.

“ The first step, towards a graduation at Ley-
 “ den, is the student presenting himself before
 “ the Rector Magnificus, to have his name re-
 “ gistered on the books of the college. This
 “ done, he is called to an examination before
 “ the Dean; which is a long tryal, and of more
 “ general, and useful, tendency than is com-
 “ monly passed in other schools. You under-
 “ stand that I am speaking of a graduate in
 “ medicine. If his responses are satisfactory,
 “ and the Dean thinks him eligible, he is now
 “ admitted a candidate for his degree. After a
 “ few days, he is called before the Faculty of
 “ Medicine. At this meeting, the questions
 “ are, usually, confined to some particular vis-
 “ cus of the body, and relate to its situation,
 “ structure, and functions; the diseases pecu-
 “ liar to it; and the method of curing such
 “ diseases. If the replies are approved by the
 “ Faculty, the candidate is next presented with
 “ two aphorisms, on which he is to write com-
 “ mentaries, and to appear, with them, at the
 “ college; on the following day, at noon,
 “ when he undergoes a third examination, by
 “ defending

“defending the expositions he has written,
“against the objections of the faculty. It is
“not until after this third tryal, that he can
“have the satisfaction of knowing whether he
“will obtain his degree. If, in his answers,
“he has given proof of his abilities, and his
“censors think him sufficiently qualified, he
“has next to produce a dissertation, on some
“medical or philosophical subject, to be ap-
“proved by the person, whom, the Dean ap-
“points his promoter. Such approbation be-
“ing signified to the candidate, he has the pri-
“vilege of fixing the period of his fourth or
“final examination; when he is required to
“defend his dissertation, in public, before the
“whole Senatus Academicus. The commen-
“taries, and the dissertation, are written, and
“the whole of the examinations passed, in the
“Latin language.

“The number of students educated at this
“university, has much decreased since the days
“of Boerhaave, but is still sufficient to add,
“materially, to the trade, and to the riches, of
“the city. They are not restricted to any re-
“gulations, or college rules, as in Oxford and
“Cambridge, but, as at Edinburgh, are left to
“their own industry, and emulation, in the pro-
“secution of their studies.

“Many

“Many of the inhabitants, at Leyden, have
 “apartments which are kept expressly for the
 “students. These are, commonly, distinguish-
 “ed by a piece of board, hung at the window,
 “on which is written *cubicula locanda*,”

A thousand thanks, my dear Doctor, said I,
 for these estimable remarks, about which we
 agree entirely; and as we only are in conten-
 tion about the subject of the *hospitality* of the
 country, you shall, in the first instance, give
 me another good dinner, and each of your *Eng-
 lish* families another, by way of proving to
 me how far the imputed avarice of the land
 has been epidemic amongst the British resi-
 dents; and, in return, I will take you, by the
 hand, to as many *Dutch* houses, dinner for
 dinner, bottle for bottle, and, then, we will,
 at the close of the account, see how stands
 the balance of good-fellowship, and civility.
 “Agreed,” exclaimed the Doctor, “and, after
 “all, we shall, most likely, maintain our pre-
 “sent opinions.” No doubt, said I, then, all
 that can be said, is, that I have been, in this
 respect, a fortunate—you, a luckless, traveller.
 We bade each other cordially farewell: and I,
 now, bid you the same.

LETTER XLVI.

TO THE SAME.

Holland.

I THANK you, my friend, for the box of English newspapers. They are the "brief chronicles of the times," and an acceptable present to a British traveller, who feels an anxious desire to know what is doing at home, while he is roaming abroad: and who, be his situation what it may, casts

"Many a longing, lingering, look behind."

Indeed a man cannot traverse any part of the Continent of Europe, without, almost immediately, pronouncing our country to be the most newspaper-loving nation in the world. Yet it appears to be a mere national prejudice, to tell a stranger the city of London publishes more papers in a week, than the rest of Europe in a year. On my asserting, at what is called a *societè*, (club) while at Amsterdam, that the metropolis of England could dispose of near twenty papers of a day, on an average of fifteen

teen hundred each, that the Morning Herald, St. James's Chronicle, and several others, were productive of some thousand pounds a-year, net money, to the proprietors; besides yielding a large sum to the revenue; I was looked on as giving my country a pretty handsome puff. A sly, old man, who was smoking his pipe in the corner of a coffee-house, where I had made this assertion, observed, as he took his pipe out of his mouth, "Your countrymen ought to be great politicians." He then recapitulated all I had said on the subject, then resorted again to his pipe, still preserving the same incredulous set of tones and features, marking his disbelief of every sentence with a whiff, signifying that it was smoke. "And so you say, Mr. Englishman, your city of London can sell so many thousand prints of a day!" Yes. "Whew!" replied he, "And some of your citizens net a thousand, or two, of English guineas, independently of royal imposts!" More. In answer to this, a drawing in of the breath, and a whiff full in my face; that succeeded by another, as if intended to blind, or suffocate, me for the lie direct.

In despite of this, however, I went on. But our newspapers are not less the vehicles of
politics,

politics, than of fashion: they are equally adapted to the cabinet of a minister, as to the tea-table of a lady. (The smoker stared, and again drew in). They are the repositories of our dresses, amusements and amours. (The breath still sucked in strongly.) 'Tis a sort of solecism in politeness, not to have one, at least, served up with breakfast; the aforefaid Morning Herald, the Oracle, Morning Chronicle, Star, Sun, Moon, Diary, Public Advertiser, Gazetteer, or some other. And each costs three stivers, or I believe, since the last regulations, four: but I am convinced if they cost fourteen, the curiosity of the English nation would pay up to their price, and when taken fresh at breakfast, not a Dutch breakfast, without tea-spoons, or sugar, or bread, but with all the luxuries of the tea equipage, an Englishman, "has stomach for them all!" "Ugh!" said the Dutchman betwixt a sigh and suck! "Four stivers!" Yes, and persons of condition must have several. In some families, as many as there are cups and saucers: though they never last longer than the hour of breakfast, which furnishes by the help of these historians of the morning, plenty of slight or substantial topics, for the rest of the day. Love, hate, an enemy to be censured, a friend

to be praised, a beauty to be set off, a rival to be decried, a minister to be scouted, an oppositionist to be put into his place: a scandal asserted, denied, re-asserted, re-denied. In short, an English newspaper is a book of universal use, knowledge, and information, and is as necessary to a man or woman, of any pretension to taste, as powder in the hair, or a watch in the pocket. The man of smoke had by this time gathered a mouthful; his cheeks inflated, and he looked as if he was taking aim.

Not continued I, carelessly, that they are universally read. In private houses, there are on an average, five overlookers to one examiner. The females of a family only skim the scandal and amusements, mixing a little of both with each dish of tea—a kind of sentimental cream, which is said to give a most delightful flavor to the repast: the master of the mansion, betwixt every piece of bread and butter, lays a slice of politics, more relishing to him than the bread and butter itself, and fresh made from that prolific milch-cow, the public: and although when she has yielded a brimming pail, in one column, she frequently kicks it down in the next, till the sweetest intelligence, (whether

(whether for or against the ministry) all turns sour on the stomach, the good man would find something wanting were he not to see a fresh supply served up the next morning. Thousands read only the price of stocks, which though contained generally in an inch of news, (here a grand puff at me) is cheerfully paid for in the sum of three or four stivers. Thousands divert themselves only with the robberies, murders, deaths, and marriages, all of which might be packed in a walnut shell, and leave room almost for the bankruptcies. When I had gained this sentence, through fire and smoke, all that my principal auditor had collected into his mouth, during the relation, was discharged in my face, which it enveloped in clouds. And, pray, interrogated the puffer, where do you find room for your long history of pick-pockets and highwaymen, for I am told, you have as many rogues in a day as newspapers! What do you take us for, Mr. Traveller: do you recollect that we are too near neighbours, to swallow all this! (swallowing a large quantity of smoke, as if to imitate the action) I insisted upon the truth of my assertions, which made my smoker seriously angry: he shook some of the fire from his pipe, then mouthed it again; and as he walked backwards, and for-

B b 2

wards,

wards, whiffed off several puffs in succession, insisting that the number of papers published in Amsterdam, did not exceed a paper a day, or two at most, and that they contained all that was necessary; adding, as to amusements, scandal, &c. he looked on them only as skim milk; and the latter still worse—skim milk turned sour. But you Englishmen, as all the world knows, are great *travellers*, and ever ready to take advantage of us, poor, stay-at-home people—he, he, he!! The emphasis on the word *travellers*, and the bitter irony in the laugh, aggravated by the most sarcastic set of snuff-coloured features, in turn, vexed *me*, and, knowing that a fellow of this cast is best punished by himself, I raised my voice a pitch higher, to inform him, that every syllable I had uttered, respecting the quantity, and quality of English newspapers was true, and that moreover there were tens of thousands, in the city of London, and its environs, who took in, and paid yearly for one or more of the said papers, without reading a paragraph in a month.

This, though, as you know, my friend, literally true, was a great deal too much for my smoke-dried veteran, who, throwing down his pipe, and the price of the coffee, with which he had

moistened it, and then throwing an old thread-bare blue cloak across his shoulders, took off his hat with the most ludicrous solemnity, and hobbled off thanking me for my *BRUSSELS Gazette Extraordinary*. When he was gone some German gentlemen observed, that they saw I was resolved to play on the old fellow, and that he deserved it for his rudeness; and, indeed for his not seeing more clearly, I was in jest; for, added they, we live in a very large town in Germany, where the English paper comes from London, and had been told it was the best of the three to be had in that city.

Such are the prejudices of nations. But I perceive amongst the bundles you have sent me, is a *Gazette Extraordinary indeed*. You have marked one paragraph therein with your pencil, and archly underwrote this brief epitaph, *Alas, poor Gleaner!* In the very instant that I thus sport with the pen, holding it lightly between my fingers, corresponding to the lightness of my heart, which bounds with pleasure on the receipt of your letter and parcel; and at the novelty of unclouded spirits, after the depressions of sickness, *I see that I am dead*. I breathed my last, it seems at Coblentz. As I purpose Gleaning that city in due time, I

intend to pay due respect to the spot where I was buried, visit my own grave, and write my own epitaph. Though you humourously inform me that has been already done for me in a very handsome manner, by my friends, in England. This is the third time in the course of my life, that I have been put to death, in the newspapers, without my consent or knowledge.

“Thrice they flew the flain.”

And, let me assure you,

“Thrice have I liv'd again.”

True, indeed, I was taken out of the world suddenly, and once went off after a lingering sickness. But to shew that the principle of charity still survives in me, I forgive all those who have had a hand in my death, with all my heart; and really, at this good natured moment, feel a sort of reluctance, at the impossibility of giving my friends this public satisfaction of knowing I am in the land of the living, without, at the same time, disappointing those, if any such there be, who have derived any satisfaction in numbering me with the dead. By way of consolation, however, I will have the kindness to inform them that, notwithstanding,

“In

“ In all my wanderings round this world of care,

“ In all my griefs, and God has giv'n my share.”

I am just now in general good spirits and health, they may expect in something less than a hundred years, to have the pleasant intelligence confirmed. Meantime, I heartily wish them, and you, my friends and enemies, the comfort of being killed only upon paper, for many years to come; with the additional *agrément* of revisiting the country where they died as often as they please! If it contains the lovely scenery which blooms round Coblentz, where I have been so long entombed; and which scenery I have in store for you; their happy ghosts, mistaking it, perhaps, for the Elysian Fields, might not “ be fond to resign it.”

But, gracious Providence! what will not *we* bear, and *l'on dit*, those two well-informed personages, who know every thing that has, and has *not* happened, say? Since I have been upon the Continent, I have been assured of so many events having taken place to myself and others, not one of which ever did, will, or can happen, in politics, in civil, or in *uncivil* matters, that, methinks it would be a pleasant work to bring under one point of view, a collection

lection of *l'on dits*, and *we bears*, or the rumour book of *what was said to be*, which was not, for the new-year. It might be published, you know, with the almanacks, and, I question, whether even Mr. Newberry ever yet offered his little or great readers, a book half so full of pretty and wonderful *stories*.

But in another of the papers you have sent me, I discover a second pencil mark, accompanied by requests thus expressed: "This must be Gleaned." You remember, it is opposite the little funeral tribute I paid to the death-devoted horse, of my beloved friend*, to whom the public are indebted; and a large debt it is, for introducing the three greatest poets of Greece into England, and in an English dress, as rich, graceful, and flowing, as the robes of their own country. You have a passage too, in your letter, importing, that the petitionary verses of this poor steed, will serve as a very proper counterpart to the history I have given of my own aged horse in our first sheaf: and desire to preserve them from the fate of fugitive papers, or the flying sheets of the day, in our, I hope, more permanent correspondence. Here then, in obedience to your wishes, I insert,

* Mr. Potter, Prebend of Norwich,

THE ADDRESS
OF
THE SUPERANNUATED HORSE,
TO
HIS MASTER,

Who, on account of his (the horse) being unable from extreme old age, to live through the winter, had sentenced him to be shot.

I.

AND hast thou fix'd my doom, sweet Master, say?
And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray,
A little longer hobble round thy door.

II.

For much it glads me to behold this place,
And house within this hospitable shed;
It glads me more to see my Master's face,
And linger near the spot where I was bred,

III.

For oh to think of what we both enjoy'd,
In my life's prime, ere I was old and poor!
When from the jocund morn to eve employ'd,
My gracious Master on this back I bore!

IV.

Thrice told ten years, have danc'd on down along,
Since first these way-worn limbs to him I gave;
Sweet smiling years! when both of us were young,
The kindest master and the happiest slave.

V.

Ah, years sweet-smiling, now for ever flown,
 Ten years thrice told, alas, are as a day!
 Yet, as together we are aged grown,
 Let us together wear our age away.

VI.

For still the times, long past, are dear to thought,
 And rapture mark'd each minute as it flew,
 To youth, and joy, all change of seasons brought,
 Pains that were soft, or pleasures that were new,

VII.

Ev'n when thy lovesick heart felt fond alarms,
 Alternate throbbing with its hopes and fears;
 Did I not bear thee to the fair one's arms,
 Assure thy faith, and dry up all thy tears?

VIII.

And hast *thou* fix'd my death, sweet master, say?
 And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor?
 A little longer let me live, I pray,
 A little longer hobble round thy door.

IX.

Ah, could'st thou bear to see thy servant bleed,
 Ev'n tho' thy pity has decreed his fate,
 And yet, in vain thy heart for life shall plead,
 If Nature has deny'd a longer date.

X.

Alas! I feel, *'tis* Nature dooms my death,
 I feel, too sore, *'tis* pity deals the blow;
 But, e'er it falls, oh Nature take my breath,
 And my kind Master, shall no bloodshed know,

XI.

E'er the last hour of my allotted life,
 A softer fate shall end me, old and poor;
 Timely shall save me from th' uplifted knife,
 And gently stretch me at my master's door.

Suffer me to connect with this, the poetical
 address of my own old horse, to the noble
 patroness who saved *him* from death.

THE GLEANER'S STEED

TO

THE COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE.

*Who preserved her from Labour and Famine after One-and-twenty
 Years hard Work,*

Written in Mr. Pope's Gardens,

AS late my master, not to fame unknown,
 Who, touch'd with pity, "mark'd me for his own;"
 Ev'n when—ah fate severe!—diseas'd I lay,
 To pain, to want, and fiercer MAN a prey;
 Weak, old, and poor, when not a friend was nigh,
 Till *He* was sent by fav'ring sympathy—
 As late my master gently rode along,
 In June's fair morning, meditating song,
 We saw, at length, fam'd Twick'nam's tuneful shade,
 Seat of the Muse, and fervent thus I pray'd;
 O soul of him, who once these scenes adorn'd,
 Friend of the gentle Gay, who never scorn'd

Our hapless tribe, but taught us to rehearse
 Our wants, our wishes, hopes and fears, in verse;
 Taught us to triumph o'er the reasoning brute,
 And made us often umpire in dispute;
 Do thou, on this blest spot, the lay impart,
 That speaks the language of a grateful heart.
 Ah grant the power in numbers to relate,
 How much I owe the soother of my fate;
 To her, whose kind and hospitable care
 Preserv'd my being in the last despair.

I have observed to you that the Muse of Sympathy gleaned these lines in Mr. Pope's gardens at Twickenham; but the same visit, you remember, was productive of a few verses sacred to the delightful bard, whose poetic scenes the Gleaner was then surveying. This is the place to preserve them, and you say they were worthy of preservation. They were written an hour after leaving the place; and here they are.

DEEM not, O spirit of the bard divine,
 I came a spoiler to thy tuneful shrine,
 Tho' from thy consecrated tree I bore
 One weeping spray, and robb'd thy mineral store!
 With more than pilgrim fervor to my breast,
 The sacred reliques were devoutly prest:
 Full of the power that mark'd the hallow'd spot,
 "Where nobly pensive, St. John sat and thought."
 In every nerve I felt the kindling flame;
 And warm from thee, the inspiration came,

From

From thee ALONE—untouch'd by “ Stanhope's scope”;
The scenes that charm'd me were the scenes of Pope.

But as the day on which these lines were written, was wholly dedicated to the Muse, so I beg may be this letter, which shall be closed by one more home-made copy of verses, on a heart-felt occasion, the alarming sickness of my beloved Mr. Potter. This is a Gleaning which the world will accept with smiles for the sake of the subject.

If magic song, by every Muse inspir'd,
Enrich'd by science, and by genius fir'd;
If wit, by wisdom chasten'd and refin'd,
Learning's strong power, with fancy's glow combin'd;
If generous passions, by the soul approv'd,
And gentlest feelings, never weakly mov'd;
If virtues, such as these, may claim thy care,
Giver of health! attend a suppliant's prayer.
With healing on his wing, thy angel send
To save the bard, the father, and the friend!

The prayer was heard. My venerable friend yet lives, to the triumph of the Gleaner and the world.

LETTER

LETTER XLVII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Haarlem,

NOTWITHSTANDING my avowed and inveterate quarrel with brick and mortar, I should be strongly tempted to woo the descriptive Muse, and make a long pause in this charming town, till she assisted me to sing the various beauties of Mr. Hope's delightful villa, but, for a reason stronger than the temptation, and yet the most simple that can be imagined, namely, because it truly "*beggars* description."

Into this little Paradise the worthy proprietor has contrived to bring every thing that the arts, or their happiest votaries could furnish, that fortune could procure, or taste arrange. Could we suppose a man of the finest fortune to be at the same time a man of the finest taste, which is, by the bye, supposing a very rare assemblage, and which the Gods who made him poetical commonly refuse; and

could

could we even to these possessions adjoin the most correct judgement, the house at Haarlem would be the exact residence of so adorned a proprietor; since it actually contains and illustrates whatever

“ Painting can express,

“ Or youthful poets fancy when they love.”

It contains also, my friend, what is far better than either poetry or painting—an highly estimable character, being, indeed, but one thing more elegant and beautiful than this villa, and that is, the heart of its owner, which is amongst “ the noblest works of God.” Every person of every description is the historian of Mr. Hope; and he is one of the very rare exceptions of being spoken well of by every body, and deserving it. These universally-praised characters being, I have observed, nine times out of ten, the objects of determined panegyric, nobody knows why or wherefore; just in like proportion as those whom this same every body has selected as a mark,

“ for scorn to point the moving finger at,”

is deserving better report. I have, at this moment, the honour, and it is my pride also,

to

to know a man of whom all possible ill has been publickly spoken, and who merits a character where thousands, whom he has melted by his charity, animated by his affection, or informed by his wisdom, have written it—in their heart's core—where, long since, I have written your's, my friend: and this most excellent and most abused man is still labouring under a load of accusations that a fiend would blush at.

The trial of Warren Hastings is as much the conversation abroad as at home, and it is uniformly spoken of with wonder, generally with indignation, as the darkeſt ingratitude of his countrymen for preserving their country! a recompense too often attending the publick benefactor of *every* country.

Although, in point of *correspondence*, I have now brought you, my estimable friend, no farther than Haarlem; in point of *travel*, I have therein mingled the remarks of some years, and you will, all along, understand that whatever I offer is the result of my frequent visits or residence as well in Holland, as other countries. The reflections, therefore, which I present to you, are rarely the consequence of immediate notice at the moment of writing to you, but are strong confirmations of what has been seen
and

and felt during the course of those residences and visits, fully resolved to exemplify what the valuable Dr. Moore (whose observations are not more sprightly than solid) has said on this very subject, viz. "truly to know people and places
 "it is absolutely necessary to reside in, and
 "amongst them, a considerable time."

It is then, after having, in a tour of some years, round and across many countries (which a rapid trippist would have skimmed with a dizzy kind of speed, that sees nothing distinctly, and which certainly a right-on traveller might pass in a few weeks,) that I will now give you the collected evidence of different countries, gleaned at different opportunities, on the subject of the prosecution still, as you inform me, carrying on in Westminster-Hall.

No man, who has not been abroad, can conceive the degree of astonishment, which accompanies the slightest mention of this matter to foreigners. They asked the Gleaner for an explanation of paradoxes. "Why do you bring
 "to a tribunal of public justice a public be-
 "nefactor? Why are you making him poor,
 "who hath made you rich? Why do the In-
 "dians uniformly sing the praises of the man,
 "whom.

“ whom the English have selected for censure,
“ on the pretence of his having dealt cruelly
“ by those very Indians, who are the loudest
“ in his panegyric? The Gleaner tells them,
that the like questions are continually made
(without receiving any satisfactory reply) by
the people of England. He owns himself to
be one of the thousands who want sagacity to
solve the most palpable contradictions; and
that, therefore, he is bewildered, like them-
selves, to account for the supposed union of
the darkest vices, and brightest virtues, in the
same mind: or how the most melting charity
and savage, hard-hearted avarice, the softest
affections, and most despotic exercise of the
worst passions, the most boundless generosity,
with the most sordid exaction, can assemble
in the same bosom. But, say they, we under-
stand that the chief conductor of these contra-
dictions is a man of splendid talents and vir-
tues, and that he has brought himself to be-
lieve his accusations well-founded, although
he cannot but know that the excesses of virtue
and vice in the same character are incompat-
ible. That the best men have frailties we all
admit; and that the worst have some qualities
less pernicious and detestable than others, is no
less unquestionable; but to be at once emi-
nently

nently distinguished for tenderness, and rigour, for bounty and rapacity, for honourable dealing, and for disgraceful tricking, are contrarieties that nature herself forbids to meet: "And yet your nation has found them to co-
" here in the breast of Mr. Hastings," observe they, "since we do not find that the most
" virulent of those who are brought in evidence
" against him, deny him this strange mixture
" of qualities. Tell us the fact?"

I must beg, returned the Gleaner, to decline involving myself and you in the labyrinths of this question, the answers to which have, for more than three years past filled the presses of Great Britain; and the puzzle remains. But of the man thus accused of every thing base, on the one hand, and to whom has been attributed every thing great and good on the other, I will give you a little anecdote, which may assist you, perhaps, more than all that has been written, to form your own judgment. It is, indeed, a very minute incident, yet of great account as to that part of your question which enquires after general disposition and character. I shall only presume that the truth of the circumstance is indubitable.

" This most injured and most excellent man,
 " (says the recorder of the anecdote) was walk-
 " ing at early day in his pleasure grounds, near
 " Windsor, when were exhibited the follow-
 " ing traits of a heart replete with the noblest
 " virtues, though charged with the foulest
 " crimes.

" As an unseen spectator," continues the re-
 later, " I beheld Warren Hastings going along
 " a narrow path-way, in a zig-zag kind of
 " manner, sometimes stopping suddenly, some-
 " times cautiously setting his foot forward,
 " retrograde, and sideway, as if he trod with
 " fear and trembling: and this circumspect
 " movement he continued till he was lost to
 " my view amidst the windings of the walk.
 " So strange a procedure, however, strongly
 " excited my curiosity, and I left the chamber
 " in which I was then sitting, to explore the
 " cause. On reaching the spot, I perceived
 " an emmet's nest on one side of the walk, and
 " the industrious proprietors of it called forth
 " by the warmth of the morning, had spread
 " themselves over the path-way. The design
 " of the destroyer of so many thousands of the
 " human race was studiously to avoid doing any
 " injury to these poor ants. I traced, with a
 " kind

“ kind of benevolent joy, the Governor-Ge-
“ neral’s footsteps, in which crooked, irregu-
“ lar, and broken, as they were, I could plainly
“ perceive the impressions of the tenderest
“ heart, whose very instincts were bountiful. It
“ would have touched, warmed, and melted a
“ philanthropist, to trace the marks of such
“ genuine humanity along the sand. In one
“ place, where I had observed Mr. Hastings to
“ stoop down, he had been at the trouble to
“ repair with his hands the depredations of his
“ feet, by rebuilding the little populated hil-
“ lock, whose sides he had inadvertently da-
“ maged; and at another part, where I had
“ noticed him to make a large stride, the busy
“ creatures were gathered together in a kind
“ of foraging party, which, but for that gene-
“ rous stride, he must have exterminated.
“ The feeling this gave penetrated my whole
“ frame: but as I am of an ardent temper, I
“ should have set down some part of my emotion
“ to those constitutional propensities, had not
“ my recital, dearest friend, of this little anec-
“ dote to all orders of people, friends and ene-
“ mies of the man, convinced me the feeling
“ produced in all other minds was the same, and
“ arising from the same cause. The heart asked
“ spontaneously, whether he who could thus act

“ towards a hillock of poor ants would trample,
 “ under foot all the laws of humanity, and prove
 “ the scourge of his fellow-creatures, over whose
 “ lives and properties he had equal power of do-
 “ ing good or evil?” The heart thus questioning
 does not receive a reply solely from the affec-
 tions, for reason herself gives in an answer.
 Rigorous as she is in her judgments, some-
 times, where the sympathising affections are
 most indulgent, she hesitates not on this oc-
 casion, to pronounce, that the person capable
 of such an unseen, unostensible action is con-
 stitutionally and habitually incapable of those
 cruelties, with which he stands impeached.
 I have here used the word *constitutionally*, as
 implicating a *natural* incapacity to act con-
 trary to the ruling passion of the man, whose
 forbearance to commit acts of barbarity may
 be considered rather as an instinct than a vir-
 tue; and I should think Warren Hastings
 might be found innocent of *cruelties* on the
 simple argument of moral and physical impos-
 sibility to act the part of a tyrant. Do not, at
 the same time, suppose I am ignorant of the
 sneer with which certain profound criticks
 would, and will, treat the important inferences
 drawn from these premises. Those who judge
 of the bias of the human mind only from *great*
events,

events, will smile at the conceit of honourably acquitting a State criminal on the evidence of his forbearing to crush a nest of insects, whose death or preservation, say they, weighs nothing in the scale of human offences. In answer to all which, I shall only beg to refer all such lovers of the sublime to an honest scrutiny into their *own hearts*, where, if they have found, when alone, a disposition to exercise undue authority over their birds, domestic animals, or even the flies that are sporting on their window, in short, to vex or harass any thing within their power, or under their protection, (I mean when they were even in that early stage of life, when reason and natural tenderness, or natural cruelty, for I fear such things are began in their *first* displays and exercises) they will have a clear conviction of the importance of those apparent trifles in the judgment which they enable us to form of human hearts, and characters, during the rest of life: since our vices like our virtues,

“ Grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength.”

And my observations have never yet been able to accommodate me with an exception, to this very broad general rule, viz. as a tender hearted youth (I speak not of an infant) never, even by

the force of ill influence and example, makes a hard-hearted man, without first suffering many "compunctious visitings of nature," so a cruel disposition, manifested in our *first* childhood, is carried on to our *second*, changing its objects, but not its tyranny.

Of the truth of this assertion, you are yourself, my invaluable friend, an example, in respect to the first part. I have attended the progress of your being from its earliest dawn to its present full meridian. Every thing committed to your care was the happier for it.— While yet in your babyhood, this natural benignity discovered itself. Was a lamb to be domesticated? a chicken, straying from its mother, or too weak to bear the rigours of the season, to be fostered? I remember well you were appointed the nurse, and were to be entrusted with its life or death. From that hour humanity marked you for her own: and you have honoured her adoption. The objects of your benevolence have of course varied. To the lamb, which was to be of your household, and to the chicken, which had wandered from its parent, succeeded the helpless being, who had not wherewithal to make its bed, or find a shelter from the storm. The monarch, Paf-
sion,

sion, ripened into a monarch, Principle; and if in the course of my long, long absence from your loved society, I was to hear that you had been impeached for numberless high crimes and misdemeanours, of which the basis was *inhumanity*, I should say, that if your senses remained, your kind-heartedness remained also; and that, although considering the imperfection of our being, you might be seduced into many frailties, weakneses, &c. &c. you must have been born again, and with diametrically a contrasted disposition, before you *could* be inhuman. And on this principle I would answer for your innocence, or that of any man, with my life. Thus, in cases of tender-heartedness and tyranny,

“Trifles light as air,

“Are confirmations strong

“As proofs of Holy Writ.”

Your mind will not simply pardon, but reverence this digression, and return with me to Mr. Hope's villa.

To this beautiful place every respectable traveller may gain admittance. Since nothing but the living eye can do it justice, I trust you will profit of this urbanity in the proprietor. In the music-room there is a pretty invention
for

for receiving the sounds, without seeing the instruments, by which means you may suppose them to be aerial; and, indeed, when this saloon is filled with beautiful women below, and harmonious instruments above, as is often the case on public nights, it requires very little enthusiasm, to feel, and exclaim, it is heavenly.

Four objects of very different kinds will excite the curiosity of a stranger in the neighbourhood and town of Haarlem, *viz.* the beauty of the flowers, the whiteness of the linen, the almost celestial sounds of the celebrated organ, and the first specimens of Laurence Coster, in the art of printing.

In regard to the first, a florist may see his favourite passion carried to the greatest excess and perfection, no less a sum than 5000*l.* being given for a tulip root; and there is such a rivalry in the amateurs, that a person has been known to destroy himself, on finding the tulip of a neighbour more beautifully streaked or blown than his own.

The linen bleacheries of Haarlem are an object of real curiosity. The superior whiteness of the cambricks, threads, &c. manufactured here,

here, has been attributed to the slimy water of the Meer, a vast lake in this neighbourhood. However that be, it is certain, the purest lily, in their gardens, must yield in colour to the linen that covers their tables. Indeed, throughout Holland, the article of beautiful linen, both at bed and board, is a luxury we shall in vain look for in every other country. The most ordinary inn, the cottages of the peasantry, and even the cabins of the public boats, exhibit such sheets, towels, and table-cloths, that, if we connect with these, the excessive cleanliness of the floors, furniture, and kitchen utensils, we should not hesitate to pronounce in a *hasty* gleaning, that the Dutch were the neatest people upon earth. I say, in an *hasty* gleaning, because in going over the same ground, and its appurtenances, a second time, some things, so much the reverse of neatness, will be found, that the Dutch are brought upon the whole to a level with the most dirty nation on the face of the globe: but as every man, who stays long enough, will see, feelingly, this truth, I will pass over the particulars, except such specimens as I gave in a former letter.

With respect to printing, Strasbourg disputes with Haarlem the honour of that useful, and beautiful

beautiful, invention; but on comparing the pretensions, those of Haarlem appear to be the best founded. It is scarce necessary to remind you, that Coster, who is said to be the discoverer of this noble art, hit upon it as he was walking in the wood adjoining the town. For want of other amusement, he cut the letters of his name on the bark of a tree, then stampt them upon paper as a seal, and that being struck with the impression, he conceived he could render it more lively by engraving the same letters on lead. This also succeeding, he made a third essay on pewter, and erected a printing-office in his own house,

To Haarlem then we owe the birth of a man whom literature must consider as its chief benefactor and parent. After so many ages passed in the darkness of incommunicable ignorance, the torch of science was then kindled. Genius, wisdom, and the affections, had a wider range, and at once the book, and the light of knowledge was diffused over the world.

The first specimens of the art being given by Coster, Etiennes soon spread it with improvements through France; Manutius (the inventor of the Italic characters) through Italy, and

and the Plantins through the Netherlands. Of Plantin's high degree of perfection in the art, the famous Poliglote, of Antwerp, is a sufficient proof.

Lawrence Coster is one of the very few to whose talents public gratitude has erected a memorial. His statue is in the Botanic garden of this town. I have just visited the house he inhabited, over the door of which I glean the following inscription, engraved in golden letters: had they been of diamond, his fame deserves them.

“*Memoriæ sacrum. Typographia, ars artium confectio: nunc primum inventa circa annum 1440.*”

Every man of great talents or achievements makes an infinite number of poets, good, bad, and indifferent. I have been shewn a volume sacred to the inventor of printing, and truly I am able to glean only the following couplet, deserving your perusal:

“*Illius arte artes omnes, linguæque renatae*

“*Et sparfa in mediâ lux nova nocte fuit.*”

The Catholic religion is tolerated here, and its votaries are so numerous, that each Catholic family is obliged to put on the door of
the

the house, the letter C. that the ministers of the reformed church, in making their visits *ex officio*, should know their own flocks, and not stray into another man's fold.

Haarlem Meer is as dreary a body of water as can well be looked on; it is not always passed without hazard: of which one might glean numberless instances. Amongst others that which follows.

The King of Bohemia having been dethroned, and driven out of the palatinate by the Emperor, took sanctuary in Holland. He left Haarlem, says the anecdote, towards evening, in the month of December. The night proved very dark, and the lake tempestuous, when a boat falling foul of that in which he was sailing, sunk it directly. The King saved himself by swimming; but his eldest son, who had been the companion and solace of his exile, was drowned. It is added, that the last words of the young prince, were—"Ah! save me, dear father, save your son:" and that those of the King, in his last illness, almost at the moment of his death, were a repetition of this pathetic, but unavailing request.

A man,

A man, says Carter, can hardly go through a street of Haarlem, without seeing some objects that remind him of the history of the country. This is a truth which few travellers have allowed themselves time to be acquainted with, as Haarlem is generally looked upon to be a mere thoroughfare to Amsterdam, which is complimented with notice just in the degree that this town is slighted.

The ruins of the old castle here, wherein the burghers besieged the Lord of the place for his tyranny, are still to be seen. This siege would have cost him his life, if his lady had not capitulated to surrender, on condition that she should be allowed to bring out of the castle as much of the valuable goods as she could carry on her back. This article being agreed to, she took her husband on her shoulders, preserving him in this manner from their fury, and left the place to their mercy; which by the bye they were well disposed to shew, on account of the pleasant device which had saved her lord, and put the enemy into a good humour.

There was a notable wife for you. Perhaps, wicked wits, the slanderers of the lovely sex,
who,

who, as Pope says, "libel all the fair," would insinuate that many of our modern married dames would content themselves with carrying out their jewel box, and leave their husbands behind them. But wicked wits may assert what they please; I am so far from assisting their scandal, that I can never suspect this to happen, unless in the general hurry of securing No. 1, No. 2 should be forgotten: as who can answer for the effects of fear upon the memory; and at such a time too, when you know the first law of nature presses for obedience. No! depend on it, should a husband be overlooked in a lady's treaty of safety, it could only proceed from a little inadvertence, or a very laudable design, to leave behind what was not worth carrying away. Such opportunities, you know, do not happen often:

"There is a tide in the affairs of women,

"Which, taken at their ebb, lead on

"To widowhood and second marriage:"

And this is one of them.

But Haarlem, it seems, was at all times popular for its gallant females. Historians mention almost as many heroines as heroes, who defended the town in the memorable siege of 1573. Strada tells us, that, making use of the invention

invention peculiar to them, in the *moment critique*, they conversed with the Prince of Orange by pigeons as couriers, but which, being discovered, by one of them settling upon a tent of the Spanish camp, the enemy shot all these winged expresses about the town, and put an end to the winged intercourse. During the siege of this castle, the soldiers who fought for it within, finding it impossible to receive any succours from without, were compelled at last to surrender, after being reduced to eat leather, grass, and every other thing that could prevent them from either being starved or vanquished.

More than three centuries back, there has been established, a tradition, which has the suffrage of successive historians, but of which the modern reader may believe as much as he pleases, that a mermaid was cast ashore by a storm near this town, and was brought to eat bread and milk, and to spin, and in short to become a very useful servant in the house where she was nourished. It is said she would frequently pull off her clothes without many reserves, as to where or before whom she *unmade her toilette*, and run towards the water, her old element, but that she would return to her new one, after having taken a swim for an hour or two and

seen what her friends were about at the bottom of Haarlem Lake. By way, however, of keeping this aquatic damsel, and her biographers, in countenance, authors mention a male of the same species to have been taken in England about the same time. But then this young gentleman was by no means of so gracious a disposition as the young lady, being very sulky, feeding only on fish—"a most scurvy monster," as Trinculo says, so his keeper finding him *intraetable*, left him to his own sullen devices, upon which he stole off again to sea.

This story is told with great gravity, aye, and to this hour with great gravity believed too, by the good Haarlemites.—But, "by this good light, he must be a very shallow, a very credulous monster," that believes it, without some grains of allowance.

Yet this is nothing, my dear friend, either in point of marvel or of evidence, to a story that prevails in Holland, respecting a Countess of Hennenberg, daughter of Florence the IVth, one of the ancient Counts of Zealand. This curious event, which has the antiquity and credit of more than five hundred years upon it,

it, happened at a little village about four miles from the Hague.

The Countess meeting one day a woman with twins in her arms, upbraided her as unchaste, because, said she, people may say what they please, but I shall never be brought to believe a woman can have two children at once by one man. Hereupon the countess refused her charity; when the good woman hearing herself not only denied the alms she solicited, but reproached at the same time for incontinency, wished that her ladyship, who was then pregnant, might have as many children as there were days in the year. This malediction was fulfilled upon the uncharitable Margaret, who was delivered exactly of three hundred and sixty-five children, who were all baptized by Guido, suffragan of Utrecht. All the males were named John; and all the females Elizabeth; and to make the prophecy tell better, it is roundly asserted, that all died the same day, with their mother. Now, that those who are of little faith, may be put into the way of enlarging it, we are informed, that one of these children is still to be seen in the Musæum Regium, at Copenhagen, where the curious, who are disposed to search into this

prodigy, may satisfy themselves, whether it be true or false; and as curiosity is seldom any thing more than another name for *busy idleness*, I cannot but think a journey of this kind to the full as laudable as that which carries a man to Grand Cairo, to measure a pyramid, or to any other modern resort of travellers on modern motives.

At the same time I must tell you, Erasmus relates, and seems to give credence to this event: so do four other authors of distinction. In the village church there is a board fixed to the wall, with a long inscription, giving an account of the whole matter, and also the two brass basons, in which the children were baptized with this distich under them:

En tibi monstrosum nimis et memorabile factum,
Quale nec a mundi conditione datum.

The tradition however serves a moral purpose; for the event being considered by the common people especially, as a judgment upon pride, uncharitableness, and contempt of the poor, I am told there has not been known a gossip, male or female, who has *said* a scandalous thing of a neighbour these hundred years, though

though the parish register gives a yearly list of births, exceeding the marriages in a *ratio* of five to one.

After all, I allow the arguments of an advocate for this monstrous birth, when he says, prodigies do sometimes happen: and that an eminent modern writer is wrong in asserting absolutely, *Hunc partum post aliquot secula confictum, ad fabulas pertinere aniles, placitisque physicorum repugnare.* The origin of the present royal family of Great Britain from the Dukes of Bavaria and Saxony is remarkable enough: and its verity is insisted on.

Germentrude, Countess of Altorf, in Swabia, having accused a poor woman of adultery, and caused her to be punished for having twelve children at a birth, was soon after delivered of twelve sons herself: Her husband, Count Isenberg, being then absent, to avoid the same scandal, she ordered the midwife to carry out of the house eleven, and put them to death: The Count, however, happening to come home at that instant, asked the midwife what she had in her apron; and she answered *woelpen*, that is, puppies, or *whelps*. Hereupon, insisting to see them, she confessed the whole affair, and

the Count, in consequence, enjoining secrecy, had them put out to nurse. Six years after he invited most of his own and his wife's relations to a banquet, and in the midst of their jollity, brought out his eleven sons all dressed alike. The Countess owned her fault, and the Count was in too good an humour not to forgive her, but in remembrance of this singular preservation he ordered the children to be called *Guelphs*. From the eldest of these descended Henry Guelph, Count of Altorf, whom the Emperor, Conrad II. afterwards made Duke of Bavaria.

I just now recollect the well-attested account of a third sea-monster; which appeared on the coast of Martinico, in the year 1671, and which may be considered as a very good match for the Haarlem Mermaid. He had the figure of a man from the head to the waist, a good shape, large eyes and nose, a full face, and long hair, which flowed over his shoulders, with a very good complexion. The lower parts resembled those of a fish. He shewed himself above the wayes, for the first time, about an hour before sunset, and swam to shore. He then walked along the beach, and did not go again into the water till night fall. Those who discovered

LETTER XLVIII.
TO THE SAME.

Amsterdam.

IT has but just suggested itself to me, that I have sent you now more than two large volumes of letters, principally without dates. This would certainly be a mortal offence in commercial correspondence, but I do not, by any means, think it unpardonable in an intercourse, such as ours.

You know the *places* at which I am resident. The known distance of these, and the no less known progress of the posts and mails, allowing for "*moving accidents by flood and field,*" are in themselves an explanation of dates, as to weeks and months, and as to the *day* of the week, or the hour of the day, on which I begin to write, it is as little material, as if I was to send you a critical account of the time I take in writing my letter by a stop watch. Besides all this whenever I sit down to address a friend, my heart is so full of affection, and throbs so strongly to pour forth its effusions,

with

with all the ardour and rapidity of Nature, that, in the outset, I cannot stop to settle the chronology of my correspondence, and really as often forget the day of the month, as I remember it, and even when the latter happens to be the case, there is so little of mere mechanical authorship in my letters to you, that it is frequently a wonder that I allow myself time to tell you, by any other way than the subjects of the letter, where I am; and I dare say, it may have happened that you have received some of my communications without any other intelligence whence they came, than you have been able to *glean* from the matter treated of.

Furthermore, I have always been disgusted with your over-exact journal travellers, the half of whose books are taken up with the very interesting news of their day's journey. At six o'clock, in very fine or very foul weather, they left England. A sweet or a sour ride down to Harwich or Dover; a very sick and sorry passage over the water; very hungry on getting to the inn; ate heartily, or could not touch a morsel; reached the shore exactly at three quarters and three seconds after four in the evening; sat down to dinner just as the clock had given warning to strike six; post-horses

4 were

were ordered precisely at seven, but did not come to the door till thirty-two minutes, five seconds, and one-fourth of a moment, before eight; got to the next stage at half-past eleven; hurried supper, which came on at twelve, and was over before half after; people saucy; victuals bad; worse dressed; bills high; beds execrable; and sat down to write these observations on the manners and customs, as soon as I reached my chamber, betwixt sleeping and waking; shall put this into the post-office to go by the returning mail; and will *continue* to give you an account of every thing I hear and see as I go along.

Helvetiæ.

Calais, Sept. 18, 179—2, 3, 4.

Sixteen minutes, 2 seconds past 1, P. M.

Here is, to be sure, a little exaggeration, into which the spirit of burlesque imitation naturally hurries one; but the colouring is not very strong; and I have a thousand times been made sick, with the like nauseating scrupulosity. What is it better than the tedious logbook of a landsman, in which every thing of no moment is recorded, and all that affects, interests, touches, or informs, is omitted!

Very

Very proper certainly for the counting-house, and the courts of justice, and for all the literature of *Meum* and *Tuum*. But what is it to my private friends, (supposing them satisfied that I am not in want of these daily comforts) or what is it to the public at large, whether I got into the coach at six, or at twelve; reached the boat in the morning, or in the evening; sat down to dinner at seven or eight; or began to write a journal about nothing at one hour or at another? Away with such minute chronologists.

For myself, I observe at leisure, and write in haste—I glean, ear by ear, what lies in my path, or on either side, I stoop with patient diligence, and gather whatever I think may give pleasure or information to my bosom's friend. The intervals of weeks and months, it is true, often separate one letter from another; but all that time I am assiduously, though silently, proceeding; and while (either from the richer sheaves of *another*, I select what is most valuable, from the mass of what appears to me of no account, or to my *own*; I give arrangement and spirit) I am so occupied I appear to be in a manner conversing with you in particular, and in general with all I love and have left behind. Every particular friend, in-

deed, has his character of mind and pleasure distinct and appropriate. In the secret of his habits, I feel frequently gratifying them as I go on. Such as delight in the repose of solitude, and such as appreciate the clamour of the world take their turn in my thoughts, as I paint the scenes and places, (or lay up materials for them in my note-book), which differently affect them. Does Nature spread her blooms before me, as I pass or sojourn in a far country—Is the eye regaled by prospects, or the ear by melodies, before unseen and unheard—I softly whisper to myself, as I take out my tablets, this is imagery, which will exactly suit the fancy of one friend. Are my affections assailed by a touch of genuine nature as she works in the human breast—I strike my pensive bosom, and say, this is a Gleaning that will reach the heart of another. Is my soul agitated by the sublime, or torn by the tender exhibitions of finely imitated nature on a foreign theatre—How, exclaim I, will a third friend sympathize with *this* Gleaning.—In a word, all the time (though months intervene) that I am going over the country, or the town, “with pensive steps and slow,” I am holding “communion high and dear, with those whom no absence can obliterate;

bosom

nor

nor, even, any estrangements can make me think of without the sigh of an absent friend, who cannot but remember they have afforded him many a delightful conversation, and many a blisful idea since they parted." And though, perhaps, it is a parting to meet no more—the memory

“ That such things were,

“ And were most precious to me, is blisful still.

But see how my heart has run away with my hand. I set out simply with an apology, or rather justification for neglect of dates—but

“ With thee conversing, I forget all time,

“ All seasons, and their change.”

I forget that I am writing from one of the most clamorous cities in the whole world; and that, at this very moment, cars, coaches, wheelbarrows, and their more noisy attendants, are passing by the window at which I write; yet, so veritable is every word of what I have hitherto set in this letter, so superior is the rapid progress of animating nature, to all the mechanical feelings, and impediments of art, that I have scarcely heard the din. Wonder not, therefore, that I overlook dates. I overlook in the flow of my affections, much more necessary things. With such energy is my

heart

heart filled, and so powerfully does it hasten to give up its effusions, when once the pen is in my hand, that when that pen, unable to keep pace with the impetuosity of my affections, grows weary, or is worn out, with marking them upon paper, I do not believe, (though I have never tried), I could bring myself to the mechanism of tearing myself from you, to look for another, or mend that my ardour has tired, on any consideration. And this must account to you for the illegibility of most part of my correspondence. I mention this not so much in the way of excuse for bad writing, as to exemplify the motives of it, which are really those of sincere affection. For I repeat to you, that though I glean my materials of correspondence deliberately, I write at the fullest speed of the heart, when those materials are to be put down, and I always know the degree of love I bear a person, by the general handwriting of the letter I am about to transmit. Take then these almost undecypherable hieroglyphics, as so many instances of the energy and vivid powers of my friendship. If I loved you less, you should have better writing. Every page should carry all the formal ceremonies of polite indifference, all the freezing regularities of a cor-
respondence

respondence that gives and receives letter for letter: and the debt of our epistolary intercourse should be settled with the precision, and with the apathy of a steward in the balance, and business of pounds, shillings, and pence, with the accuracy (mind I speak of a *faithful* steward) of Cocker's Arithmetic. Nay, every syllable should be as fair to your eyes, and as cold to your heart as snow. Methinks I hear you exclaim, ah, continue to give me what the heart dictates, though you mark to me its genuine movements, with a skewer or a pot-hook! Well, be it so; for after the above honest confession of my scrawlings, I know you would not forgive me were I to check the "genial current of the soul," by the chilling operation of mending a pen, though I thereby might send you a letter, (for I really can write legibly though you may not think it) fairer than copper-plate.

So now for Amsterdam. But having brought myself to a breathing place, and being too late for this day's post, I will, when I continue my letter, sit down with a new pen; for this now in my hand, has faltered and tripped under my work, like a jaded horse, panting to reach its goal, but almost despairing to do so, and just

just ready to die upon the course? With una-
 fatigued regard, awhile, Adieu.

Having thus satisfied myself that I may con-
 tinue to enjoy the perfect freedom of obeying
 the motions of my own mind rather than
 be obliged to constrain it to the mercantile
 rules of letter-writing, I proceed to give you
 my Gleanings of Amsterdam, of that magni-
 ficent and opulent city, which, lifting its head
 above the waters, asserts its pretensions to a
 rank in the map of the world, with what Paris
 once was, and what London has the triumph to
 be at this moment. Suffer me to pass over in
 silence those strong smells, which certainly
 take a traveller by the nose, the instant he
 enters the gates, and which do not let go their
 hold till he is seasoned to the scent. Peace to
 their contagious canals, and mantling pools.
 Numberless are the multitudes that prefer
 these, from habit and from gain, to the Citron
 Groves of Mexico, and the Spice Islands of
 the Orient.

Amsterdam, indeed, is, in every sense of the
 word, an astonishing city, and as a reflecting
 man walks along, he may well exclaim, Is it
 credible that this huge pile of buildings with
 all

all its busy inhabitants, should have been supported for so many hundred years on a forest standing in a river; that in the neighbourhood of the roaring ocean, that river should by the aid of human industry command that ocean to know its bound? Even though, in the first instance, the ocean was robbed of its ancient rights, to form the river and to rear the city, which rests upon it,

“ A new creation rescu'd from his reign.”

On recollection, this image has before suggested itself to me, and been communicated to you in a former letter; but it occurs to me at almost every view I take; and though, like you, my friend, and every person of reading, the streets, buildings, business, and interests of this mighty mass of wood and water, have been familiar to me, ever since I became a traveller, even in books, and though I have actually compared the city itself with the various descriptions of it, it is the only place I ever read about and visited, of which the impressions of astonishment remain unimpaired; not so much on account of its wealth, or beauty, but for its origin, progress, and situation. Consider what it is for millions of living things, to have existed for centuries in, as it were, one

immense ship of merchandize! to which are hundred forests must have contributed the timber, and miriads of hands the workmanship!—Shops, houses, temples, &c. in an abundance, that seems to ask the most solid foundations on the driest hills, or hardest rocks, sustained by huge planks, which are driven into a trembling bog! And in a country, where at the time of erecting the city, the carriage of materials was more difficult to be procured, than the materials themselves? The Hotel de Ville itself, reposes on more than thirty thousand stakes, or rather trees. A vast ark at anchor! containing almost countless beings, the greater part of which are engaged in the most laborious and heavy employments! Is the architecture of Amsterdam massive? are the edifices rude, clumsy, and inelegant? are the ornaments awkward, and without taste? Admitted. But, what does this prove? Nothing more than that the grand design was to build a warehouse for the world; of which the original proprietors did not so much consider decoration as use. A light, airy city, might, perhaps, have been supported with all its feathered, dancing inhabitants, on the twigs of those enormous trees, which were to sustain this vast fabric of business! but would such

an airy city have answered the solid purposes for which that storehouse of the world was at first constructed? No. And even could it have been raised to its present size, on slighter principles, the treasuries of "either Ind," which now rest safe and dry, would tumble in the water, and the airy city, with all its airy people, perish along with them, and

"Leave *but* a wreck *behind*."

Yet this great mart of commerce is not without its votaries, and mansions, of the elegant arts. It boasts a theatre constructed and conducted on far more polite and liberal principles than any play-house more flourishing in our stage-struck Britain. It is supported by the voluntary contribution of, comparatively, a few individuals, for the benefit of the public; that is to say, every subscriber is entitled to such a number of tickets as gives him the power to amuse *any* of his friends, and thus the house is filled every evening by friendship and generosity, with as brilliant and numerous an audience as I ever saw in any part of the world. Every person is at full liberty to take the range of the house, which is large and beautiful. Travellers have but to send, announcing their names and country, and tickets will be

presented to them, in proportion to the party that solicits.

Delightful England—thou to whom I owe the balancing joys of a thousand sorrows, and of whom I would, and do speak with grateful and just eulogy, present or absent, whenever, and wherever, I can; put not the “frontlet on,” if I thus dare to do justice to other people, whether in a land of friends or foes, of trade or elegance. And thou, John Bull, for whose rough honesty and bounty I have as great a reverence as any of thy most sturdy associates, spurn not my book, which only

“Laughs where it must, and is candid where it can.”

Confess then that though, on a proper occasion, thou wouldest give thy box ticket to the stranger that is within thy gates, and mount thyself to the one shilling gallery, so abasing thyself, that thou mayest be exalted; confess that these Dutch neighbours of thine, living in Amsterdam, have an institution, the adoption of which would not at all disgrace thy beloved London: the more especially, as thou mayest have heard, and art to be informed if thou hast not, that charity, as well as pleasure and generosity, attends on this theatre. The magistrates receive the money, defray the charges,

charges, and pay the actors very sufficient salaries. The residue is applied to the poor, and to the support of the different hospitals, amongst which latter is one sacred to all poor travellers, without distinction, who are lodged, nursed, and entertained for three nights.

If one could see all that was under Amsterdam, says Carter, a greater forest could hardly be found on the face of the earth. Old Erasmus facetiously observed, on his first visit to this place, that he was arrived in a city, the inhabitants of which lived upon the tops of trees; and another wag tells us, that Amsterdam, like Venice, has wooden legs.

But the *public lions* of this mighty city, of forest-growth, viz. the churches, synagogues, hospitals, gashouses, dolhouses, rasp-houses, and spin-houses; that is to say, receptacles for the sick, insane, wild, or wicked, I shall spare you the repetition of, as your memory must be full of them, in tours upon tours, and travels upon travels. But a few particulars that lie more out of the beaten tract of observation, I will glean for you next post. *En attendant*, may your felicity be proportioned to your merit; and then—how happy will you be!

LETTER XLIX.

TO THE SAME.

Amsterdam.

IT has been observed of this place, that none of the inhabitants are idle. This is so true, that an indolent person might traverse the city in all its parts without finding a companion. He would thus be driven, by the very nature and miscarriage of his search, into action himself. Nay, he would see every eye so busy, every foot so hard at work, and every head seem at least so full, that, forgetting his natural torpidity, or remembering it with reproach, he would catch the spirit of objects before him, and feel that it is at least as good and natural for man to be in motion as at rest. The city of Amsterdam is a hive where all the inhabitants are collecting honey from one end of the year to the other, (excepting only the repose of every seventh day) and where a drone dares not shew his head. If, in so large a Republic, large with respect to its population, as this single city is computed at 300,000 persons, there should be any unworthy members of that description, they are constrained to lurk in

in holes and corners, indulging their dormouse dispositions apart from the scenes of almost universal industry, where wealthy stores are accumulating by incessant attention, and where an unwholesome soil is so meliorated by the exercise necessary to such accumulation, that the air and water, which would almost suffocate a lazy fish, is found very little to invade the powers of health: for it is more an ill name than a fact, that the presidents of this city are the victims of avarice, which leads them to dig for gold in a soil that produces it, amidst the dross of diseases. The florid vigour, which glows in the cheeks, and braces the limbs of the inhabitants of other places in Holland, Rotterdam, and the Brielle, more especially, is not, certainly, seen so commonly in the Amsterdammers, but there is good general health amongst them; and therefore, as there is no denying the atmosphere is in itself "a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours," it is manifest that industry supplies what nature has refused—no small motive to labour diligently in one's calling this. In like manner, it is no less true, that stagnant indolence will create a distemper, fatal to the spirits, the strength, and the understanding, where nature has been the most prodigal of her bounties, and every

E C 4

day

day convinces us, that, as at Amsterdam, while men grow rich, healthy, and happy, amidst the toils of life in the most noxious situation, those who neither toil nor spin, and who, cursed with the inverted blessing of an unwieldy fortune, and with either the apathy or the passions, which too often are in the train of hereditary wealth, consume their beings in useless inaction, and waste themselves by indulgence, though they breathe in the purest air, and slumber on beds the softest luxury has prepared, amidst flowers and fragrance :

“ Die of a rose in aromatic pain;”

Or live only to prove, that exercise alone can give it a wholesome perfume.

Thus, if labour is its own reward, indolence is its own proper punishment, according to the maxim of the ancients, “ that acute (which to the industrious are rare) diseases are from heaven, and chronic from ourselves;” and in the whole circle of human truisms, there is not one, my dear friend, more incontrovertible than this, that almost every occupation, however inconvenient, or formidable, is happier and safer than a life of sloth. Diligence, says Addison, makes more lasting acquisitions than
valour,

valour, and sloth has ruined more nations, than the sword.

It would have diverted you extremely to have been an eye-witness to my progress through the streets of Amsterdam: any indifferent spectator, indeed, unacquainted with my habits of sauntering, at some moments, and quickening my pace, almost into a run, at others, would have imputed my irregular motions and pauses to a disposition equally partaking the vice of idleness, and the virtue of industry.

I sallied forth on a fair morning, with gleanings designs, to make a tour of the town. Convinced by experience, that at almost every step a diligent man, who will take time to look about him, may find something to carry to his sheaf, I stopped almost at every shop, looked into every face as long as it remained in view; and if by good luck I could catch a knot of men of business, gathered together upon a bridge, by the side of a quay, or at a shop-door, I broke short my own step, and stood fixed as a setting dog, while they staid. If in any of the party I saw a face I was interested about more than the rest, that I followed,

lowed, and stuck to it, till it was lost in the coffee-houses, or at the exchange. These general resorts I often entered, and there lost *myself* in the croud of various affairs and nations: but even here, when it were possible to single out a particular object, whose discourse, manner, or appearance were instructive or interesting, I stopped to glean him. In any other city of the world, perhaps, this would have been noted as ridiculous, at least singular. A polite mob would have set it down as an offence, and corrected it as impertinence; as, in effect, though not in design, it might be, but at Amsterdam, either because an apparently saucy fellow, who has nothing better to do, was deemed too insignificant for remark; or because the people were really too seriously engaged in their own business, to attend to another man's idleness, they never noticed me. They took their noses almost out of my ears, where I had (to come within *gleaning* distance) planted them, the hurried off on the full trot to their different concerns. I trod upon a merchant's toes, and by my anxious look, supposing he had returned the compliment with interest, he took off his hat, begged my pardon, and bustled away. With respect to the subject of discourse, it was uniform, with a single exception. During two
hours

hours listening, if for every repetition of the words ducat, guilder, and stiver, that struck my ear, I could have gathered in a tax of a doit (half a farthing) on each, I might have assisted the British minister to liquidate the national debt. But the exception took quite another turn : I was setting a couple of merchants, in the heat of conversation, with a knot of the sons of Israel, (one of whom was warmly defending the price that he demanded for his commodity) I will not give you the money you ask: it would be throwing it into one of the canals, and I never threw away a stiver since I came into the world, and hope I shall not while I live in it. The Jew persisted in his price, and the merchant left him to the other chapman. A very poor and sick looking creature, who had all the time been leaning (for support more than idleness) against one of the pillars of the exchange, and who had heard this last unpromising sentence for a man that designed to ask a merchant to give away his money, now stepped forward, and took hold of the skirt of the merchant's coat; when the following dialogue literally, and, as near as translation allows, unornamentedly passed between them.

Merchant. You, Thomas! you look sick.

Petitioner. I am: what is worse, I am half ruined, and came from Friezeland, on purpose to tell you, I can pay you neither your rent, nor the money you lent me.

Merchant. How so?

Petitioner. I have been burnt out into the street. My furniture, and the house and money are now ashes. But it was God Almighty's doing, not mine. Last Thursday's lightning did it at a flash. So 'tis in vain for you to be angry with me. I have been fretting ever since, and scarce ate or drank; but seeing that only made bad worse, whether you are angry or no, I am here to tell you.

Merchant. Angry! God forbid! We will rebuild the house, and put something in it. Meanwhile take your family into that occupied by Boormans—I suppose that is safe.

Petitioner. Yes—Boormans offered to come up to Amsterdam, to tell you my misfortune, and soften you, and even to lend me money.

Merchant. Did you think the misfortune itself would not soften me enough. No matter,

Go to Boormanns—I will be down next week—
dine with me to-day; and as I know you are
not an idle man, lay the contents of this bag
out to the best advantage in such necessaries,
as the misfortune has deprived you of.

Petitioner. It has deprived me of all, and
my wife and girls too.

Merchant. Then buy a little of every thing.
But we have neither of us any time to throw
after our misfortunes. Let us use it to repair
them.

The petitioner took the sack, and ran one
way: the merchant another, and, though ap-
parently always active, with more than wonted
activity, for never was a point more obvious
than that the pace of the first was quickened
by the lively impressions of grateful joy, and of
the last by happy generosity.

Left, however, those who feel within them-
selves a promptitude, for certain reasons, to dis-
believe there is such a thing, in the world, as
happy generosity, and least even you, my vir-
tuous friend, who live in the daily practice of
it, should be led to suppose I have dressed this
worthy fact in the borrowed plumage of ima-
gination,

gination, from the circumstance of the merchant's giving his unfortunate tenant a *sack* of money, it is proper, you, and they, should be informed, if peradventure ye already know it not, that bills of exchange, drafts, &c. &c. are paid for the most part in silver of different sorts and sizes; that five and twenty pounds sterling, of English money, thus converted into Dutch coins, returns you a very responsible looking bag, and that the double of this is, if paid in small pieces, as much as a man can well carry; and it is not unusual to see people carrying off a sum which would, by virtue of an English bank bill, lie snug in a nutshell, but which, thus *Dutchified*, fills a wheel-barrow. So that if the good merchant's sack contained fifteen or twenty English pounds, which I presume it might, it would, though lightly borne by a man in distress, be a very dead weight to a modern beau of these degenerate days, unused to feel either the pressure of want, or the bliss of sudden relief from it. Whatever might be the value of the sum in silver, it was more worth, in the eye of humanity, than the gold of Ophir; and you will join me, heartily, in a prayer, that it may be returned into the worthy donor's coffers, even in this world, a million fold, and that it may add to those treasures

treasures, which we are assured, are lent to the Lord, and shall be paid again! Of this heavenly recompense, you will think the giver yet more entitled, when you learn farther, that when he parted from the person assisted, there were the tears of benevolence gushing fast to his cheek, which he hurried away to conceal.

From all these things, I gather that the men of business in Amsterdam, may, many of them, be men of feeling at the same time; and that they are, though generally, too intently fixed on their grand objects to be diverted from pursuing them, by an apparently idle spectator, like your friend, staring them in the face, they have eyes to see, ears to hear, and hearts to feel for the unfortunate. Tell me, whether in an assembly of the gay and fashionable, whether a suppliant, circumstanced like our poor Frieze-lander, would have had, in the politest country, a better chance of having his wants relieved than he found at Amsterdam, in a country where gain is said to be the Aaron's serpent, which swallows up all other considerations, and particularly in the public Exchange, a place dedicated immediately to the God of riches? But a superior God, to whom mere riches are but as the dross of the earth, had
raised

raised a temple to benevolence, and the charities, in the bosom of this merchant, who, therefore, found time to make his offerings of compassion

“ Ev'n there, where merchants most do congregate.”

Yea, and suffered his

“ Bargains and his well-earn'd thrift;”

to wait till this devotion of his heart was performed.

This great mart of commerce, from whence I send you these Gleanings, was little more than a circumscribed hamlet, before the thirteenth century. It rose to the dignity of a considerable fishing town by slow degrees, and it was not till towards the end of the fourteenth, that commerce spread her more expanded sails, and sought it as her port. But after this it grew rapidly into a city, and in due time surmounted all obstructions, and rose to the power, wealth, and grandeur, in which we now behold it, insomuch that it is with great propriety it is called the Storehouse of Europe, into which are brought the most useful, and beautiful productions of the four quarters of the globe. I have traced the powers of its trade, with an attentive and astonished eye.

There anchor at this moment at the quays of Amsterdam, a vast number of vessels which have sailed hither from every point of the compass; for there blows not a wind that does not prove favourable to some adventurer who steers for this celebrated haven: Russia, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Pomerania, Livonia, and the Baltic, with the commerce of the Elbe, the Weser, and the Meuse, Great Britain, and its fair appendages, Spain, Portugal, Italy, contribute to the immense navigation of Holland.

As to the trade of the Levant, it was not till the year 1613, that the Dutch settled any intercourse with the territory of the Grand Seignior. It prospered beyond expectation, after the treaty was once established between them. The Levant merchandize consists principally of tea, cocoa, ginger, and thread: of Dutch, Irish and English cloths. In the Mediterranean trade, especially Smyrna, the Hollander has his share. His broad bottomed vessels are yearly fraught with stores, which he takes in exchange for the profitable luxuries that are brought by the Carevanzeras of Persia; nor does the commercial spirit limit itself to these countries; but stretches onward

to Constantinople and Cairo; nor suffers its ambitious enterprize to be bounded by any thing but those parts of the globe, which navigation has not yet explored.

But there is yet something, and of a very liberal kind, no less extensive at Amsterdam, than its commerce. Its perfect freedom of conscience and ceremonies in the great article of religion. The various modes of worship which prevail amongst mankind, not only find here social indulgence, but religious union; and it may be said, that wherever Holland has erected the standard of trade, she has raised also the signals of toleration, and invited the piously disposed of all countries to her capital, that their secular and sacred, their temporal and eternal, interests may be equally cultivated and protected.

Here it is, my friend, and perhaps only here, that, in matters of faith, all men are indeed free: and, as in Rome, during the liberal government of the Antonines and of Trajan, when *her* provinces were united by laws, and adorned by art, and when *her* capital was filled with subjects and strangers, from every part of the world; the United Provinces

of Holland, hold out *her* capital as a temple sacred to the spirit of universal concord, and though fixed on principles of everlasting steadiness, as to their own tenets, they offer to the rest of the earth a sanctuary to adore, according to their different persuasions, that God

“Whose temple is all space,
“Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!

In return for this toleration, it is but fair to acknowledge that the spirit of religious peace, that high, and, alas! rare blessing, has been less hurt by the indulgence of the States, than from the jarring history of the world on this subject, might be expected. On the contrary it has been demonstrated that much of the horrible bloodshed which has been produced in other countries, and particularly in our own, by religious persecution, might have been prevented, had the charitable accommodation which distinguishes this Republic been more generally practised. The public safety of the commonwealth, and the happiness of each individual, has rarely been found incompatible with the liberty of mind and opinion at Amsterdam.

Nothing, indeed, that I can offer, can shew so fully the extensiveness of this liberty, as ob-

serving to you that, although there are neither
 convents, friars, nor abbeffes, in the real
 monastic form, to be seen in Holland, there
 are, in this city, more than twenty churches,
 where the Roman Catholic religion is publicly
 tolerated. One of these, called Moses and
 Aaron, is a very beautiful edifice, and magni-
 ficently ornamented. There are two orders,
 however, of persons combined in religious
 association, that you may, perhaps, consider as
 a sort of exception to my assertion of there
 being no conventual assemblies. I allude to
 the Society of Beguines. Of whom the fol-
 lowing is, out of many, the most faithful
 Gleaning! to have been demonstrated that much of
 which has been produced in other
 The house appropriated to this order is built
 like a little distinct town, with a wall and
 ditch round it, and a church within, where
 the Beguines are obliged to attend divine ser-
 vice, "at stated hours of prayer." They wear
 a habit of dark brown, not unlike the hermit
 weeds, in which we are accustomed to see pil-
 grims on the English theatre; they receive and
 pay visits, and may quit the convent, and
 marry, when they please. They are either
 unmarried women or widows, who have no
 children; and need no other recommendation
 for

for being admitted, but a certificate of their good behaviour, and that they have a competency to live upon, either by themselves, or in society with the other sisters as they think fit.

In Roman Catholic countries, you know, there are many such establishments. Their life is a kind of medium, between a secular and religious association; and is, in effect, no more than a social retirement, for regular people. There were, and I believe are still, two houses of this kind, which I visited some years ago in Flanders. They are about a mile in circumference, and consist of neat little streets, so that they deserve the name rather of small towns than religious houses. The church or chapel is always in the centre. Every Beguine has her apartment and garden. They have a chaplain; but take no vows of celibacy, &c. The Beguines of Ghent and Brussels, wear black with a particular kind of round cover on their heads, plaited in the form of a rose, and about a foot in diameter. The rest of their head-dress is of cambrick. Whenever they marry, as being supposed no longer to want society, they quit the order. In great establishments of this kind, the ladies have their carriages; and, in short, Beguine is another

name for a woman to do whatever she pleases, and I do not know what female, who is not a very happy wife, might not wish to become a Beguine.

But the most extraordinary sect, to be found in this all-tolerating city, is, that of the Rhynsburgains, so called because the assembly of the persons, belonging to the above sect, is held at the village of Rhynsburg, near Leyden; and the three peasants who were the founders of the Rhynsburgian religion lived there.

Their names were John, Adrian, and Gilbert Van Code, each of whom was a rare example not only of skill and diligence as farmers, but of erudition as linguists, having as perfect a knowledge of languages as of agriculture, and cultivating both without sacrificing the one to the other. A fourth brother, (William,) arose to the distinction, (certainly not without deserving it) of Professor of the Oriental languages in the University of Leyden. Those above-named, continued to divide their labours betwixt the duties of the spade, and the study of divinity, and while yet in the flower of their age, became so celebrated as to receive visits from

Prince

Prince Maurice, and Monsieur Du Maurier, the then Envoy of France. Maurice, who was himself a scholar, conversed with these self-taught countrymen in Latin, Greek, Italian and French, in each of which tongues they replied with a spirit and readiness, (wanting only what, every body, not natal to them must more or less want, correct pronounciation) that astonished their auditors.

The remonstrant clergy, being banished in 1619, left their churches without a pastor: this determined our three brothers, who were of that sect, to supply the deficiency, undertaking to expound the Scriptures to the people. They administered baptism, in the manner of the primitive Christians; and settled their modes of worship, on particular passages of the holy writings, especially the fourteenth chapter of St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians. The essential difference betwixt this and other Christian associations, is not a little honorable to their community, viz. its toleration of every other, every person being at full liberty to adore God, according to his own forms of faith. Every person admitted to their meetings, delivers in turn his sentiments, and offers up his prayers, without reserve, on the

given

given text of the day, and a perfect equality prevails: the Bible is their sole guide. They assemble on the Saturday, and enter into certain preliminary discourses, by way of preparation for the Sabbath, when one of the brothers distributes the bread and wine, humbly declaring himself as little worthy of that honour as the other communicants. On the Sunday evening they meet to enumerate the many motives of gratitude, which every member of the fraternity, has to return thanks to the fountain of all good, and on the Monday morning, they take leave of each other, with the most fervent exhortations, to persevere in virtue and religion; and in that perseverance to be uniform, whatever dissimilarities may variegate their external ceremonies: for it is not uncommon for people of *all* modes of faith, to assist at the Rhynsburgian Assemblies.

Religion and trade, however, are not the only things in this great town wherein there is unbounded freedom. They tolerate vice as well as virtue; the number of common brothels, licensed by the States, in almost every large town, is enormous. They are known by the name of Music-houses, of which

which there are not less than five and twenty in Amsterdam. Strange as it may seem to you, they are no less the repositories of guilt and shame, than the resorts of innocence and curiosity, as persons of the best characters, and of both sexes, are to be seen in them, almost every evening. The Music-House, is amongst the public places, visited by almost every stranger: but you are to understand that the scenes thus exhibited to travellers, are no otherwise gross, than as they excite ideas inseparably connected with the sight of such a number of females, devoted by avowed profession to a life of impurity. The Music-House has always one very spacious apartment, where all persons are admitted on paying at entrance, the price of a bottle of wine. Two benches, the whole length of the room, are placed for the reception of inhabitants and visitors. There are seldom less than twenty women belonging to one house. These assemble about eleven at night, dressed, or rather undressed, in all the disgusting displays of their trade; an enormous pad to swell out the hips, a flaming red petticoat, which scarce reaches the calf of the leg, an immense pair of shoe-buckles, which nearly cover the foot, two broad black patches, the size of half-a-crown piece,

piece, on the temples, and uncovered bosoms. This, indeed, excepting only the bosoms, is the ordinary Dutch woman's style of dress. A miserable pair of fiddlers are scraping in a corner of the room, which is glaringly lighted up with tallow candles; the men are, most of them, smoking on the benches, and the women dancing in the middle. Some of the dances are curious enough: one in particular, where the man turns the woman round on tip-toe, several hundred times together, without the smallest intermission, with one hand encircling her waist, and elevating the other above the head, to meet her hand. The incredible rapidity with which this whirling is performed, and the length of time it continues, turns the spectator giddy, but seems to have no effect on the parties engaged in the dance. And while one couple are performing this roundabout, it is not uncommon for ten or a dozen others, to leap from their seats, pipes in hand, and seizing the girls, join in the twirl, like so many *te-to-tums*, or rather sleeping tops; for, notwithstanding their activity of limbs, there seems in their countenances, and even in their movements, a sort of torpor, which the sprightliest pleasure cannot dissipate: although it should be observed, that the Dutch

are much addicted to dancing, and albeit, they beat the ground with the foot, rather of a giant than a fairy, they appear to derive from their unwieldy, and sometimes ungraceful motions, such solid happiness, that a good natured spectator, cannot but be himself happy, on the principle of general benevolence, to see an Hollander rampant.

Carter tells us, these Music-Houses have undergone diversity of fortune. Sometimes they have ample toleration: now and then they have inspectors, to see that no indecencies are committed. At other times, in consequence of great disorders, they are shut up, and perform a kind of quarantine, before the magistrates suffer them again to be open for the reception of company. In point of number, privileges, and enormities, they certainly exceed any thing of the kind, even in Rome itself. What the State offers in its own defence, on this head, amounts to the stale maxim, that

“ Private Vices are public Benefits.”

On the night I made this curious assembly my Gleaning visit, it was crowded with people of all countries: for it was during the time of the fair, and the humours of the Music-House, were considered as one of the fine sights of the fair.

fair. Amongst the sets of strangers that attracted my notice more particularly, was a groupe of female Friezeland peasants, dressed in the picturesque habits of their Province. Bonnets made umbrella fashion, and not much less as to size; the linings of flowered linen, of a more flaring pattern than the out of date printed cotton, for bed-furniture, and window curtains: but at the extremity of these, were snugly deposited some of the fairest faces I ever beheld, which, coloured by modesty at the blushing sight of so many young creatures, who disdained covering of almost any sort, appeared yet more beautiful—the beauty of virtue—from the powerful advantage of immediate contrast, with the deformity of vice.—In the lovely eyes of one, I gleaned the tear of innocence, pitying guilt, and at the same time, vindicating her sex. This gentle drop was hid from the company in general. A young man, possibly her lover, on whose arm she hung, saw and felt it, for I perceived him press her hand, and whisper something that increased the crimson in her face, and yet checked the tear upon her cheek, where it fixed midway, like a dew drop on the rose-bud.

Of the music-girls, many are pretty featured, but carry in every lineament, the signs of their
their

their lamentable vocation: soddren complexions, feebly glossed over by artificial daubings of the worst colour; eyes that are commanded to attempt exciting passion, but which, in the very attempt, seem disobediently to shrink into the sockets; and constrained merriment, which substitutes a noisy and discordant laugh, and childish anticks, for the notes of genuine mirth and unharrassed spirits. How different, my friend, the powers of modesty, and the blushing honours in its train—how different from the blameless beings I have just described for you—breathing health, and blooming in beauty, the blessed effects of pure manners, air, and habitudes!

The inhabitants of the licensed houses of Amsterdam are, indeed, more unfortunately situated than any of their sadly merry sisterhood of London. They are never suffered to pass the doors, which are guarded by three or four ill-looking fellows, who literally consider them as private property. These keepers of their prison-house (for it is not less so, though with less accommodation) absolutely purchase them in the first instance. The buyer finds them in the haunts of the last distress, and many are seduced

seduced by the hope of an escape from famine, and the idleness which produced it, to accede to almost any terms. For a few weeks, they are supplied, even to profusion, with not only necessary comforts, but with those meretricious and glaring decorations, which at once discover their trade and their taste. Little do they suspect that this bounty is a trap to catch them; that it is intended only to plunge them beyond redemption deep in guilt and slavery, serving the double purpose of dressing out the victim, and binding the prisoner in chains—though they seem of silk—of sin and misery, and disease and death.

They have not united themselves to the wretched society of the music house a single month e'er they find themselves involved in unpayable debts, some of three, others of five hundred guilders, for those very articles, which at once increase the revenue of their tyrants, and aggravate their own poverty and guilt. They have literally nothing to offer but personal security, and as it rarely happens a gallant can be found to pay the price of their ransom, they remain slaves for life, subject to rigours, to which no other slaves are liable.

After

After I had been a silent spectator of this female jail, the hardest to which any culprit can be condemned, I perceived many of the prisoners, jaded with music and dancing, for the charms of which they could have no relish, fallen into a profound sleep, out of which their cruel owners aroused them by the most brutal language, and even by blows.

Certain disciplinarians have thought that a sight of the hateful portraits of vice do but recommend those of virtue. So far as that is true, a visit to the music-houses of Amsterdam may conduce to the interests of morality. Unquestionably a youth who has been trained in the principles of a pure education, and known the endearments of society; when refined and softened by innocent women, could suffer no permanent stain by a review of scenes from which, indeed, a man of the least touch of pity, or sense of what is due to the distressed of even the worst of the sex, would turn with revolt, or observe only with commiseration. And hence it is, that I am inclined to think the tenderest mistress, or the most faithful wife would have little to fear from a lover's or husband's inspection of these disgraceful and disgusting receptacles. What could they exhibit but the
excesses

excesses of the grossest, opposed to the perfection of the most delicate passion? And, after allowing for the possible impression of a transient view, and the effect it might have on human frailty, I should venture to believe that the unsullied charms of a virtuous woman must gain fresh honours and triumphs from the descent of their admirers into these regions of indecency, interest, and loathing, where all is glaring, forced, and unnatural.

A far more dangerous situation, my friend, is that, where, to the blandishments of seduction, are joined the semblances of virtue. Where female libertinism arrays herself in the robes of apparent innocence, and where the relenting heart is taken captive by temptations that almost persuade it, that it is yielding itself up, rather a votary to virtue, than a victim to vice.

But I am upon trembling ground; and will go lightly off, while I may yet escape those over-nice moralists, who are so wonderfully apt to mis-interpret a passing reflection into a recommendation or encouragement of error. By what I have thrown out on this subject, I give only the result of my own feelings, which have always assured me that there is not more poetry than

than truth (and particularly in applying them to women) in these well-known verses,

“Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,

“As to be hated needs but to be seen.”

And, though the subsequent lines

“Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,

“We first endure, then pity, then embrace,”

may be also true, in a general sense, it may be considered so far as an exception here, inasmuch as the embrace itself is succeeded by an hatred of vice, and a return to virtue.

It is time, however, we take our leave of this great and populous city. You will allow it is well entitled to the latter epithet, when you are reminded that at a medium for fifteen years nine thousand persons have died in it annually. In Paris, for the like term of years, twice that number have descended to the tomb. I speak of the time of the deaths of nature, ere the introduction of the dreadful guillotine—of whose devastations I am soon to speak.

I understand that the bills of mortality in London, for the like space, give in a calculation of twenty-four thousand. I should suspect twenty-six thousand would be nearer the truth, if we include the villages and detached houses.

The present averaged number, therefore, of the inhabitants of these three capitals of Europe, according to the usual estimate by deaths, stands thus: Amsterdam upwards of 230,000; Paris, 500,000; and London, about 700,000. At Rome, no public registers of christenings, or burials, are kept; but in 1683, M. Augout computed the inhabitants at about 125,000. In 1714, Pope Clement II. caused an exact account to be taken by S. Carraccioli, which he made to be 104,300 souls, including strangers, who are generally supposed to be 20,000.

It is asserted by Carter, however, that the inhabitants of the two Provinces of Holland, and Zealand, do not consist of more than one million and a half, that is, little more than half an acre for every head.

Upon the whole, Amsterdam has been justly called the modern Tyre, for beauty, opulence, and accommodation of every kind: and the government of the city is so well regulated, that in five years there are not five malefactors executed. In short, whatever is the particular bent of a traveller's disposition; whether trade, or pleasure be the object, he explores, he may find wherewithal to gratify himself in this city,

to which we will now bid adieu, as I wish now to conduct you to one of the greatest curiosities either in this or in any other country; I mean North Holland, where I have passed some of the most agreeable days of my life, and where every thing one sees is so appropriate and distinct, that in a quick transition from Amsterdam, the contrast is almost as great as if one were to be suddenly transported into a new world.—My friend, farewell.

P. S. I have just recollected a passage of the great author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, on the subject of Roman population, which far exceeded the estimate I have just mentioned. The number of subjects who acknowledged the laws of Rome, of citizens, provincials, and slaves, cannot now be fixed with such a degree of accuracy as the importance of the object would deserve. We are informed that when the Emperor Claudius exercised the office of Censor, he took an account of six millions nine hundred and forty-five thousand citizens, who, with the proportion of women and children, must have amounted to about twenty millions of souls. But, after weighing, with attention, every circumstance which could influence the balance,

it seems probable that there existed, in the time of Claudius, about twice as many provincials as there were citizens, of either sex, and of every age; and that the slaves were, at least, equal in number to the free inhabitants of the Roman world. The total amount then of this important calculation would rise to about one hundred and twenty millions of persons: "a degree of population (says Gibbon) which possibly exceeds that of modern Europe, and forms the most numerous society, that has ever been admitted, or united under the same system of government."

LETTER L.

North Holland.

TO THE SAME; and by the province of North Holland, but some think the country, as soon as they have

BEYOND dispute, the little country from whence I date this letter, is the most deserving to be inspected, as a curiosity, of any, not only in the Seven, but in the Seventeen Provinces; and yet, like many other deserving objects in this perverse world of our's, is the least visited by those who have even no other motive of travel than to gratify curiosity. Satisfied with seeing the capital, which they run over as if that time which they throw away, were really precious to them, they shift the scene with the rapidity of our ancient playwrights, who, in the course of a single act, which takes half an hour in the representation, carry us from one quarter of the globe to another, leaping the space between, though "whole oceans roll," to stop them, with as much ease as if they were stepping over a gutter. Inasmuch that a thorough-paced traveller will breakfast in Helyoetsluice, dine at Rotterdam, take supper at Amsterdam, return the next

morning to breakfast at the Hague; and write a tour, through Holland, of what he has not seen, in good time for the returning packet. But more sedate persons, as has been well observed, by one who deplored it, rarely visit the province of North Holland, but turn their backs on the country, as soon as they have seen Amsterdam; thereby losing a view of one of the most beautifully romantic spots in the whole world.

I will proceed, my friend, to justify this assertion, by gleaning for you what, on comparing the given descriptions with the eye-witnessed facts, I find to be the most faithful.

North Holland is another name for *West Friesland*, paradoxical as that may sound. Formerly, it was a marsh composed of many great lakes, separated from each other only by high roads or dikes; but now nothing remains of them, except their names and dimensions in maps. With incredible toil, they have been entirely drained, and changed into the delicious place I have just mentioned. Even Sir William Temple, who was not apt to speak too kindly of Holland, observed, that a once rotten marsh, the draining of which was the incessant labour

of four years; a space, including highways and dikes, of no more than ten thousand acres, is so well planted with gardens, orchards, and majestic rows of trees, as to form the most pleasant landscape he ever saw. "It was here," says Temple, that I met with a curiosity yet greater than the place itself—a poor fellow in an hospital (a superannuated seaman) who proved to be the only rich man I ever saw in my life: for, on offering him a crown, as a reward for the trouble of shewing me the hospital, and giving me with the history of the place, the history of himself, as one of its most veteran members, in a very pleasant manner, he absolutely refused my money, saying he *could* have no use for it, being plentifully supplied with every thing necessary in the hospital."

The manners and customs of North Holland are said to differ essentially from those in the South; but I could trace the dissimilitude only in the articles of dress, and superior neatness: for though all the Provinces are clean on the surface, this of West Friesland is so even to a painful affectation. Saardam, Alkmaar, Hoorn, Enkhuism, Edam, Monnikendam, Broek, Medenbik, and Parmerende are the principal towns.

The first is a village, where, instead of a gleaning, a traveller of curiosity may gather an harvest. The single article of windmills and woodmills would afford him a sheaf. The number of each is really incredible. There are not less than two hundred and fifty of the mills to cut wood into planks, for the purpose of ship-building, of which the process will prove a morning's entertainment to any man, and of which the invention is due to Corneille Van Uitgust. I have never seen them even in our naval island, where, assuredly, they would prove a powerful auxiliary; or am I mistaken? Have they been adopted by our ingenious countrymen? I recommend them, at all events to every traveller, who, like myself, hath never seen them before. Saardam, like the other towns of North Holland, is almost entirely of wood, painted on the *outside* with as much care, as to colour and figures, as our choicest apartments on the *inside*. Before and behind every house, even in this busy, populous, and commercial town, which contains many thousand inhabitants, are little gardens, the eighth, tenth, and even twentieth of an acre, where flowers, vegetables, shrubs, grass-plots, and cockle-shell walks, are arranged in so singular a manner, that they seem rather

rather the property; and indeed the work of fairy fingers and fairy people, than of a hardy, heavy looking, set of men and women, whose lightest tread or touch might seem to throw them into irretrievable disorder. You cannot look at a tree of a year's growth, but its bark is painted of all hues, figures, and fancies; nor can you sit down on a bench, without pressing under you blue tigers, red wolves, green foxes, yellow rabbits, and white ravens. Taste is absolutely forbid to enter North Holland; but in lieu of it, whim is privileged to play whatever pranks he thinks proper, so as he makes no dirt. They almost quarrel with nature, whom they welcome during the spring and summer, for dropping her leaves upon their shell-walks in autumn. But of this more in its place.

The paper-mills of Saardam are the most considerable in Holland: for, while Louis the XIVth was making an irruption in 1672, many of the most ingenious paper-makers took refuge in this town, carrying with them their families, and the art by which they were supported.

Industry becomes stationary, where most favoured, and at Saardam the encouragements were

were too great to permit a second emigration. Near an hundred thousand reams of post paper are annually fabricated at Saardam; and a like proportion of grey and blue.

The Saardam vessels are also justly celebrated, and here it was that Peter the Great, of Russia, gained his elementary knowledge of ship-building. It is asserted, perhaps with some boast, that a single ship-carpenter set a navy of twenty considerable vessels on float.

But Saardam has yet other attractions, and which some travellers may think greater objects of curiosity, in a country where the Cyprian goddess is not reputed to keep her fairest court, than any I have yet mentioned. The women of this town are generally handsome; and, notwithstanding, on a first acquaintance, there is an air of distance, reserve, and even coldness, they are all, as well as men, replete with an anxious desire to *break the ice*, and when broken, make up lost time by such a flow of questions, and with such rapidity, that you must be gifted with uncommon speed yourself not to be overborne by the torrent, which hurries away with your answers almost before they can get them out of your mouth. This

loquacious

loquacious character is, indeed, a characteristic mark of a Dutch woman; and yet none but a residentiary Gleaner can discover it. A first, second, third, and even fourth visit, does not often serve to thaw the inveterate and chilling air which seems to bind up their tongues. They hear you, at length, with a fixed, doll-like stare, and answer you in short, exchanging a monosyllable for a speech, or more frequently giving only some nods, of which they are all prodigal, for half an hour's conversation. But when you can once make them assimilate, which the habit of seeing you will effect, by degrees, a knot of Dutch women over their stoves, equal, if they do not surpass, in sport, chit-chat, and pleasantry, with due proportions of tittle-tattle, any female convention over their tea-tables, and even that which is supposed to be appropriate to the tea-table, and indeed a part of its equipage, namely, good, solid detraction.

The entrance of a stranger, however, has the power of stopping them in mid career. The merriest of the circle would forego her jest; and even the most malicious would let her neighbour's reputation, when she had just got it between her teeth, fall from her lips. I had

had an opportunity to glean an instance of this. Some frolicksome Dutch girls started in a conversation, where, as a domestic friend, I was permitted to mingle, the character of a young woman, who was suspected of growing more suddenly corpulent, than in the way of general *en-bon-point*, she ought to do. The whole party followed the trail, and joined in the cry against this poor absentee, who, by the bye, was a native of this very town of Saardam. Never was any miserable hare more hardly hunted than this luckless girl's character. It was fairly, or rather unfairly, worried by the young and the old. At last, a lady, who had been hitherto the least violent of the pack, caught it from her next neighbour, who had been giving it some hearty shakes herself, and determined upon tearing it all in tatters, exclaimed in the most vehement Dutch I ever heard uttered—'tis a terrible language for anger—
 " take it from me, ladies, this girl, as sure as
 " I am putting this fire under my petticoats,
 " is, and always was, a most designing, for-
 " ward, good-for-nothing huffey; and if she is
 " not now big with child, I, that am the ho-
 " nest mother of two-and-twenty, am a maid—
 " yes, take it from me, she is a vile strum—"

" Strum-

—Strum-pet she would have said, but the husband of one of the party leading in a stranger, cut off the last syllable, which fell to the ground with the remains of the mangled reputation.

The stranger remained till the party broke up, but, whether from the severity of the disappointment, or any other cause, the loudest and the most voluble groupe that slander ever gathered together, became the most taciturne and sullen: insomuch that the stranger, whom I met the next day at the coffee-house, asked me, if I had ever seen such an horrid silent meeting, assuring me, at the same time, that he had employed all his morning in sending to his friends in England a true picture of a visit to a Dutch family, where nothing was either looked or said for several hours, though there were near a dozen females in company!

I contented myself with observing, that if he remained in the country long enough to become domestic in the family, he might possibly collect materials for a letter of a very different cast: in the mean while, his friends would doubtless be much entertained.

“Long enough in the country,” no, cried the gentleman! “I have had enough, and do not
mean

“ mean to repeat my visit, I thank you. I love
 “ society, and must hear a little conversation, as
 “ well as see a good deal of beauty, which, I
 “ own, to my great surprise, I observed, amidst
 “ the still-life of last night. No, Sir, I have
 “ had enough of Dutch ladies, and shall go into
 “ a country where women can speak, as well as
 “ hold their tongues, as soon as possible.”

As it would have been impossible to remove these impressions, I let them pass; for it would have been in vain to assure this *hasty* traveller, that the fair Hollanders he had thus accused of being dumb, were they to exert their powers, could talk him deaf; add to which, the tradition goes, that a Dutch wife is always the head of the house.

Their general complexion is clear and fine, as to a proper quantum of white and red, but the effect is lost by the immoveable fixture of both. A stranger to the settled colours would pronounce them artificial: the red forms one strong circle in each cheek, and yields, no, not for a moment, to occurrences or to passions. In rage, in jealousy, in love, in surprise, and even in fear, this rubied hue neither increases nor diminishes; the same inflexibility

inflexibility holds good as to the white, which gives their countenances the air of wax-work painted. These steady colourings are scarcely removed by age: I have seen a great many women who possessed them unmixed, and unimpaired, to their seventieth year. The old women of Liege are the only part of the sex, who are, almost without an exception, of the worst colours, forms, and features; insomuch that had not male gallantry long since set it down amongst the inviolable etiquettes, that a female cannot be ugly, I should not scruple to say, that at Liege a race of women might be found, who resembled rather Vulcan than Venus, both in shape and hue. This strength of allusion, however, being inhibited, I shall only observe, that all ranks of the sex are, in the part of Germany above-mentioned, less likely to make a man shoot himself through the head, after being shot through the heart, than in any other country I have yet visited. In my first tour through Flanders, I wished, out of the spirit of candour that is in me, added to a sincere love and admiration of the sex, to vindicate the females of this town from this censure. To which end I sallied forth on knight-errant principles, to do the damsels and the dames justice. The morning was fine, the weather was warm, and
the

the sun had drawn every body abroad. How assiduously, how generously, did I follow every petticoat, and meet every apron, to discover pretty features and a good complexion: yea, and often disappointed as I was, I still cherished the hope of finding, in the next comer or goer, a face that might ransom the rest. I could, returning at dusk, only glean a few handsome eyes, more to be admired, for their blackness than the teeth, which seemed to vie with them, as asserting the charms of a finer jett. Of Liege, you know, it has been said, that it is the hell of women, because the poor of that sex do the work of our coal-heavers. I could not help assigning another reason for this appellation, *viz.* because both rich and poor* of that large, and ancient town were — fill up the blank, my dear friend; for it cannot be expected I should so little respect the laws of *pre-determined* politeness, as to insinuate any thing about ugly as the deuce. The hell of women it is still called, be the reason what it may: also the purgatory of men, because they are almost all governed by their wives, their sapho-faced partners,—and the paradise of monks, because of the rich benefices. The latter, however, is just now a little out of repair, as the ecclesiastical fruits have

been

* This is not peculiar to Liege—but is also customary at *Leith*, near Edinburgh.

been more than once seized upon by the spoiler.

The village of Alkmaar is so environed by gardens, orchards, canals, avenues, and meadows, that, if we include the beautiful little wood in its neighbourhood, it may be pronounced one of the most highly cultivated and blooming spots in the world. Many Christian communities assemble here; and you are shewn a set of buildings sacred to age, known in Holland under the name of *Hofje*, the houses of elderly women.

It is an article of admittance into this place, that the party entering renounces marriage for the rest of her life, whether ancient virgin, or widow, and to break all sort of intercourse with mankind. This vow resembles not a little that of the monastery, but, then, it is a little easier to be observed, since it is not imposed till age itself has made it a matter of no great difficulty.

Fruits and flowers, and groves, and fair meadows, in Holland! methinks I hear you exclaim. Yes, truly, my dear friend; albeit thorough-fare travellers have assured us, 'tis only a collection of dykes and ditches, with a few huge rows of trees, where half the plat-

form just reflects the other, I again and again assert, that in this sequestered village of Alkmaar, and in very many other sweet nooks and corners, where travellers of the above description disdain to go; there is very beautiful scenery, and worth a visit, were there no other attraction, because the ornaments, the disposition of the ground, the arrangement of the flowers, and the novelty of the walks, are curious and original.

In the next town, which is a considerable sea-port on the banks of the Zuyder Sea, (Hoorn) the meadow grounds are delicious. The public walks are extremely fine, and to variegate the prospect of eight or ten thousand industrious people at work in the docks and vessels, you have, close under your eye, upwards of four hundred gardens, in which a weed would be looked upon as an offence scarce less heinous than a morsel of dirt in any part of their houses.

Enkhuizen, Edam, and Monnikendam, have the same sort of beauties in the same abundance; nor is Mendenbik or Purmerind unworthy notice. But the beautiful and singular village of Broek will command a more particular description. Mr. Peckham has with
great

great justice called it one of the prettiest little towns in the world. A journey of a thousand miles would be repaid with pleasure, were there no other objects than such as assemble in the village of Broek. The whole of it is a cabinet of curiosities, on which one can scarce gaze, without trembling, lest some injury should be done them even by our homage. My pen seems not sufficiently delicate to describe them. There is but one street through which carriages of any kind are permitted to pass; and that, as if profaned, is but thinly furnished with inhabitants. Every part of every house, within and without, is painted with the most costly colours; and though separately examined, the figures and ornaments would be found to violate all laws of proportion, the general effect is really charming. Every street (the one above excepted, is, in every part, clean beyond all comparison, and little gardens, where perennial verdure and bloom seems to preside, (for not a blade of grass, nor a withered leaf, is suffered to rest on the ground) extend from one end of the street to the other; each man's proper bounds being distinguished by fences of every sort and kind, but all ornamented with a care that makes one rather afraid to touch them. The houses are roofed with tiles so glossy, that in

the sun-shine they glitter like spar. The pavement of the street is inlay-work, of beautifully small pebbles of various forms and colours, squared or diamonded, crossed and intercrossed, if I may so express myself, agreeable to the taste or fancy of the proprietors. Shells, pieces of glazed brick, marbles, glass beads, &c. are called in as auxiliaries. To tread upon them seems not only profanation, but perill; and indeed the inhabitants seem to be of the same opinion; for the greater part tread with a most distressing caution, and look critically at the shoes of every passenger. In short, were not the age of enchantment past, even from the fairy land of fiction, and could one reduce the solid limbs and unwieldy forms of the owners of this wonder-working village, a traveller coming into it, from the city of Amsterdam, might fancy himself transported by some magician into a region of fairies.

As the fact is, it seems, on a comparison of the *place* with the people, that the natives of Brobdignag have here established themselves in a town of Lilliput.

Broek is divided and subdivided by numberless little rivulets that serpentine by the sides

the houses; the paintings and ornaments on the outside of every house look so vivid, as to the colours, as to seem but just finished; yet they have, most of them, stood the tyranny of wind and weather three or four years. In such pretty baby-houses for grown, and, I am sure, I may say *full* grown ladies and gentlemen, there reigns more simplicity than you would suppose. I speak of the interior of these little paradises, where, by the bye, it is not very easy for a traveller to gain admittance. The North Hollanders are excessively shy at first sight—at Broek more particularly—and “of somewhat a jealous complexion;” for if a stranger of a wild air, and rude manner, appears amongst them, they return his behaviour in kind, by shutting their doors in his face; and as a farther proof of dislike or fear, order their wives and daughters into the most retired apartments, where they remain prisoners, till they have assurance of the intruder having left the place. It is, however, only *impertinent* curiosity, or that air of rude command, which too often accompanies a stranger who refuses to make allowances, that is thus disappointed. While I was drinking coffee with a family at Broek, two strangers passed the window in a disorderly manner, peeped into the room, and were rushing forward without any other notice.

Two very pretty daughters and their mother, were put to flight instantly, and the master of the house ran to fasten his door, after which he came and took my hand, observing that although he did not keep an inn for every saucy or lazy fellow to come and do what he thought proper, he knew what was due to a quiet and well-disposed guest, saying which, he took the opportunity of the ladies absence to walk over the apartments, all of which, and particularly that which held his best bed, were, he assured me, entirely at my service, so long as I thought proper to make use of them.

In Broek, there is a great deal of female agreeableness, amongst the people of higher ranks; but the peasant girls who inhabit the environs, are of a complexion so delicate, and the white and red so sweetly diffused, and in such just proportions, that it is worth any person's while to deport himself peaceably, were it only for the sake of getting a sight of them; which certainly would not be done by an hurry-scurry traveller, were he to remain in the town, for a twelve-month. The Dutch women seldom stir abroad, and scarce ever to take a walk as it is called.

Peckham tells us of a singular custom retained in North Holland, of having a door in every house, which is never opened, but when a corpse is carried out: he should have added the information of this door's being opened only on *two* occasions—the *marriage* or death of some one of the family. There is something very solemn in the custom, and may conduce, perhaps, to some domestic morality. It is the great door in the centre of the house. A smaller one, on the left hand side, is that which serves for ordinary purposes.

The inhabitants of Broek are chiefly persons who have retired from business, or who are connected with some commercial houses in Amsterdam. They are extremely rich; and it is here that the practice still prevails amongst the wealthy peasantry of disposing of their children in marriage by weight of metal. A countryman dressed in a coarse blue doublet is the father of a young man, who is to be sold in wedlock: he meets the buyer, another countryman, who is the parent of the girl, that is to be bought. While the parties thus to be disposed of, are trying to become agreeable to one another, or, at least, to accommodate, the old folks are making the bargain for them, over a pipe of tobacco.

Will you give your son to my daughter with so many barrels of gold?

I cannot.

She cannot be afforded for less.

Well, I will give it.

Then take her.—I will cart the cash to-morrow.

Done. A match.

The business is done, and they are as happy, at least, as money can make them.

The painful neatness of the houses within, and the streets without, have been productive of the following anecdote. The ancient Vicar of Broek being dead, and much lamented, his successor tried every method that a worthy priest could think of, to repair the loss, not only as to his pastoral duty, but as to society. "I would fain gain your good will and conciliate your esteem, my dear parishioners," said he, "How is it I fail?"

The want of confidence in the inhabitants, made the new Vicar unhappy: and yet for many months, he could get no one to assign a reason for it. At length, an old man, one of his congregation, after some hesitation, spoke as follows: "I will tell you, Mr. Vicar. You are a fine scholar: you talk Greek and Latin: your

your discourses are very learned; but you mount the reading desk and pulpit in your shoes, after having walked through the street. Your predecessor always put on a pair of slippers, which are still left for your use in the consistory. You know, now, the cause of the shyness and disaffection of the parish: and you know, also, the way to remove it."

The Vicar took the hint, and ever after adopting the slippers, very soon became as great a favourite as the good man he succeeded.

Peckham has noticed very exactly, the curiosity of the head-dress of the women of North Holland. A little hair cut very short and thin, which is combed down on the forehead, and powdered. The cap sticks close to their ears, and under it are two pieces of silver or gold, which appear at each temple, and a broad piece is under the cap on the back part of the head.

Of the saw-mill, his description is the most accurate that can be given. Forty boards can be sawed at the same time. The flies of the mill are fixed to a large beam, which turns on an axis; in the centre of the beam, is the grand wheel, which puts in motion another
immediately

immediately below it; this is likewise fixed on the middle of a piece of timber, which hangs on an axis; and to which four perpendicular saws, ten in each compartment, are fastened; which, as the wheel goes round, are elevated, and again thrust down. At the end of this beam are two iron hooks, which catch a wheel, and each time the saw goes up and down, it moves this wheel one cog, that wheel moves another, which catches into a piece of iron, and draws it towards itself. At the end of this iron is a cross bar, which presses against the end of the tree, while the other end is sawing, and pushes it on to the teeth of the saw, with a motion proportionate to the dispatch of the saws.

When you compare, my friend, the effect of all this with the tedious process of our common English saw-pit, you will wish with me, that such of our timber merchants as are ignorant of it, would take the hint, and condescend to be instructed.

The oil and tobacco-mills are equally curious, but as their construction is more generally known, I shall not take up your time in describing them.

Upon the whole the village of Broek, is one of the greatest curiosities of the United Provinces;

Provinces; and, indeed, North-Holland, generally, will be found to justify, even more than has been said in its favour.

The village of Medemblic, which I have not yet mentioned, and which, before the building of Encheuson and Hoorn, was the capital of North-Holland, is still remarkable for its immense Dams, which have resisted the violence of the turbulent Zuder Sea so many centuries. The water is here much higher than the land, and in tempestuous weather threatens to overflow the banks, enormous as they are; by which the country would be instantly deluged. To prevent this dreadful event, the inhabitants cover the banks with many folds of sail-cloth, which simple as it appears, checks the fury of the waves in their most violent career. A million of human beings trust their lives to this seemingly slight invention. The above adventurous little town looks, as you approach it, to be just rising out of the ocean: the savage roaring of the waves vainly menace it every moment. When they swell beside the banks, mountain high, ladies are to be seen walking and children at play: while the boldest stranger would tremble for their safety and his own. So reconciling is the power of custom. All that you have ever seen in your
own

own country of sublime pier-heads, moles, &c. though they may surpass in majesty, fall infinitely short of the Dam of Medemblic, in point of the terrible, and the industrious. I have looked down from the heights of Shakspeare's cliff, and from those

“Where huge Plinlimmon lifts his awful head,”

but the sensation was in neither instance so full of tremendous imagery. And the contrast, from the smiling and peaceful retirements of Broek, made it more impressive.

The character of the North Hollander, is that of phlegm and even apathy: He is certainly more saturnine than his countrymen farther south. Slow in decision, persevering in opinion, but unshaken, as the banks of Medemblic, in a resolve when taken. They are also more muscular in their forms, and of a superior size, but neither clumsily put together, nor coarse in their feature. The beauty of the women as to their grand articles of red and white of nature's own putting on (though she mixes them better in some countries) I have already spoken. I have, therefore, only to add, a grace which has been in and out of fashion, many times on your side of the water; I mean a very high forehead. The North Holland Ladies consider
this

this as so indispensable, that they press down, and even eradicate the hair, bind it with ribbons and fillets, and use every other art to expand the brows. A low forehead, and an abundance of hair, near the temples is, of course, deemed a grand personal defect. The females of North Holland, have also a beauty, which the other Provinces rarely shew us; that of good teeth, which is, in any of the great towns, a rarity in either sex, and seemingly one but little desired.

Their complexion is almost invariably fair. A Dutch Brunette, is scarce to be seen, and when seen, not either envied by one sex, or admired by the other. They partake, however, in a very high degree, the defects as well as beauty of that fine colouring—extreme indolence.

We are told that lovers are more constant, husbands more obsequious in North Holland, than in any other part of the Republic, which even in general has the reputation of being under the government of the petticoat. This must be understood to extend only to household affairs: In matters of public concern, the North Hollander is the most independent asserter of his rights, and the *Amor Patriæ* is

here more vitally felt, and has been more strenuously maintained, than in any other parts of the Provinces.

Enough, has now been said to induce every reader of these our Gleanings, to make the tour of this very singular and beautiful little Province.

Adieu, my loved friend. Here and every where may blessings attend you.

LETTER LI.

TO THE SAME.

YOU tell me I have too long neglected the Muse; accept then a poetical Gleaning in the form of a Sonnet, which breathes a sadness that will reach your affections. It is the effusion of a melancholy moment, and entirely confutes the assertion of the ingenious bard, who said

“What mourner ever felt poetic fires?”

“Slow comes the verse that real grief inspires.”

for it was written as fast as the pen could move along the paper, and when the writer's heart was wrung with sensations of greater sorrow than either verse or prose could describe.

SONNET.

I.

WHEN every charm of life is fled,
 And every thought is fill'd with care;
 When peace, and hope, and health, are dead,
 And nothing lives but dire despair;

II.

When sleep, the wretch's last relief,
 Tho' potent drugs invite his power;
 Denies one little pause to grief,
 The balmy respite of an hour:

III.

Ah! what can PITY's self devise,
 (From farther ills the wretch to save),
 But wish his death; with tender sighs,
 And drop a tear upon his grave!

Grief, is not more various, my friend, in its causes, than in its effects upon the minds of different sufferers. There are many who endure in a silence, at once dreadful and profound, the *first* stages of their distress, and burst forth into the loudest paroxysms in the *second*. And there are others, who *begin* with violence and clamour, which, so far from not remaining in force, decreases only in sound, but settles afterwards into a tremendous calm, which remains fixed, for the rest of life, in the melancholy anguish of unspeakable despair. This, I know, inverts the popular idea, that the deepness of grief, like that of waters,
 “ makes

“ makes the least noise,” but there is no ascertaining by a standard the diversified effects of agony or joy. Every human being must feel in his own way; and, perhaps, no two ever yet felt exactly alike, even the same pain or pleasure; because temper, constitution, age, sex, or circumstance, with miriads of combinations, will make an alteration, some where or other, in the occasion, or in the sufferer.

I have gleaned the heart of man in many countries, my friend, and though every where, it is true,

“ The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear,
 “ And sighs and tears by nature grow on pain;”

as well as that happiness has its general characteristics, I do not remember ever, yet, to have found the effects of either—no, not even when the causes have been precisely the same—exactly, or even, nearly, similar, as to the manner of receiving them, at first, or bearing them afterwards, in any two human creatures.

For my own part, I have been a thousand times satisfied, that our minds are yet more distinct and appropriate than our persons, and that no man ever resembled his neighbour so much in the former as the latter. Something
 renders

renders each being original; and though we are all of one species, were the dissimilarities of each individual to be laid open, in a candid history of his peculiar sensations, they would be, perhaps, numerous enough for every mortal to exclaim—"Although I am of the same kind, and resemble you, neighbour, in some things, I differ from you so essentially in others, that I am myself alone": nor do I deny that you may lay claim to like original traits."

I believe, with respect to the ordinary effects of pleasure and pain, (I am speaking of neither in their extremes) it is common for the first to render men voluble, and the latter silent. I confine myself to mental, not bodily pain. The reverse happens to myself. In pleasure, especially if it be sudden, I hardly know what to do with myself—a letter which describes the health or wealth of an absent friend, the conciliation of an enemy, or of any thing *like* conciliation of the latter, the view of a happy countenance, the sound of a happy voice, the smiling face of general nature in the spring, diffusing general felicity, on animal as well as human life, the sight, or even the relation of a generous action, the soft remembrance of kindness received in years long past, the recollection even of places where I have seen, or conversed with,

those whom, though, *perhaps*, I may converse with, and see no more, *perhaps*, I may see all these, and ten thousand times ten thousand other things, work themselves so strongly into the frame of my heart and soul, that I am for a considerable time blessed *beyond talking*, and am as restless and silent, as if I was speechless from distress. As the pleasurable idea takes possession of me, I am driven about in a manner and with a rapidity, that a spectator, ignorant of my habits, would set me down as an unhappy fellow, vainly trying to run away from his misery. I cannot sit in my chair, nor keep out of it. I even turn from the object (if it be near) from which I derive my felicity. But I turn away frequently with a heart so full of tender gratitude that, even when the object is inanimate, (a fine expanse of water or of wood, or a small rivulet, or a little path way, near, or along which I have wandered, or to which I owe an agreeable image, for my muse, or for my friend) those tears which come from the spring of pleasure gush to my eyes. It is certainly great happiness, but I can neither tell, nor, at the moment, write about it.

" Mine is the *harvest* dancing in the gale,

" Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the vale."

Yet

Yet till the first impressions are somewhat subsided, I could not put into the sheaf of our correspondence a single wheat-ear.

How different is the influence of pleasure on many whom I have had the delight to see happy, How has their felicity poured itself forth in expression. How has it made those speak, who, in less fortunate hours, were so profoundly silent, that

“they quite detested talk.”

In grief alone it is, that I am loquacious and yet tranquil. I remain for some hours fixed, as if statue-struck, to the spot, where the misfortune fell upon me; but, if a friend appears, on that softest pillow for an aching heart, I lean for comfort, and explain my feelings without reserve. If no resource of this kind is at hand, I can, even while the anguish is upon my mind, force it, or, rather shall I say, indulge it, the only mode of communication which absence allows.

“Heav’n first taught letters for some wretch’s aid.”

Or I derive consolation from the muse, and have proved, in a thousand instances, that “flowing numbers” are very suitable “with a bleeding heart.” If I have ever had the power of interesting the affections of my reader, in describing any imagined sorrow, it has always

been when I felt the puncture of some actual distress. And if I have at any time had the happiness to satisfy others, by any strain or story, which painted fancied, or real, felicity, it has been the production of subsequent memory rather than of immediate sensation. I am made happy: the instant effect does what it will with me, and for some hours it keeps me in perpetual motion. I think and feel volumes; but I could no more use a pen than the gander, or goose, on whose wing it once grew. As the matter settles a little, I am equal to converse, or correspondence: the fitness for which I first gather from perceiving within me the power of talking to myself. With the return of my soliloquies, returns also my colloquial abilities; and, after a few discoveries to myself, or thinkings aloud, I open upon every person I meet, chat with every cottager, enter almost every hut; and, though I am not so violently happy as I was, am, perhaps, more comfortable: to others I certainly am; for during my whirligig, outrageous state, a cottager would be frightened at me, and a hut scarce hold me. Yes, my friend, it is then that I must

“Have ample room and verge enough.”

But what am I about? Much of this you know, and have humoured me both when the fit has been on and off, Into what length of selfish

selfish delineation has the introduction of a little melancholy song betrayed me? Yet may it not have thrown some general light on some commonly received opinions? and, were it only a particular portrait of my own way of feeling, surely I may be indulged in a few pages, sacred to a friend, who will pardon my egotism, and smile on my peculiarities.

Possibly they are not the peculiarities of any other man, and therefore can expect to find favour only in the eyes of a friend; unless every other man would remember, that they too have peculiarities of some sort, and, perhaps, not many so pleasant to themselves, or so harmless to other people, as the Gleaner's.

It is thus, that the joyful tidings which open the lips, and put in motion the pens of others, close and lay aside mine. I talk and write, not when I am less happy, but, when I am in the best condition to relate: in other words, when I can sit still. Not a thought, not an image, however, is impaired. It is even more vivid, and asks the brightest colour of language, as well as the speed with which the words that compose such language, demand. This letter, dedicated solely to her, who could alone read it, marked as it is with the hurry

that illustrates what I have just observed, shall close with a truth that can never change, *viz.* that in every state of my mind and its feelings; whether I am struck dumb with happiness, or impelled to loquacity, by sorrow, I am, with equal affection and fidelity, it's dearest attributes, your's.

LETTER LII.

TO THE SAME.

Amsterdam.

FROM North Holland you return to this city in one of the public barges. It is a passage of a few hours, at the end of which you revisit those scenes of bustling activity, which are in such wonderful contrast to those images of general repose, that it seems almost as if the great ferryman of the Heathens had taken you back in his boat from Elysium to this nether world. I allude only to the more tranquil parts of North Holland; such, for instance, as Broek.

In and about that lovely village I have forgot the residue of the cold weather weeks, and their blustering attendants, and awaited the arrival

arrival of the spring; whose harbingers have long since recompensed the fondness of expectation. I have almost a month breathed amongst all that April has in this country to offer, from the opened violet to the unfolded rosebud; the tenderest green covers the whole village, which appears almost to vegetate and blossom. I said to it yesterday, adieu, and yesterday was one of April's most delightful offerings; them

“Forth flew the tepid airs, and unconfin'd,

“Unbinding earth, the moving softness stray'd.”

There had been four-and-twenty hours of unusual warmth, and at length one of those showers fell on the earth, which seem to sprinkle over it the balms of heaven. One might almost, without a figure, say

“Celestial odours breath'd around.”

On regaining this capital, I could not help exclaiming, in the vigorous language of a modern poet, who seems to have had the truest relish of nature,

“God made the country, and man made the town!”

The genial shower above-mentioned, that overspread Broek with flowers and fragrance, had not even quieted the dust of the traffic-trodden city. Man and beast, notwithstanding the eternal operations of the mop and scrub-

bing-brush in this country, were "besprent." But the clangor of industry, and the assembled powers of gain, personified, rendered the change interesting to the spectator. It is astonishing how the passages of those bards of our poetical land, with whose writings I have passed my early days, recur to my memory, and break into quotation as occasions apply them. In an instant, the apposite verses rush to my lips, whatever be the subject, and I feel new love and admiration for the author, for assisting me to illustrate affecting objects with more vivid language than I could myself supply. As I passed through the streets of Amsterdam, from the quay to my lodgings, a passage from the poet of Nature, who painted the seasons of the year in colours, inferior only to those of nature herself, broke from me.

"Then would a splendid city rise to view,

"With cars and carts, and coaches roaring all:

"Wide pour'd abroad, behold the bustling crew,

"See how they dash along from wall to wall!"

But scarce had I uttered these lines ere others, no less apposite, from the inexhaustible stores of the same author, followed them. They exactly characterise the provinces in general.

"Gay plains extend, where marshes slept before,

"O'er recent meads th' exulting streamers fly;

"Dark frowning bogs grow bright with Ceres store,

"And woods embrown the steep, or wave along the shore."

Excuse

Excuse the variation of a word or two, which brings the picture nearer the truth and the life,

On my going to dine at the Table D'Hote, I met with a circumstance which is too notorious not to deserve censure, and which, nevertheless, English travel-writers have been pleased, whether from national prejudice, or false kindness, I cannot tell, to pass over. I speak of the shameful, but very general, practice in strangers, of defaming the country, and the government, and the people, by which they are protected, and with whom they associate.

At the public ordinary just mentioned, there might be gathered together about forty persons of different countries. Not less than twelve of these were Englishmen, chiefly young men established in good commercial houses, for the sake of a reputable connexion in business, and for a trade-education.

I love my countrymen, for I love my country. But I esteem the one no longer than they do credit to the other. It is at the end of several years patient and silent observation and disgust, that I now resolve to mention, with
the

the most marked indignation, a *characteristic*, and, I am afraid, incorrigible offence to social manners, and common decency, perpetually in the practice of *this* class of English residents, in whatever parts of the Continent they are placed.

1st. They are, beyond comparison, the most overbearing part of the company, when they condescend to talk; and the most disobligingly fullen, when they are silent.

2dly. They get into groupes; and trusting to the ignorance of the rest of the company in our language, use it as a sort of masked battery, to play off the most illiberal observations on the person or persons singled out for the ridicule of the hour.

3dly. Whatever is the subject of table-talk, English men, English women, English porter, English punch, English air, fire or water, is superior to any thing to be found in any other place; and yet by a strange versatility, when these very eulogists get back into the country they have so bepraised abroad, they find out that it scarce contains any object fit to be borne by a person who has lived so long in foreign climes. The women are insipid, the men insufferable,

sufferable, the porter stupifying, the punch vulgar, the air heavy, the fire dull, and the water worse than that of a canal.

4thly. Where a traveller of any other country gets into a scrape once, the English youths are under a dozen unpleasant dilemmas, from indecent or intemperate behaviour. Are the Dutch spoken of by these great satirists: They are a pack of interested, grubbing, heavy-headed scoundrels.—The French: (I speak of France as it used to be). They are the most faithless, fawning sycophants.

The Italians: They are dark assassins. The Spaniards: Proud, poor, base, and idle. Thus, catching the popular character (which is commonly the vulgar error) of each nation, and pre-determined to find the old threadbare slander that some jaundiced splenetic first gave out, they root in themselves the habits of abuse, and sacrifice the rest of the universe to that very old England, which, when they inhabit it, is sacrificed, in its turn, to other nations.

It is really afflicting to see, my dear friend, with what boyish tricks, and unmanly, as well as ungrateful aspersions, our ex-countrymen

of this order entertain each other. I sat opposite to some of this description this day, and had the mortification to hear what follows: A French gentleman offered his snuff-box to his next neighbour, a young Englishman.

“Dirty dog!” cried the latter, in a *stage* whisper to his next neighbour, “I won’t touch it. The French monkey may want to poison me for aught I can tell.”

A Portuguese gentleman understanding an English youth, present, had just come from Hanover, begged to know the route—
 “D—n the yellow-faced fellow’s impertinence,” cried the British hero to his comrade, “I know he can’t speak a word of English, and so I won’t understand him.” This amiable observation produced a loud laugh amongst the Englishmen, and the Portuguese was put out of countenance, but not out of manners. “I presume,” said he, bowing, “that Monsieur does not understand my bad English; and as I have not the honour to speak good French, I can only regret that I must lose the benefit of his information.” Hereupon the gentleman left the room, and the Englishmen laughed louder than before.

Is it not very uncomfortable to see ourselves thus generally outdone in all the conciliating courtesies of life? On my honour, I adhere to the simplest facts, when I again assert, that a native of this, and of almost every country I have passed, will attend to every question you please to ask—answer it the most satisfactorily in his power,—listen to the most irrelevant and prolix conversations, in which you choose to address him; go out of his own path to set you right in your's; hear the feeblest attempts to explain yourself in his language; and so far from ridiculing your deficiency, try to supply, by guessing your wishes, through all the defects of your expression, and be your air, manner, motions, or dress, the most obnoxious to ridicule in the world, you will never see or hear any odious comparisons, or national triumphs.

You know me too perfectly to believe I would insinuate, that the reverse of this demeanour is universally prevailing in British travellers abroad, or residents at home, but it is lamentably general; and I have felt my cheek burn with indignation and shame at it, in various countries.

“Reform it altogether,” I beg of you, my young countrymen; since although the good

breeding of those you treat thus ungenerously prevents them from recriminating; they secretly feel all the contempt for you which such conduct excites, and it impresses on their minds an indelible idea of the coarseness, buffoonery, and inhospitality of the British nation.

“What can they reason but from what they know.”

And as they may never go into England to vindicate it from these first impressions, and may perhaps avoid mixing with mere English travellers, after the first insults have been received, you are in effect a depreciator of your country, and scandalize it in the eyes and in the estimate of every other!

But enough of this : and enough of Amsterdam. The lovely season invites me to range abroad, farther a-field, and in my irregular, but, I hope, not unpleasant way, to glean other places. My purpose is now to go once again higher up the country; again to traverse the pleasant regions of Guelderland; to circle Westphalia, to penetrate into Germany, and, in all, to

“Try what the open, what the coverts yield,”

I invite you to accompany me with my whole affectionate heart.

Come then, my friend, my genius, come along, and may every good and pleasant thing attend us on the way.

LETTER LIII.

TO THE SAME.

AND the way is literally strewed over with flowers. A journey through Holland in that part of the year, when

“ Nature all

“ Is blooming and benevolent like thee.”

is a journey, or rather a voyage, for you go by water, by the side of a garden, in which nature has done all the soil allows, and art has supplied her deficiencies as far as it is possible. But it is a very curious, and glean-worthy matter, to see as you go on higher land, how art declines, and nature asserts herself; I mean as to vegetable beauties. Industry and toil, whose strong and ingenious hands have wrought such wonders in the Provinces of Holland, Utrecht, &c. appear to be mere lookers on in neighbouring places. The flat but flourishing lowland, gradually rises to an hillock, the hillock swells to a hill, and the hill spreads, as you pass onward, to a mountain; the regular alley of trees yields to the luxuriant hedge rows, these give place to the sublimer woodland, and that is succeeded by the almost immeasurable forests: the flow
and

smooth canals of Holland improve into the running brooks of Guelderland, these expand to the ample lakes of the adjoining countries, and the various scene is closed by the stupendous cataracts of Switzerland. Different prospects! and a different people! but a Supreme Being presides over each, and has extended his benignity to all. Let us then

“ Etch the prospect as it lies.”

Respecting Dordrecht, Gorcum, Breda, Bergen-op-zoom, &c. I must beg leave to refer you to the numerous books, in which they are very justly described, and in none better than in Peckam. I am anxious to go on with you, to the fairest possessions of the Dutch Republic, over and across which, I am competent to be your guide, on the ground of long experience, having traversed the country of Guelderland—certainly entitled to the epithet of the fairest possession—several times, and at all seasons of the year.

We will just stop by the way, to glean an anecdote from Dordht. At that town, is a very curious, and I believe, hitherto unpublished custom, in regard to the German timber-merchants. These men having prepared and seasoned their wood, come down upon it along
the

bosoms of the Rhine and Maife. It forms a train of immense rafts, simply tied together, and on the surface of these planks, they erect temporary habitations for the accommodation of themselves and families. Thus they swim down from the high to the low countries, to sell their timber; for which, on their arrival at Dort, they have a certain market. This traffic is an amusing novelty; for, in defiance of wind, waves, or weather, all ages and sexes, from the cradled infants to the great grandfathers, are on float. But the best part of the business is, that these itinerant Germans, having vended their stores and converted their rafts into good Dutch ducats, seem to forget they have any other habitation or country, since they generally continue to idle about till those ducats, instead of making the tour of Germany, remain, by the medium of innkeepers, in Dutch land, as if unwilling to emigrate from their native country, or to tarry with the German timber-merchants, many of whom, having spent the last stiver in this strolling way, often repair themselves by marrying some pretty Dutch-woman who can pay their passage back to the German forests; where they hew timber with great industry, till the season of idleness again arrives.

Of the Duchy of Guelderland I have in a former letter given you a general character. But our particular attention is due to its principal towns; these are Arnheim and Nimeguen, whose environs and appertaining villages will employ the lovers of natural and artificial beauties, with many a day of pleasant observation.

The interior parts of this very agreeable Duchy, are amongst the many things slighted by post-haste travellers. Nimeguen, indeed, one of its capitals, as being in the direct route of Westphalia and Germany, forces itself upon the notice of the most rapid traveller, who, *therefore*, informs you that it is a rich, ancient, and populous town; that the market-place, and street to which it belongs, is remarkable for its extent, and the elegance of the surrounding buildings, especially the church towers and steeples of St. Etienne, by which it is terminated. The town-house, also, being amongst the palpable objects, is described, by the heroes of the whip and spur, as a magnificent structure, ornamented with the statues of the emperors; and lastly, we gather from the same hasty authors, that the garrison is in considerable force, in the best repair, and that it is worth a stranger's while, who has time to spare, and is
not

not fatigued with his journey, to take a stroll round the bulwarks, while the kettle is boiling, or the beef-steak dressing.

I can witness the truth of all this, but he who mounts his horse, or throws himself into his carriage, with having seen only these staring objects, and then dashing right on without turning to the right or to the left, enriched as both sides are, with charming little villages and countries, will lose what is well worth looking for. Of these, however, in their place.

Nimeguen is celebrated in the history of modern Europe, for being the place where the Congress of Plenipotentiaries assembled to conclude the treaty of peace, in 1678, between Spain, France, and the United Provinces, August 10th; and between the Empire and France, and the Empire and Sweden, on the 3d of Feb. 1679. The mediators on the part of the Pope and Great Britain, were Aloise Bevilagua, Patriarch of Alexandria, Lord Berkley and Temple. The ambassadors of the Emperor were the Count de Goes, Bishop of Gurck; and the Counts de Kinski and Straetman. Those of Spain, France, Sweden, Denmark, and the United States, were men of equal rank and abilities.

We find the eminent name of Colbert amongst the representatives of France.

The Nimeguens, in consequence of this meeting, had the address to procure for their town more solid advantages than are derived from the empty distinction of the signing a treaty of peace, even though of importance to Europe. The States-General contrived to ratify the said treaty by setting on foot a subscription, which was soon filled by the assembled parties, to repair the injuries they had contributed to bring upon the town, at the siege which it sustained a few years before. By this means, a demand of fifty-five million of florins, which this town must otherwise have paid by stipulation to the French, was done away.

Numerous are the readers who would be surprized, were I to assure them, that the part of the Dutch territory, known by the name of Guelderland, is replete with not only the beautiful, but the sublime of nature, that the loveliest vallies are under shelter of the most magnificent hills, that these extend in a chain which sometimes is bathed in the clouds, from one end of the Province to the other; the most romantic foliage and scenery luxuriating above, and a delicious branch of the Meuse, or of the Rhine,

flowing beneath—the intermediate vallies and plains, on a dry, elevated, and plentiful soil, filled with flocks, herds, and game, and enriched by towns, villas, castles, and hamlets, that, to a well-tempered traveller, would give the sensation of pleasure, to perceive, with what an equal hand, the God of Nature has been the God of all; and to even a grudging traveller must extort a confession, that it is not for Providence to copy the vices of selfish mortals, but for selfish mortals to imitate the bounties of Providence. For my own part, I confess to you, I never look at these blessings bestowed on my fellow creatures in a foreign land, without feeling my heart at once enlarged and bettered by the view. I have a feeling on this subject, I anxiously wish I could describe to you, but the sensation is too strong for language; at least for my powers of description. In traversing a new country, as its beauties rise to my view, I consider each of those beauties as so many fresh arguments for my admiration of the great and good bestower: I consider a traveller as having even better opportunities than other men to become conversant with his beneficent works. Warmed with this idea, I have looked at with ardent eyes, and felt with an adoring heart, the surrounding scenes. I have all my life read and heard of the high enjoyment derived from

the idea of property; simply, and independently, of the real comforts, or benefits, which such property affords. I have been told of the exquisite satisfaction, with which a man walks over a spacious garden, or an extensive meadow, from the consciousness of their being upon his own ground; and I have been informed, likewise, that the human heart warms with more cheering influence amongst the flowers, fruits, and other rural charms, that are displayed in that soil where it first began to beat, than in any other clime. Of the truth of these assertions, I know nothing. I have never been in possession of fine fields, or gardens, except as a mere yearly renter; and, therefore, cannot speak to the wonderful delights, that are said to proceed from the commanding idea, that I was Lord of the land, the fruits, the flowers, the herds, the flocks, &c. &c. Nor have I rested long enough in the place, or nation that gave me birth; nor been sufficiently happy in it, to make me think with some, (I suspect affected) patriots, that even misery and inconvenience at home, are better than comfort and accommodation abroad. Yet I am not insensible, on general principles, to the pleasing reflection that my countrymen reside in a fair land, that it is justly celebrated for arts and arms, and protected by wholesome laws. Neither, on particular

particular principles, am I without a fond consolation, that the friends, from whom fate or fortune separates me, enjoy all the above privileges, added to the fame and distinction which their own talents or virtues secure. But this is too broad a satisfaction to give me the sensation of having a landed interest in that country, and luxuriating in the idea that I am the proprietor of so many thousand of its acres. I fear, unless I were to *liberalize* this sensation, by supposing it arose chiefly from the idea such ample possessions gave of assisting those who had more cause to thank nature than fortune—I fear, I say, my dear friend, that unless I were to suppose this, which I doubt would be somewhat too candid, that to descend to the feeling of valuing a tree, a park, a garden, or any other natural beauty, because, by purchase or birth-right, it was my *own*, I must very much *narrow* my present sensations. As it is, I ascend the mountains at home or abroad, and see from them, with real joy, the smiles of nature, the riches of industry, or wonders of art, which, I hope, render tens of thousands as happy as myself.

If half of them are as pleased with the possession as I with the prospect they are delighted indeed. It never enters into my mind—*these*

are not mine—a thought which is enough to darken the sun, and envelope the whole scene. I even derive gratification from knowing that the view which at the moment regales me, is only a speck, a span, in the great system of human felicity, or, at least, the materials of felicity. I pass the boundary of this ample prospect, but find no boundary to the felicity. Other scenes, another people to enjoy them, but an equal abundance of the materials. I expand my research yet further, and find still reason to congratulate human nature, and myself as spectator of the various good appointed for it. I look into a fine territory, and hail the possessors of it. I survey a majestic wood, and so far from appropriating a single twig or leaf of it, I am grateful to the owner, for cultivating it. I love it for itself, and I love it for the God that made it so fair. If imagination sometimes creates a forest, or a flower of her own, or builds me up a mansion, or (as I have somewhere else said) places me a cottage in any country I am gleaning, and puts into it what furniture and what inhabitants she knows her votary best approves, that is quite another matter, and that is certainly poetical *property*; but for coveting other men's goods, in any other way, or in any other place, through all the works of created nature, I never did, nor
ever

ever shall. And I do not believe I could walk in the grounds of an enemy, see his flowers in bloom, or his fruits in bearing, without plucking a canker from the one, or a slug from the other, if I found them in my way.

Blessed be your *séjour* in Guelderland, my friend. If the vapours of Holland, and her low lands should have relaxed your frame, or seized your spirits, here you may brace the one, and invigorate the other. Deviate into the sequestered paths and you will be delighted with clustering villages that make directly to the heart, by the medium of peculiar neatness and simplicity; for here nature begins to resume herself; in Holland she was often obliged to yield to art. If you keep the direct roads, they will guide you to many noble towns, and highly ornamented countries. In either path, I repeat, blessed may you be.

LETTER LIV,

TO THE SAME.

ONE of the main roads will take you to Arnheim; a town which rivals Nimeguen in beauty, and surpasses it in situation.

It is a pretty curious fact, that a stranger cannot come into this place, or go out of it, without paying for his exit and entrance. In the space of half a league, there are half a dozen bridges raised over as many canals. At each of these you pay passage money; the first takes a half-penny, the second a penny, and so on in a rising series; the sixth payment carries you to the great gate, at which you are stopped by a worthy person who has another demand on you: and whether on foot, or on horseback, or in a carriage, you must pay your quota. As this was the first time I had been asked to pay for the use of my legs, I thought it worth while to glean the reason, and was told that I had the honour to pay at all these bridges, for the good of the Republic, and by order of the States. I bowed and passed on to my hotel, where I had scarce time to felicitate myself on having contributed my mite to the Republic ere mine host of the Golden Eagle, (the best inn of Arnheim), presented me with a book and pen, to announce my name, quality, object of travel, how long I purposed to remain in town, and which of its inhabitants could speak to my character. By the bye, all these demands are made in Dutch, and if your landlord cannot interpret, you must make it out as you can,

for

for your answer to every question must be given in to the magistrates, early the next morning. The interrogatories here are.

De Naam?

Woonplaats?

Qualiteit of Beroep?

Van waar gekoomen?

Hoe lang blyve?

By wie hier of Elders in de Provintie bekend?

This being a pretty general custom on the Continent, I should not have noticed it but for the abruptness with which it was done; and being somewhat weary, I wished to get a quiet dish of tea, before I wrote down my history; unless, said I to the landlord, you should be of opinion it may be for the good of the Republic, and the States-General, that I should give an account of myself before. The Republic, answered mine host, is always happy to receive strangers, and to know who they are, what they come for, how long they remain, and where they are going; and the sooner the chief magistrates are made acquainted with all this the better. Then my information shall be concise, complete, and immediate. I come to pick up what I can find in other countries, and carry it off to my own. I have already gone
half

half the world over with the like view; and, before I get home, shall perhaps traverse the other half. There was something in this account which my landlord did not like. He fastened a strong suspicion on the declaration, that I was come to pick up and carry off what I could find. But in the course of the evening, a gentleman of the place, to whom I was known, cleared me up to the good man's satisfaction, and he afterwards made ample amends for his over-hasty suspicions.

He told me what was worthy of remark, both in his town and neighbourhood. He advertised me of a book, in which were set down and printed the prices of baggage, carriages, boats, and post-horses, by which extortion was rendered impossible. He told me I was within a day's walk or morning ride of several very beautiful villas, and he ordered his little son to write me down, as well a direction to, as a description of these: "When you have got
 "out of the town-gate," said the little fellow,
 "you will see a long avenue of trees, which
 "you must walk under, and *when you get to*
 "the end of this long avenue, *you will see two*
 "roads, you must take the left, and *when you*
 "have walked another quarter of an hour,
 "you will see a fine inn, and on the other
 "side

“ side of this fine inn *you will see* Claarembeek,
“ and then another quarter of an hour, and
“ *you will see* Anglestein; and *when you have*
“ *got* to Anglestein, then go straight forward till
“ you come to Ronfindale, where there is
“ another good inn, from whence you have but
“ a short walk to Belljoen; and when you see
“ Belljoen, you should go to the inn called
“ the Brouverye, and there you will learn the
“ way to Backheufen, which is the most beau-
“ tiful of all.” My instructor was but eight
years old; and though his account was some-
thing like, “ Walk in, gentlemen, *and see what*
you shall see,” it was done with so hearty a good-
will, and so many apologies for bad French,
and so well-natured an offer of his little self,
to prevent my suffering by his ignorance, that
it abundantly atoned for the behaviour of his
father on my first coming into the house.

My young director, however, who had more
of the French courtesy (I speak of France
when it was a nation) than of the French lan-
guage, made a small mistake in putting the
word *gauche*, where he should have written
droit, by which I was carried a good hour’s
walk out of my track, and for which I return
him my hearty thanks, being thereby con-
ducted into some of the most delightful bye-
walks,

walks, nooks, and corners of nature. I might have driven along the main road for a month together, without so much as suspecting those sweetly-sequestered beauties were so near at hand.

And now, my good reader, if, peradventure, thou art, like myself, master of thy time, and a deliberate traveller, let me suggest to thee the supreme satisfaction of now and then losing thy way; since to such accidents thou wilt sometimes find, at every devious step, a rich reward for thy wanderings. Indeed I would advise thee (where the general course, situation, and prospect of a country insures thee a beauty of nature go where thou wilt) to ride or walk, contrary to the instructions thou mayest have received, incontinently turning to the right when thou art desired to keep the left, and *vice versa*. If thou hast never tried, there is no convincing thee of the enchanting scenes which a dull regular right-on journey makes thee pass. For my own part, being, as thou hast seen, in the course of these gleanings, in the habit of holding long and audible conversations with myself, when perhaps there is neither an human creature, nor the habitation of one within a league of me, and when warmly engaged in the question and answer of such self-

self-sustained dialogues, I often take the left for right, and the right without knowing it. My discourse, however, being usually on the beauties of nature, I lose none of them by these errors, but am upon the whole a gainer. It is true I have frequently been benighted, but then I have found an inn, a public house, or a private one, or a cot, and all these have commonly been prolific of adventures either for good or evil, or a mixture of both: new scenes have presented themselves; new characters; in the course of the next day I have got by some other cut (which is another novelty) into the main road. I glean every inch of the way, and on coming home, add something to my sheaf: Or, if you should stray *very* far out of the beaten path, you will always meet somebody good-natured enough to shew you the way back. For instance: by the misdirection of my little guide, I deviated a league. I heard the sound of an axe in the middle of a forest, just at the opening of four different great roads cut through the said forest. I took that from whence the sound seemed to come. But the sound soon led me through numberless verdant difficulties, and leafy labyrinths, which, though far from being unpleasant, conveyed me to the thickest parts of the

the wood. On a sudden, the sound of the axe ceased, and I was without any guide at all ;

“Where woods immeasurably spread

“Seem'd length'ning as I went.”

I wandered about for some time, before I recollected that could I occasion a sound, as well as the axe. I raised my voice to its extent. Had I whispered, it must have been heard, for, within a few paces, the woodman who had been felling timber was sitting upon a tree he had just cut down ; and converting it both into a seat and table, was eating his mid-day meal : this consisted of very dark brown bread, a bunch of radishes, and a lump of cheese ; of all which he invited me to partake, and in a manner that to refuse would have been churlish. Besides, I had rambled about, like the babes of the wood, till I was hungry. After my repast, the hospitable forrester, with an urbanity that would have thrown lustre on the dweller in a palace, conducted me to the side of the wood ; and there, not having sufficient confidence in his explanations, or in the specimens I gave of a knowledge in his language, he took my cane, (which, however, he returned with a bow almost in the same moment, as if sensible he had, in a manner, committed an outrage on his former courtesy) then using his fingers as a compass,

a compass, he drew a correct map of my route upon the sand; by means of which I was as perfect a master of the geography of my intended excursion, as if Cooke, Kitchen, or Sanby, those celebrated mappists, had made out my chart.

There was so much natural good-will, and good-breeding in the services of this man of the woods, that as he drew the lines of direction, my heart warmed towards him. I gave my hand to raise him from the ground, on which he kneeled to draw his instructions; and as I bade him adieu, I felt that comfortless sensation which has so often accompanied me in my journey through the world, when I have taken leave of the kind and courteous, whom accident has thrown into my path, but whom the chances are against my ever meeting again. The longest passage of life is short, and one sees, in travelling it, many objects, and catch glimpses of many persons, *en passant*, to whose countenances, converse, and other charms, we must bid, most likely an eternal, farewell, just as they begin to interest and delight us. But the pleasure of such encounters, transitory as they are, have a sweetness that softens the regret of our not being able to

enjoy it long. My advice, therefore, is, in cases of travel, the reverse of that given in cases of morality. In the latter, we are very properly admonished to reject the crooked paths which lead to vice, even though strewed with roses, and to persist in the straight road which conducts to virtue, though surrounded by thorns. But in a journey purely to see the world, "and all that it inherits," my exhortation is, that you quit the broad right-on way, and take the winding one. For instance, hadst thou, my friend, in the deviations of half a day, met nothing more than the man of the wood, would he not have more than paid thee for thy wanderings.

Certainly I have, in my perambulations of this day, received as much vernal pleasure, and in as great variety, as the most ardent lover of nature could desire. I performed the tour, my obliging little guide had described, infinitely to my satisfaction; and, on my regaining Arnheim, was just as fatigued as is consistent with a sound and quiet rest.

I rose with all the freshness of the morning; and yet I feel myself at a loss how to make you a partaker of my gratified heart; having,

as you know, a settled dislike to all formal accounts :

“ Where pure description holds the place of sense.”

And yet it is impossible to pass over a series of very beautiful scenery, without saying something.

First, however, you are to observe, that the country itself (I mean this part of Guelderland) does not admit of those elevations or descents which character the land betwixt Nimeguen and Utrecht. You meet, in the environs of Arnheim, no cataracts, which, impatient of controul, burst their way through a thousand fissures of the rocks: you perceive no mountains which give you all the changing seasons as you ascend them. At their base, the softness of the spring, in their centre a glowing summer, and on their summit a rigorous winter. But you have abundance of those graceful risings and fallings, that, by the help of a little art, afford you many charming landscapes. Travellers of every description will, in the walk I have taken, find amusement and delight, from the rising even to the setting of the sun: here are pictures for the painter and the bard. In each of the places is the happiest disposition of the evergreens, and the whole view is enriched by cottages, convents,

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churches,

churches, mills, and turrets: husbandmen and women at work; children spread over the ground in sport, sheep at pasture: blossoms of all colours, flowers of all fragrance; the Rhine flowing on one side, the Maese on the other, with numberless intermediate streams, brooks, and rivulets, meandering through the verdure. To these the poet would be able to describe, in his numbers, what cannot be so forcibly impressed by the master of the pencil; the harmony of nightingales, which are even in flights throughout Guelderland. Indeed, they are here too numerous for poetry; for they echo each other in such rapid responses, and the charm is so incessant, that a young votary of the muse would have more Philomelas than he knew well how to manage. Indeed they are, in this country, in too great quantity for a profesman; for the note of one runs into that of a second, the second into a third, and so on, that they put each other out of tune, and produce rather a clamour than a concord. I think, verily, I heard in this little tour as many of these celebrated songsters, as would have added a nightingale to half the groves of Great Britain. Nor would travellers, of a tender complexion, fail to find something in keeping with their feeling. There are bowers of moss, arbours of the thickest verdure, and hermitage of the profoundest

profoundest sequestration: and if, peradventure, as in parties of pleasure such painful things occur, any two persons, whether of the same or of a different sex, whether single or married, wish for the relief of a little absence from each other, it is but taking the right path, when the other goes to the left, (for they are very artfully connected, so as to render the separation unperceived) and I will ensure to both the felicity of at least an hour's respite from the smallest hazard of their coming near each other.

In this general description I include the general beauties of the several places, already mentioned as the objects of my ambulation, *viz.* Clarembec, Rosindale, Belljoin, and Bacheusen. A few particulars must, however, be noted. The dwelling-house of Rosindale (whose other beauties are so manyfold, and in such good taste) has its foundation in water, not a running stream, not a flowing river, but a filthy, discoloured, standing pool—a fault common to the very best houses, and even palaces of the Republic: and what is stranger still, considered as an advantage. I might mention, too, as a counterpart to this, the misshapen and *outré* paintings of gods and goddesses, fish and game, fruit and shell-work, in

one of the most spacious pavilions of the said Rosindale. This pavilion is also ornamented, or, if you please, ornamented with urns and vases, and statues so ill assorted, and so close together, that it has rather the air of a stone-mason's or statuary's shop and warehouse, than of a nobleman's summer-house. But, indeed, all Dutch embellishments exhibit a false taste and clumsy genius. At Bacheufen, however, are objects that would find their way to your "heart of hearts." From a path almost open to an extensive country, you enter into a grove of evergreens, which, by a very skilful gradation, take a deeper hue in your progress. The first five or six hundred yards the foliage is of young fir, which gives a tender kind of shade, at the end of which the path begins to darken, the trees (which are still of fir, but of greater age) being more lofty and venerable. Presently you come to a double, then a treble, row of these on each side. About a quarter of a mile farther on, the shade becomes so thick, that twilight overtakes you. You are alarmed; your step is awed; you listen. The wind blowing through the firs, in such a place, gives the sound of heavy, human sighing, when, urged by a wish to regain the day, and pressing onward, you are precipitated into an abyss so profound, and are surrounded by such melancholy

melancholy foliage, as wraps you in almost utter darkness, even in the noon of day. The trees, in this part, are cypress, the growth of several centuries, and the underwood below is of the dunnest shrubs, so interwoven, as to exclude the light. You are thus in "the darkness that may be *felt*," from which, however, a few minutes walking relieves you. You come into a path, where the same artful arrangement of foliage, which had excluded the sun-beams, is used to restore them. The greens are at first only *somewhat* less dark, the livelier shades succeed—the tints soften apace, the day returns, and you are touched by an emotion too mighty and singular for the pen, at least for that of your affectionate friend.

LETTER LV.

TO THE SAME.

TO the beauteous country, which includes these attracting spots, I should tell you, that you may be conducted by land or water, each of which has its peculiar charm. Your route by the former is Harwick, Helveotsluice, Rotterdam, and Nimeguen. By the latter, you em-

bark at Rotterdam, and are carried on the bosom of the Maese, even to the places described; your passage to which in the summer-time is replete with beautiful scenery: but let me apprize you of the necessity there is to go by the public barges, and not in one of the private bye-trading boats. It is the more essential for you to know this, as there are persons at the water's edge lying in wait to literally *take you in*, under pretence of their sailing directly. Your being seduced, by this appearance of accommodation, may subject you to numberless inconveniences; besides paying for them double the money, which, in the vulgar boats, would be demanded of you for the best treatment.

Having mentioned Rotterdam, I will here offer you two circumstances, which, though gleaned long since, were omitted, when I gave you a particular account of that populous place.

I was there on the 8th of March, the day which is commemorated as the anniversary of the Stadtholder's birth. If external signs were always expressive of the fact, a traveller would presume that the Prince of Orange is beloved of his people beyond any other potentate of the earth, taking the

shew of his natal day as a proof of it. For, besides the common ceremonies of firing guns, and other compliments of course, civil or military emblems of loyalty were displayed, wherever invention, and even whim, could hang them out. All the vessels were full dressed, fore, aft, and midship, in their holiday finery: the festival literally went off with flying colours. The orange ribbon was not only in every hat, cap, and bonnet of his Highness's human subjects, but extended to all the bestial train that have the honour to breathe in his and their High Mightinesses Republic. The horses' heads, tails, manes, chests, and fetlocks, were decorated with it; nay, the figure of the Prince is crammed in little, into the buttons of the coats, and flags are hoisted on every steeple: even the venerable figure of Erasmus, which stands in the market-place, is most ridiculouſly be-oranged. A filleting of that colour is wreathed round his hat, or rather cap, and fastened by an orange-string under his nose, into the nostrils of which is stuffed orange-peeling: the sash that ties the robe is fringed with it; the very sleeves of his gown are filled with real oranges, and his shoe-strings are drawn into orange-bows. Somebody, either out of zeal or waggery, has stopped up the sage's mouth with more of the
orange-

orange-peeling, and a capacious offering of that fruit covers the opened folio book which he holds in his hands: Whether it is that volume of his works which contains the celebrated treatise on *Folly*, I am not able to inform you; but, whatever may be due to the honours of the day, it would be a pity so noble a statue should be thus caricatured more than once in the year.

It is, however, a pleasant sight, to survey from the water in a tour round the canals, the barges of pleasure, and those of trade, all dressed in their best array: the arms and emblems of the Republic, and the colours of the Provinces that constitute it, brought under one point of view; many of the pendants reaching from the top gallant mast head to the river.

How far these appearances are real indications of an happy or contented people, is not now the question: Permit me yet a little while to amuse you with more peaceable subjects.

To return to Dutch Guelderland.—No one but an humble Gleaner would stoop to pick up an observation on a *warming-pan*, and yet two different kinds of these in the two different pro-

provinces of Utrecht and Guelderland, have entertained me more than any thing in which the affections are not engaged, since I left England.

In the former place as in the latter, the severe weather which gloomed on my first visit to these fine Provinces, made a warm bed amongst the necessaries of life: but a warming-bed-pan in the English fashion was not in general usage, and the substitute was whimsical enough—an open earthen pan, full of living ashes, was placed in an earthen platter, this again put into a large wicker cover, basket form, not unlike a magpye's cage. This complicated machinery was placed in the bed, where it remained about twenty minutes, during which I was to freeze in expectation. A simple warming-pan would have answered a better end in half a dozen turns; for the pertinacity of insisting on its staying its usual time, against all the arguments I could use with the chamberlain, was punished by his scorching the sheets, which induced mine hostess of Utrecht to give in to that monstrous machine, as she called it, an English warming-pan.

Farther up the country I was treated with a yet greater curiosity; this was no other than a
Seltzer

Seltzer water-bottle filled with boiling materials: What was to be done with this, dost thou suppose, my ingenious reader? Why it was to make the tour of the bed in a very regular progress, beginning at the head, and ending at the feet: an operation that took up at least twenty minutes also, and with good attendance, for the bottle was to rest little and be rolled much. The night following, in the hope of shortening the labour, I ordered three warming-bottles, and the chambermaid being a good-natured girl, complied smilingly with my demand. One was placed at the head, a second in the middle, and a third at the feet. I was going to exult over the ignorance and barbarity in which the country had been so long involved, when the middle warmer, which happened to be a common wine bottle, lost its cork, which dire event not being perceived till I had sent away the maid, telling her I should be some time undressing, and would carefully take out the bottles, when they had done their duty, myself. By this manœuvre the bed was inundated just as I stepped into it, with the additional *agrément* of my being in the dark; for that nothing might interrupt the repose I promised myself, I had previously put out my candle. This was a worse calamity, to me, at least, than the scorched sheets; but putting both together,

you

you feel the difficulty which a traveller from the comfortable realm of Great Britain has to prevent being burned or drowned in his bed; since he is thus nightly in danger betwixt fire and water.

But the beds themselves are objects of as humorous speculation, as the machines by which they are warmed. There is a scale of inconvenience and absurdity in them. In Holland they are indifferent, in Guelderland they are worse, in Westphalia they are very hard upon you, and in Prussia they are not to be endured, scarcely even by those who

“ Have made the flinty and rough couch of war

“ Their thrice-driven bed of down.”

Aid me, ye powers, who pity aching bones, to describe them! Besides the delightful custom of frequently cramming a family, with the agreeable circumstance of now and then introducing a stranger to keep you company in the same room, (this is really frequent in Germany, and you may think yourself well off if they do not put a being you never saw before into your bed), and that room seldom a large one; it is no abuse of a traveller's privileges to assure you, that three of their beds put together do not more than make up what in England would

would be considered as a decent bed for a man and his wife. Matter of fact will sanction me to desire you will read *four* instead of three, if you penetrate far into the Austrian country. Nor is their breadth less scanty than their length. So far from being at your ease, stretched out into your natural dimensions and proportions, that you must contract yourself into one half of your natural size, and sometimes to curl yourself up like the cubs of the country. In the Palatinate, I was once absolutely thrust into such a crib that a well grown cat would have been only handsomely accommodated: and for me, I was compelled to fold myself up like an eel; or if I were even to lie lengthways, from side to side, the matter would not have been much better, as even in that case I must have tucked myself into a double, as if tied neck and heels for execution: you flounce against the foot or sideboards at every turn; and if, to be relieved from committing this outrage and assault on yourself, you take away either of these barbarous pieces of wood, which slide up and down, you incontinently fall out of bed: And that all the paraphernalia of the bed may be uniformly uncomfortable, the quilts, blankets, and sheets, are neither broad or long enough to keep you decently covered through the night, except you bundle and pack yourself up in the
aforesaid

aforesaid manner, and are besides a very sound and quiet sleeper indeed; the least restlessness, though but in a dream, would destroy the whole œconomy of your bed, and on waking you would find yourself in a state of nature, though in sleep you had supposed yourself arrayed in a birthday suit.

You have it, nevertheless, in mind, that I speak generally of Table D'Hotes, Taverns, and what in these countries are, with too much compliment, called good private lodgings. In private houses you occasionally find in these countries, as in others, good rooms, good fare, good beds, and good company. But those are not properly so much the objects of information to a traveller, who requires passing accommodations, at the public-inns, and private lodgings. These merit the character I have given them. Indeed, in all which are justly called the *comforts* of life, Holland, Guelderland, Prussia, Germany, and other countries, are so many hundred years behind us, that we have just cause to be at once proud and grateful: proud of our happy island, and grateful for the benign government, under which it flourishes. But more of this in its place.

I should

I should entertain you very much about the *storks* to be seen in the United States of Holland, as *that how* they are lovers of Republics, and to be seen only in countries where freedom is enjoyed, and, *as how*, they are even there, only birds of passage; visitors, not natives: and, *as how*, they hold consultations with one another throughout all the Republic, having as many deputies as the respective Provinces; and, *as how*, it is settled at a solemn Synod, that these winged *high* mightinesses, (for when erect they will measure to the stature almost of a man), are to quit Holland, on a certain day and hour, of a certain month, when the storks of each Province, assist at the general assembly, held on some palace barn, or church steeple, previous to their departure; *and how*, the invalids, and superannuated parts of the flocks of these liberty-birds, being unable to travel, and against the laws of the long-legged convention that they should be left behind, are very heroically, but unmercifully, put to death, by their fellow-creatures, and by them left unnaturally (so cruel a thing is a too great love of freedom,) to moulder in a foreign land, while their murderers set off, and go the Lord knows whither; and, *as how*, in the last place, these sagacious tribes, make their flight back, after a few months absence, and establish the
hour

hour and moment of their return, by the same decrees and formalities, just as if their town houses were in one Republic, and their country ones in another. Of all these things, I say, and a great many more, which many redoubted travellers have insisted on, I should certainly give you my confirmation, but for one of the simplest reasons: such as *how*, there is as much truth as will lie in a nutshell, and more falsehoods than could be crowded into a bushel, respecting these feathered gentry: The fact is, some go out of Holland, and some stay in it all their lives. As a proof of the latter part of my position, I refer you to the confession of half a dozen of these learned personages, who, (if they are as honest as good Republicans should be) will tell you have never left the Hague; nor, perhaps, that part of it y'clept the fish-market these many years: in that spot I have seen them swallow down their long ugly throats, as good a small fry as would have subsisted a family: for these are amongst the several birds protected by superstition in Holland. I have, likewise, seen the said Republic-loving birds in Prussia, and in other despotic states, and even in some, where they are knocked on the head with as little cere-

mony as crows and sparrows. I had, moreover, an intimate acquaintance with a whole family of them, in one of the little German territories, governed by a petty Prince, who was as inveterate a tyrant, both to man, fish, and fowl, as was ever

“Dressed in a petty, brief authority.”

Another class of the privileged birds of Holland are the quails. These, more especially in Guelderland, are preserved with even a religious care: there is one or more, in almost every family, but by no means in Republican situations. They are caged, and hung at the sides of the houses, where they tweedle their plaintive notes, not as Thompson calls them to their “*running mates*,” but to their slavish fellow-prisoners, rather as if they mourned the loss of their freedom, than as if they sung the *Io Pæans* of Liberty.

A yet more favoured tribe are the swans, to kill or even maim which, is not only an offence of a private kind, but of public cognizance. A swan feast, such as is partaken now and then in England, would by the magistrates be deemed treason, and by the mob sacrilege; and here it is that this proud bird might, indeed,

indeed, sing while dying, according to poetical fiction, to think that he had past so comfortable a life.

But of all the race that wing the air, a Nimeguen raven is the most distinguished. In that town, this croaking creature is of mighty importance to the inhabitants, who hold their very charter on a singular custom concerning it. It is necessary, for one or more of these ravenous birds to be maintained at publick expence in great luxury. They are placed in a large wooden cage, which is but the outlet or balcony of a more spacious inner apartment, situated on the quay, which faces that part of the Maïse that looks to Arnheim. You never pass without seeing some very nice fowls hung up for their repast, and picked for them as clean as if it had been for the table of the Burgomaster. I must own, I have often wished some of this good fare would have fallen down at the feet of many a poor, pulletless, wretch, whom I have seen cast up a longing look at the cage;—but all this luxury is to be eaten in an eternal prison, in the midst of a Republic that is boasting of its freedom. Did the charter-ravens know, however, what blood and misery the struggles for this freedom have cost the people of Holland,

and what misery and blood may yet flow to maintain it, they would have more occasion to congratulate themselves, perhaps, on being prisoners for life, than to CROAK, like many of the Citizens of the Republic, after more liberty. Adieu.

L E T T E R LVI.

TO THE SAME.

WITH regard to the general history of this country, for many revolving ages, it resembles the general history, alas, of almost every other nation in the habitable globe; a rubric picture of battles lost and gained, cities sacked or besieged, villages buried, burned, or desolated, the fury of man contending with man, and the disasters of human nature, aggravated by the ambition and weakness of human creatures.

From the very foundation of the Republic, to the year 1715, the story of Holland, and its beautiful dependencies, is nothing but a tissue of difficulties and disputes, foreign or domestic.

The

The inhabitants had scarcely time to breathe from one battle, and bind up its wounds, or bury its dead, ere another called them to the field. A war of years against Spain, for securing the independence of the States, was suspended by a twelve years truce, it is true, but it was partial, and did not extend to their Indian possessions. The peace obtained in 1648, lasted only four years, after terrible bloodshed. The first war with Great Britain, continued to 1654. And just as they began to relish the sweets of peace, they had to cope with three great powers at the same time, viz. Denmark, Portugal, and Sweden. Their hostilities in the North continued to 1660, and in the South to 1661. Then began their second contest with Great Britain, and did not end till their pacification treaty at Breda, in 1667, and the very next instant, they were invaded by Louis the XIVth. of France. A deceitful sort of calm then took place for three years, when they were attacked unpreparedly, (indeed they appear never to have been prepared) by sea and land, by the formidable and united forces of France and England. It was not till after a carnage of six years more, that the peace of Nimeguen, was concluded in 1678. Even that was not enjoyed without alloy; for Louis,

amongst other exactions, insisted on their furnishing troops against Spain. This was the epoch, when the liberty, endangered by James the Second, invited the Prince of Orange, as an auxiliary for freedom. This memorable expedition was undertaken in 1688, and whatever were its effects to Great Britain, involved the Dutch in a war, that lasted within a year of that of the siege of Troy. The peace of Ryswick, was scarce concluded, when the disputes about the Spanish succession opened another scene of combat. This war even surpassed in duration that of the Trojans, lasting eleven years. The peace of Utrecht, indeed, gave the government time to lay down, or rather rest on its arms. But as if this little Republic was fated to have no undisturbed repose, frequent and bloody ruptures broke out betwixt the Dutch and the African Corsairs, which made it necessary for the former to keep a strong armament in the Mediterranean.

Thus, my friend, you see that in a course of 147 years, which revolved from their first taking up arms in 1566, to the peace of Utrecht, in 1713, the inhabitants of this—what shall I call it? little floating island—this molehill of land in a world of waters, did not enjoy, in pacific intervals, more than thirty years.

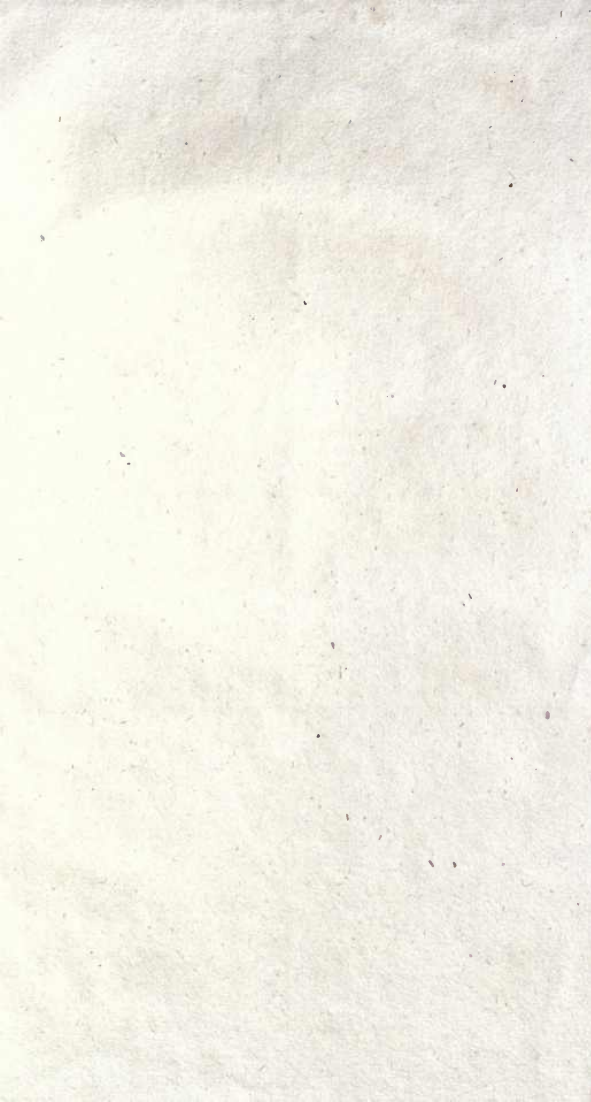
years And when all these public hostilities were at an end, and in respect of foreign tumults, the Republic was blessed with a more solid tranquillity, than it had ever known since its political existence, their disputes, quarrels, and Revolutions amongst *themselves*, again involved them in a succession of troubles, triumphs, successes, and miscarriages, which filled up the rest of their time, and which, continue, in a great degree, to this very day.

Adieu:

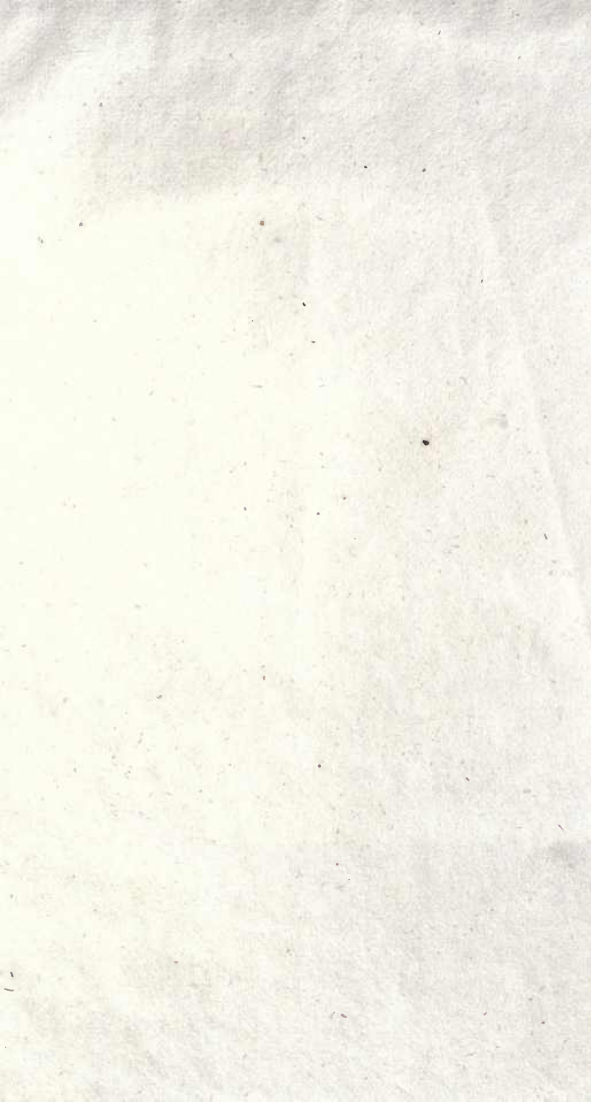
END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

ERRATA, VOL. II.

- Page 27, line 6 penult, for, *as much*, read—*much* formality.
 Page 33, line 11, for, *charge*, read—*change* of a guinea.
 Page 60, line 4, dele—*that*.
 Page 137, line 5, for, of *our* stage, read—*the* stage.
 Page 201, line 5 penult, dele—*future*.
 Page 210, line 12, for, *does* away, read—*do* away.
 Page 226, last line, for, to *taking*, read—to *take*.
 Page 232, line 4 penult, for, to go *dull*, read—to go *the* dull.
 Page 292, line 1, for, *a man*, read—*a person*.
 Page 423, line 10, for, *Presidents*, read—*Residents*.
 Page 426, line 7, for, *the* hurried, read—*then* hurried.
 Page 442, line 4, for, *style dress*, read—*style of dress*.
 Page 469, line 16, for, *in kine*, read—*in kind*.
 Page 484, line 17, for, discoveries *to myself*, read—discoveries.
 Page 511, line 2, for, *the right without*, read—the right for
left without.







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